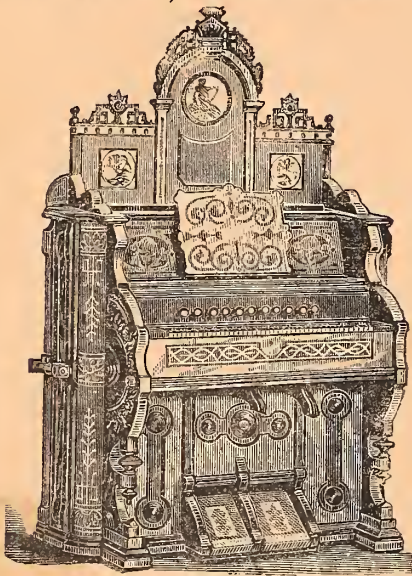


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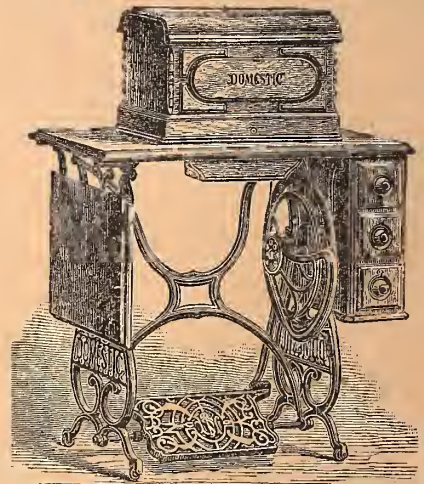
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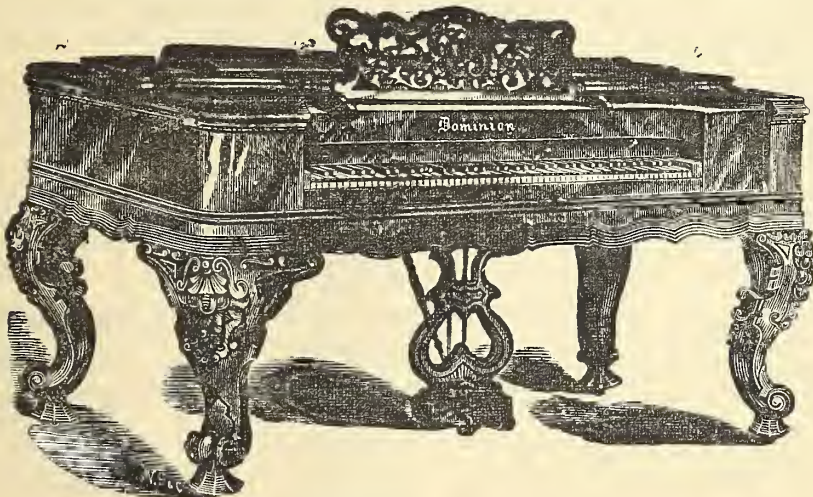
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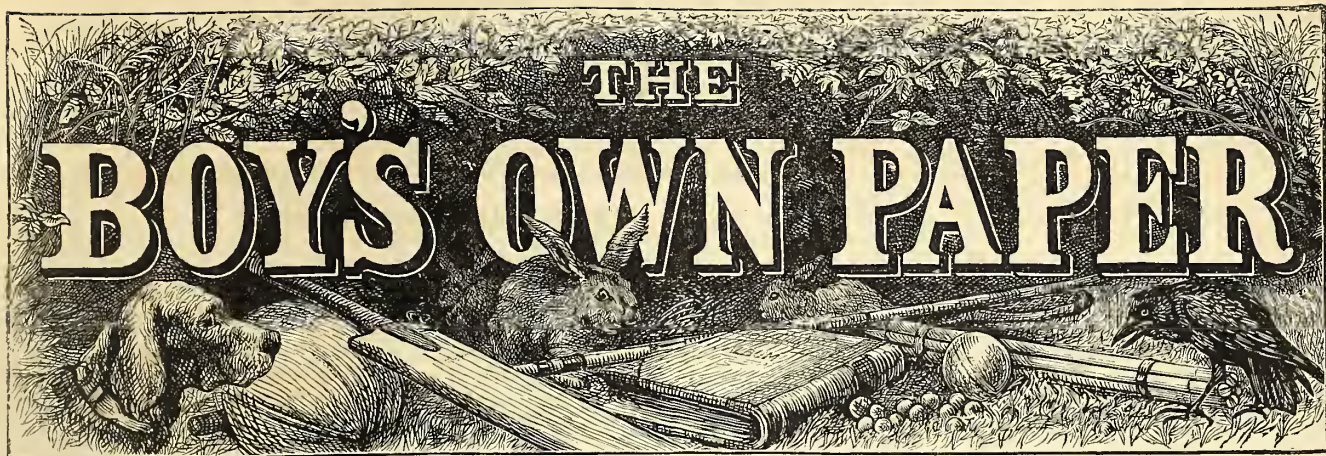
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THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND
PERIL.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON,

Author of "Some of Our Fellows," "A Holiday Tramp,"
etc.

CHAPTER III.

AT Alton the travellers alighted. Here again Marks took Jack into the bar of the inn, and bade one of the maids "take care of him."

"What's that hole in your hat?" she asked, as soon as she had time to look at him. "You haven't been shot at already, surelie?"

"Yes I have," said Jack, with affected indifference.

"Lawk!" she exclaimed; "to think of that! You are a young soldier to have been in the wars."

"I'm not a soldier," Jack answered; "and don't mean to be one if I can help it anyhow. I am going to sea in his Majesty's navy."

"I'm glad of that," she replied; "I do love sailors;" and she drew his face to-

"Jack ran up this ladder, and lay listening and panting."

wards her and gave him a sounding kiss. "There, sit ye down and make a good breakfast."

She placed bread and meat before him, and Jack sat at the table; but not a morsel of the food could he touch. A moment before he had felt hungry in spite of his perplexity; but the genuine kindness of the poor servant-girl touched him beyond measure, and it seemed as if his heart had risen up into his throat. Tears filled his eyes, and in spite of his efforts to restrain them, flowed over. For one who had a bullet-hole in his hat, and had shot a highwayman (with an umbrella), it was poor, spiritless work, crying over his food instead of eating it; but he could not help it. He tried again and again to swallow a mouthful of the food, but could not get it down. He thought of his father and mother, both dead; of the friends that he had left behind, and of his native village, dearer to him now than it had ever been before. He almost wished that he had never left it. He heard Marks's voice in the passage, and not wishing to be caught in such a state of weakness and emotion, rose quickly from the table and went out into the stable-yard. The ostler was busy, leading out fresh horses for the colonel's carriage. No one else was about; the stable-door was open, and above it was a loft filled with hay and straw, to which a set of wooden bars, nailed across a corner, gave access. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, Jack ran up this short ladder, burrowed his way under a great heap of straw till he could proceed no farther, and lay there, listening and panting.

A moment later he heard Marks's voice in the yard calling to him. He heard the maid also, protesting that she did not know where he was gone. There was a hue and cry for a time, but no one came near the spot where Jack lay hidden, and, after a short delay, all was again silent. Then he heard the ostler hissing as he rubbed down the horses which had been brought in, and exchanging remarks with the maid-servant about the strangeness of his disappearance. It seemed plain, however, that the colonel, whose journey could not be delayed, had gone on without him, and for the present he was safe.

Jack resolved to lie still in his hiding-place in spite of his hunger, which soon returned with increased force, till all should be quiet outside, even if he lay there till night. The stable-door would perhaps be locked then, but he could escape through a window or pick-hole, he thought. The chief thing that troubled him, as he lay there in solitude, thinking over his affairs, was the crown-piece which the colonel had given him. He wished he could have returned it; the very touch of it, whenever he put his hand into his pocket, gave him a thrill of alarm. If it should indeed be asserted that this was the "king's money," he might be treated as a deserter. A couple of soldiers might be sent off from the next garrison, and he marched up to London between them to be flogged or shot. He almost wished, as he thought of it, that the highwayman's bullet had been aimed an inch or two lower. It would have been better to be shot by a robber than to be executed as a deserter. The former might have brought some credit to his name; the latter could bring nothing but disgrace. A deserter was generally looked upon as a coward, Marks had said.

From time to time Jack heard the voice of the barnmaid inquiring of the ostler whether he had "seen anything of that

poor boy." The answer, of course, was in the negative. "It was very curious," the ostler said; "he disappeared all of a twinkle like, and left no traces behind him, none whotsomedever. They was going to take him for a soldier, he had heard say, and he didn't want for to go. Frit he was, no doubt."

"No," said the other, stoutly, "he was not frit; he had got three or four bullet-holes in his hat, and didn't seem to think nothing of it, young as he looked. He wanted to be a sailor instead of a soldier, that was all, and nobody could blame him for that. You might be 'frit' yourself, George, if you were in his place; but he wasn't."

"Bullet-holes?" said the ostler, wondering.

"Yes," she answered. "See here; he left his hat behind him, and this is it."

"Left his hat behind him, Miss Sally, did he? Then he ain't far off, I'se warrant. He'll come and ax for it presently, you may be sartain."

Jack felt that he had a friend in "Miss Sally." He crept from his nest in the straw to another corner of the loft, where, still lying hid, he could get a peep at the stable-yard, and the next time Sally appeared there, the ostler being out of the way, he whistled to her.

She soon caught sight of him, and made him a signal to lie still. She then fetched him a slice of bread and meat, and watching her opportunity, threw it up to him.

"It's paid for," she said; "ye needn't mind taking it."

"Paid for? Who paid for it?" Jack said to himself; "the colonel, I suppose;" and he felt half afraid to receive it, lest the fact of his eating the king's rations should bind him more closely to the objectionable profession. But he was hungry, and had no time to argue the point with Sally, so took what was offered him, and having satisfied his appetite, fell asleep. It was dark when he awoke. Something had got hold of his feet and was pulling them. He thought it must be Marks, or a guard of soldiers sent to arrest him; but Sally's voice quickly reassured him.

"Get up," she said; "get up, Jack, and come along with me."

He lost no time in extricating himself from the straw, and followed her down the ladder.

"Here's your hat, Jack," she said; "you can get away now without being seen, down the stable-yard and over the fence, and nobody never the wiser. I suppose your name is Jack, ain't it?"

"Yes; but how did you find it out?"

"It's wrote in the hat—J. Smith. Besides, all sailors a'most are Jacks."

"But," said Jack, "this is not my hat."

"Yes, it is," she answered; "I got it a' purpose for you. I want to keep the other with your name and the two holes in it. Besides, it would have been a mark for any one to know you by, as might be looking for you. You would have been found out at once by that; it ain't everybody as carries bullet-holes in his hat. And here's an old smock-frock for you. I looked it up a' purpose. Slip it on, and nobody will know you, not from Adam."

Jack took the smock-frock and put it over his head, pouring out his thanks to Sally in a series of rapid whispers.

"It's a great shame, though," he said, "having to slink off in this way, like a thief or deserter. I have done nothing wrong."

Sally's anxiety about him served only to

aggravate the danger of his position, and to make it seem more serious and alarming.

"You don't think I'm a deserter?" he said, appealingly. "You don't think so, do you?"

"No," she answered; "not as I should blame you much for it if you was. A poor little chap like you don't need to be shot at again and again, and—all that."

"I'm not a deserter," said Jack, emphatically; "and if you wouldn't mind taking this money and sending it to Colonel Eustace I should be so much obliged to you. He gave it me to buy a hat with."

"Keep it yourself," said Sally. "This here is the fence; shall I help you over it?"

"No, thank you," said Jack. "I can jump that easily enough. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said the girl. "If ever you come this way again be sure you stop at the inn and ask for me. Sally Maggs my name is; you won't forget it, will you?"

"Never," said Jack; "never as long as I live."

Jack was glad of her help after all to get him over the fence, for the old brown frock hung about his legs; but he girded it about his loins, and with a last "good-bye" ran across the fields, glad to be at liberty once more, and careless, for the moment, in which direction he was going.

Emerging after a short time upon the high road, he came presently to a finger-post, which the darkness prevented him from reading. He swarmed up it, and could then make out the names of two villages, but as they were places that he had never heard of, he was still at a loss which way to turn. While he was hesitating the moon began to shine forth, and her rays fell upon a river, by which the road was bounded. "All the rivers run into the sea," he said to himself, remembering a verse of Scripture which he had heard or read; so he watched which way the water flowed, and followed the same direction: it would bring him to the sea, sooner or later, he supposed; at all events, it would not take him far wrong, and would serve until he could obtain some surer information. He had had a good sleep in the hay-loft, and found a plentiful supply of bread and meat in the pocket of his smock, so he resolved to travel all night, and set forward at a trot.

Before he lost sight of the river he met with an old countryman, and asked him the way to Portsmouth. He might as well have asked him the way to heaven—much better, indeed, for the poor old labourer might have told him that. It is one of the things which are sometimes hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes. He might also have given him a good word or two to help him on his way. "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." Hodge had some very good and profitable ideas about the world beyond the skies, and how to get there, though he knew but little of lands beyond the sea, or the ports of embarkation for them.

"Po'tsm'uth?" he said, in answer to Jack's question; "there ain't no such place about here. There's Chawton, and Farrington, and Tisted, and Saltways. You doan't mean none o' them, do ye?"

"No," said Jack; but Saltways seemed the most promising to his ear, so he took the turning which was said to lead thither, and plodded on another two or three miles until he came to it.

It was then quite dark, but a candle here and there served to show where a cottage stood, and a brighter light from a window with a red curtain indicated a public-house.

Jack stopped at one door after another to inquire the way to Portsmouth, but no one seemed to be able or willing to give him clear directions, till an old woman remarked, "Why, that's where Dicky Blunt came from, ain't it?"

Jack could not answer that question, but was presently informed that Dicky was the son of a poor cottager in that village, and that he had been at sea and was at home again.

"Dicky Blunt can tell you all about Portsmouth," the old woman said. "But ye beant agoin' there, be ye?"

"Yes," said Jack, "I am—as soon as I can find the way."

"Do-ant-ee," she said; "ye'll be sorry for it if ye do; everybody is as goes to sea. Leastways, them as stays at home is sorry for 'em."

"That's another thing," said Jack, laughing. "But where is Dicky to be found?"

A cottage near at hand was pointed out, and the old woman went with him to show the way.

Dicky Blunt's father and mother were at home, and Dicky himself was not far off. He would be in presently, they said; Jack had better sit down and wait for him.

"Goin' to sea he is," said the old woman who had brought him there. "I tells him he had better not."

"Let him do as he will," Dicky's mother answered. "It's no use saying nothin'. He has run away from home, I reckon, like our Dicky did. He won't be sorry for it more than once, and that'll be always. But it's no use talking."

"Ah! that's true enough," said another. "Look at Ted Smart! He was home last year, and said the same. But it's no use bein' sorry when the mischief's done."

"What ship is he in?" Jack asked.

"He ain't in no ship; he's a sojer, Ted is."

"That's quite another thing!" Jack exclaimed. "I don't want to be a soldier."

"I had rather be a sojer, though, than a sailor," said the other. "You're like to be shot in either case; but a sailor is pretty safe to be drowned as well. I have heard Dicky Blunt say as he wouldn't send his enemy's dog to sea, not if he had bit him in the leg, unless he had a particular taste for it."

"For the leg?" Jack asked.

"No; but for the sea."

"That's just what I have," said Jack.

"You don't know till you try," the other answered; "and you don't look like it."

Jack winced at that. No, he did not look like it. His appearance with the green billycock hat upon his head, and the old faded smock-frock reaching down to his heels, was anything but nautical. He had a great mind to slip out of the latter as a snake sheds its skin, but at that moment a young fellow with a bunch of ribbons streaming from his hat entered the room.

"Here's another on 'em!" said old Blunt. "What! you've been and took the shillin', have you? I guessed you would when I seed you go into the Dog and Gun. You'll wish the Dog and Gun farther before mornin'! Dog and Gun, indeed! There's many a poor fellow goes off with a gun on his shoulder as is buried

like a dog afore he comes back again—leastways, he never do come back arter that, or shouldn't. Ah! you'll only be sorry for it once, and that'll be always. So I warn you."

"Go along with you," the other answered, crossly, and went away himself. The warning was too late, and might as well have been omitted now.

"They be everywhere," said Blunt, "them recruiters, a-drummin' and a-fiffin' and a-paradin' to and fro, and a-turnin' all the heads of every young fellow they comes across. There's a sergeant and two or three rank files, as they call 'emselves, at the Dog and Gun, a-treatin' the young men and a-catchin' of 'em up; and when once they've took the shillin', without knowing what they was about, perhaps, they have got to go to furrin' parts, to be shot at, for a shillin' a day, whether they like it or not. It's ruination to everything, these wars."

A recruiting sergeant in the village! The announcement was anything but pleasant to poor Jack. He too had taken the shilling without knowing what he was about; or rather he had taken five shillings, and might therefore be five times bound. He resolved to move on immediately; there might be a hue and cry after him already, and there he was almost in the enemy's grasp. He was thankful now for his disguise, and drew the old smock more closely round him. But before going farther he wanted to see Dicky Blunt, who he hoped would assist and direct him on the way to Portsmouth.

But when Dicky at length turned up, he was not in a fit state to assist or direct any one. He took a fancy to Jack, however, and slapped him on the back a dozen times, with a hand as hard and heavy as a topsail sheet block; then chucked him under the chin, knocking his head back against the wall, and promised to take him to Portsmouth along with him, and to see him all right. He was "all right" himself, he said, again and again, and Jack should be all right too—like he was; and then he shed tears over Jack, and bemoaned his hard lot in having to go to sea, with "all his sorrows to come;" but he would see him "all right—all right—like he was!"

Jack did not want to be "all right" after that fashion, and was glad when Dicky was persuaded to lie down and sleep off the effect of the "intolerable deal" of beer which he had imbibed at the Dog and Gun, from which sleep he would certainly awake with a bad headache.

"There," said his father, pointing to the prostrate figure; "there—I told you what going to sea was like."

Jack thought that was more like being at home. At sea a man is under discipline, and has but little opportunity of running to excess.

"They are a sad lot, them sailors," the old man went on; "it's enough to spoil any man—goin' aboard a ship."

Poor old Blunt forgot, perhaps, that his son had gone to sea in consequence of scrapes and difficulties he had got into at home, and had only taken to a sailor's life because he could get no one to give him work where his character was known. There are, of course, unsteady men in every calling, and a change of scene and occupation will not change the nature of a man, though it may very often help one who has taken a wrong turn to recover himself, and to make a fresh start under better influences. Jack did not mean to be deterred from going to sea by the spectacle of one

who did not know how to control himself on shore. It was no use waiting for Dicky Blunt, however, so, as Jack was anxious to get as far away as possible from the recruiting sergeant, he soon started on his way again, having first gained what information he could as to the general bearings of the country. There was a range of hills towards the south, the outline of which was visible against the sky. He hoped that, by keeping these hills before him, he should not go very far wrong, and started with a good courage, resolved to put as many miles as possible between himself and Saltways before morning.

He trudged on for a couple of hours without meeting any one, and it was curious that the nearer he approached the hills the more they seemed to spread out round him, until at length he was almost encompassed by the rising ground, and could no longer distinguish between east or west, north or south. The moon, too, was overclouded, and the night grew darker and darker; but he plodded on, till suddenly the high hedges which bounded the narrow lane through which his path had lain came to an end, and he emerged upon a broad, straight, level road, evidently the highway to Portsmouth. Even here he was at a loss which way to turn, but bearing to the west, as he supposed, came presently to a milestone. He was endeavouring to read this, with his fingers rather than with his eyes, and had just made out "London, Petersfield, and Portsmouth," when he heard the sound of wheels at a distance, crashing heavily upon the hard road. The dim light of a lantern presently came in view, swinging from the shaft of a goods-waggon, heavily laden, and drawn by three horses. The waggoner was walking by the side of his team, with a short smock drawn over his fustian coat, and a whale-bone whip in his hand, encouraging his tired horses both with voice and touch. It was by such vehicles that the traffic in goods was carried on between London and the provinces in those days. A single truck of a goods train in modern times carries a load equal to two or three of such vehicles, and could carry the waggon itself, if necessary, and it is difficult to conceive now how the wants of the country towns could have been met by any number of stage-waggons.

(To be continued.)



"A Short Cut!"

THE ILL-USED BOY; OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

BY MRS. EILOART, AUTHOR OF "JACK AND JOHN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THREE GENTLEMEN FROM ENGLAND.

I SHOULD say, boys, if you want to see the Rhine thoroughly, going down it on a raft is about the best way of doing so. It is leisurely, very, so that you have far more time than the steamboat gives you to see the beauties of the river on either side.



And you have the night on the water as well as the day; from one sunrise to another there you are with the giant stream flowing around, and you almost in it at times. Plenty of time to look at the towns as you pass them, to hear what the people clustering on the quays are saying, and watch the good folks going to church or to market. You are almost able to count the grape-vines as they grow on the sides of the hills, and perhaps you will agree with Ted—I'm sure I do—that a vineyard is nothing to a hop-garden, only vines and wine are poetical, and hops and beer are not. But, however, the chances are that you will only see the rafts from the steamboats, and not the steamboats from the rafts, and you will sleep at hotels, and have good dinners, and plenty of money in your pockets, which will all be very nice, and the proper way, of course, of seeing the Rhine, but it won't be half so good a way as that which Lawrence, Ted, and Robert had.

They had to rough it, of course, but even Lawrence was beginning to find that roughing it is not such a bad thing after all. It was astonishing how very few his grievances were of late. They slept in one of the small wooden houses on the raft with half a dozen others. The beds were hard, and most of the men snored; but they were all tired and slept soundly. Gertrude helped the women who cooked for the raftsmen, of whom on this especial raft there were twenty, and she saw that they had plenty of food, and that their soup should always be hot. Sometimes they took a turn at the oars—that was at a safe part of the river where there were no whirling eddies to contend against, and no steamboats to make a swell in sight. The raftsmen sang, and Ted found that he

could sing too. He had a favourite ditty, which did not quite correspond with his round, rosy face. It was "Darling Nelly Grey," and the burden of it was "weeping all the day." The raftsmen liked this song; at least they liked Ted, and in their turn they gave "Die Wacht am Rhein," and asked for "God save the Queen," which Robert gave them, and they were all polite enough to join in the chorus. So four days went on, and then they found themselves at Cologne, where Gertrude was to disembark and stay with her aunt till she was married.

As to Robert, he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life. That wonderful Rhine of which he had heard and read so much, he had now seen as very few people have the privilege of seeing it. Towns, castles, cathedrals, he had become familiar with them all. Places that he had read about, and never thought to see, he had now feasted his eyes on to his heart's content. He will never forget that journey down the Rhine. As to Ted, he said it was all very well, but that after you had seen the Thames nobody would think much of any other river. "Say the Lea while you're about it, Pratt," said Lawrence, with a touch of his old grand manner, and then Ted owned that he did think that the Rhine was a little better than the Lea, and seemed to think that for a free-born Briton he had made a great admission.

Robert felt something like a heart-ache when he stepped on to the quay. It seemed parting with the beautiful river which had become like a friend to him. But there was such a bustle on to the quay, so many people arriving; and then there was Gertrude with her boxes to see to, and Rudolf and his fellow-raftsmen to wave adieux to as they floated past on their raft towards Holland; and so at last the three boys found themselves with the one little woman amongst them to take care of.

Gertrude had been to her mother's to fetch her wardrobe and her other possessions. She had two beautiful quilts, she had told the boys, and a feather cushion to lie on top of them to keep one warm in chilly weather. This cushion was what some would have called a bed; indeed it would have amply served Gertrude for one, only that she preferred sleeping under it to on it, and she seemed to take it quite as a matter of course that the boys would come with her to her aunt's, who made baskets and sold them at her shop in a side street near the market-place, and in the market which was held almost every day there. Lawrence looked rather ruefully at the little woman's boxes.

"I thought the fellow she's going to marry would have met her," he said to Ted. "Are we to carry that lot?"

"Oh, it's not much amongst us," was the answer, "and Rudolf and she have behaved like trumps to us. Here, you and I will take this big one between us. Bob, you can take the little one, and put the feather-bed on your back. Now I'll take this one in my other hand. You carry that parcel in yours, and I think the little woman can manage the rest."

So it was settled, and they walked from

the quay past that wonderful cathedral which has waited so many hundreds of years to be completed. "It won't be so bad when the scaffolding's down," said Ted, eyeing it; "but I say, Bob, we won't stop for sight-seeing now. Let's get rid of these boxes as fast as we can."

They went through a great square, and there Robert stood transfixed. Old houses, centuries old, but looking as fresh and new as if they had been built but yesterday, and a great square where each house seemed older and handsomer and better preserved than its neighbour, and a busy market going on below, women with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads to serve as caps offering vegetables and fruit for sale. Plums golden and purple, and apples red, yellow, and russet, pears that looked ready to melt in the mouth, and any of them to be had by the lucky possessor of a few pfennigs. Such a chattering together, such an offering of wares to the looker-on, such a going to and fro of purchasers and passers-by, such a bright sun shining down on all, and the palace of Charles the Great, with carved figures and his name thereon. Bob thought the world had gone back at least three hundred years, till Ted roused him with,

"I say, do you think we could spare sixpence? Just look at those greengages! What a famous tuck-out we could have!"

There was a whole pile of baskets at one end of the market, and here sat a comfortable woman, with her knitting in her hand, keeping a sharp look-out for her customers, however. And Gertrude went up to her, followed by her three squires with the boxes and the feather-bed. "Ach, dear aunt,"



she said, "I have come, and how is my man and his bear?"

"The bear and the man are well," said her aunt, "but who are these?"

"Three gentlemen from England," said Gertrude, gravely; and Ted, who understood her, said to the others in English, "With the boxes and the bedding I should say we look like it."

(To be continued.)

ALL BY HIMSELF: A STORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE, AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR DOMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.



OUR hero then sallied out, rod in hand, bent on deadly warfare with the finny tribe. He took a little circuit to avoid passing near the farm, and, reaching the water, began operations at the first practicable spot. He meant to fish

the burn thoroughly, and not to go far, but to stay for the meantime in sight of the

road, on the look-out for that baker's cart which was to pass during the forenoon.

Keeping one eye on the stream and the other on the road, he plied his line without the immediate success for which he had fondly hoped. The water was shallower than ever; the sun beat fiercely down on shrinking pools and cracking edges; in close cities men were drawing long breaths of oppression and hugging the shady side. But Oscar gave little thought to any case but his own. In vain he drew his fly artfully across the gleaming ripples, let it dance swiftly back to him on the curling, foamy swirls, or made it rest enticingly over some dark hole by the roots of a half-drowned tree. Not a rise rewarded his efforts. He could plainly see the trout darting across the sandy bottom here and there; his heart jumped when one big old stager moved backwards and forwards beneath the shadow of his line, as if debating with itself whether or no to make trial of this curious-looking insect above, but at last, though the angler gave his fly a little alluring jerk, it decided the question in the negative, and disappeared under the bank to be no more seen. The fish were perfectly provoking this morning.

For two or three hours he had been at it with no other effect than making himself very hot and rather cross, when he came to a pool, lying gratefully in the shade of a high wooded bank, where the wilful mad-cap burn, having suddenly dashed round a corner, steadied itself for a moment to rest in this half-moon-shaped basin—a dark, smooth, cool depth, its surface in the middle broken only by drifting raftlets of stray leaves and twigs huddled helplessly together, curdling with yellow froth at the edges overhung by hollowed rocks, and dimpling into strong eddies towards the worn shelf over which it presently flung itself in a sparkling mass of spray, and rushed with fresh energy down the next broken reach—a spot on such a day irresistibly inviting to the swimmer. Oscar thought it was high time for another bathe.

This pool had a story, not to say a legend, of its own, connected with the ruined castle which could be seen through the trees upon a knoll not far off. During

Montrose's wars the steward of the castle had sunk the family plate in it, for safety during a sudden incursion of the other party. When the danger was over he had attempted to fetch it up again, but on diving into the pool found the treasure guarded by a gruesome shape, from which he had much ado to escape with his tale of dread. From that day the MacCallums' silver had remained hidden in the depths of the pool, which the country people declare to be unfathomable, the bottom of it never having been seen in the greatest drought, and there is perhaps none of them who would not rather sit down thirteen to table or spill the salt than repeat the steward's attempt. By the way, that steward died a rich man.

Oscar had heard the story, but he was a child of the nineteenth century, not to be frightened from his pleasures by any water-kelpies, or other uncanny but unsubstantial personages. Down went his rod and basket; off went hose, jacket, and kilt; over his head went the scarlet-flannel shirt; so, in two minutes, he was standing naked as a young Apollo on the rocky ledge, balancing himself for a dive. He sprang forward, shooting down into the centre of the pool, the cleft water closed over him, and for a little there was no sign of the diver but a few bubbles rising to the surface. Then there came a stir again, the white limbs reappeared, glancing up from the depth below; out he burst breast high into the sunlight, shaking the drops from his hair, and triumphantly flinging a stone to the bank. He had been right down to the bottom for it, and had found this to be no great thing after all, infested by nothing more formidable than eels, perhaps, and rich only in mud and weeds.

Such a plunge was too refreshing not to be repeated, so Oscar scrambled out on the rocks to take another header, which naturally led on to a third; next came a paddling voyage of exploration round the pool, then a bout of serious swimming; after which what could be more delicious than a seat on the warm rocks with his toes dangling in the water, to take breath and dry in the sun till he felt inclined for a fresh plunge? But when he had been disporting himself thus for some ten minutes, as he was lying floating on his back, staring idly up at the hot sky, and listening to the puny roar of the little waterfall, towards which he meant to let himself drift just near enough not to be sucked into the current and swept over, his ears, filled with water though they were, caught another more prosaic sound which he had been wishing to hear.

He turned over on his breast; a few strokes took him to the sunny side of the pool, from which he could see the road, and there, sure enough, was the baker's cart, whirling by in a cloud of dust. This was awkward; he must not let it go past, for the man's custom was to take another way back.

"Hi! hi!" cried Oscar, throwing up his arm. "Hold hard a minute, will you? I want something."

"Ou, aye, ye're a gran' hand at the sooming!" quoth the baker's man, mistaking the purport of this appeal, and making little at such a distance out of Oscar's anglicised accents. Then he rattled on, without any further notice of the swimmer, whom he never took for an intending customer. People without clothes, in his experience, had no money about them; and who should that one be if not some idle herd-laddie or truant schoolboy, taking a dip to himself this hot forenoon? And small blame to him! So thought the baker, and thought no more about it. Before Oscar could get to land the cart had turned a corner and was out of sight.

Here was a pretty business! For the first time Oscar's prospects began to look serious to him, as he turned them over in his mind, lying on the grass and letting it and the sun perform the office of a towel between them. He had no heart to bathe any more; it was not the outside of him that required attention. Meat, fish, bread—if all these failed him, what was he to do? It seemed as if fortune were playing a game of chess with him, and giving check at every move.

But it was not to be checkmate yet, vowed Oscar, rousing himself. Kneeling at the brink, he took a good long drink of the peat-flavoured water of the burn, to go on with in the meanwhile for want of better sustenance, and when he put on his clothes, drew his belt a hole or two tighter, which he had heard of as a good thing for an empty stomach. Then he returned to his angling—no sport to-day, but a most earnest toil.

The baker being past watching for, he was free to range every part of the burn, seeking out one spot after another where he had formerly been successful. And now he thought he would try bait for a change. After some trouble, digging with his knife, he got a few worms and set to work. But still all his trouble seemed thrown away; bait proved no more tempting than fly to-day. Dangle his worm as he might, no fish would take it. Not a troutling of them was accommodating enough to enter into his views. They were not hungry.

(To be continued.)



WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDOON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD.")

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE TERRIBLE SNOWSTORM—SOMETHING LIKE AN AQUARIUM—THE MAMMOTH CAVES AND THEIR STARTLING TREASURES—THE JOURNEY POLEWARDS—COLLAPSE OF THE BALLOON—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

FOUR long months have passed away since poor old Magnus dropped dead on the grave of his son. The sun has once more appeared above the horizon, bringing joy to the hearts of the officers and crew of the Arrandoon. Despite every effort to keep their spirits up, the past winter has been a weary one. Had the stars always shone, had the glorious Aurora always flickered above them, it might have been different; but shortly after the cave was finished and furnished, divided into compartments, and made comfortable with chairs and sofas, and carpets and skins, a terrible storm came on them from the north-west. Never had our young heroes, never had McBain himself, known such cold, or such fierce winds and depth of snow. For three whole weeks did this Arctic storm rage, and during this time it would have been certain death for any one to have ventured ten yards from the mouth of the cavern.

But the wind fell at last, the clouds dispersed, and once more the goodly stars shone forth, and the bright Aurora. Then they ventured to creep out from their friendly shelter. The Arctic night seemed now as bright as day; they could hardly believe that the sun was not hidden behind some of those quartz-like clouds that were still banked up on the south-eastern horizon. But where was the ship? where was their lordly Arrandoon. For a moment it seemed as if the ice had opened and swallowed her up. They rubbed their wondering eyes and looked again. Three silver streaks glimmering against the dark blue of the sky represented her topmasts; all the rest of her was buried beneath the snow.

And as far as they could see seaward it was all a waste of smooth, dazzling white, with here and there only the points and peaks of the icebergs appearing above it.

As soon as the snow had sunk, which it soon did many feet, McBain had got his crew ready to start for the mammoth mines. The weather had continued fine, only there were whole weeks during which the wind blew so cuttingly fierce that no work or walking either could be attempted.

The troglodytes—an expression of Rory's—were, therefore, a good deal confined to their cave, and it was well for them then that they had books to read and the wherewithal to amuse themselves in many other ways. The following is a remark that Rory had made to Ralph and Allan one day, after nearly three months of the winter had passed away.

"Which of you troglodytes is going with me to-morrow to see the sun rise?"

"Not I, thanks," said Ralph. "Pass the ham, old man; that bit of bear-steak was a treat."

"I'll go," said Allan.

"Hurrah!" cried Rory. "It is you that's the brave boy after all. We'll have friend Seth, too, and the dogs. It's the first time they've been out; it will do us all good."

This sledging-party had been a merry one, but they were obliged to leave the dogs at the foot of the mountain, and climb, as best they could, to the top, where, sure enough, they were soon rewarded by a glimpse, just one thrilling glimpse, of the king of day. They could not refrain from shouting aloud with joy. They shouted and cheered, and though well-nigh three miles from the cave, the troglodytes there heard it, so intense was the silence, and gave them back shout for shout and cheer for cheer.

They had seen something, though, from the hill-top that had very much astonished them. In the centre of this curious island, and entirely surrounded by mountains, was a lake of open water, as black as ink it looked in contrast with the snowclad braeland around it, and right in the centre thereof played an enormous geyser, or natural fountain. It was evidently of volcanic origin.

The days got longer and longer, and in five months from the time they had entered the cave day and night were about equal.

But I must not omit telling you of the strange experiment that had suggested itself to McBain while gazing upwards at the birds—lured from afar—circling round the electric light. It was nothing more nor less than that of paying a visit by means of a diving-bell and the electric light to the denizens of the deep—the creatures that lived in the ocean under the ice.

Everything was got ready under the supervision of the aeronaut, ably assisted by the carpenter and crew and little Ap. The bell itself was an immense one, and most carefully constructed to float or sink at will. Inside it was quite as comfortable as the room in the lift of some of our large hotels.

Ralph seldom went far out of his way in search of adventure, but this new and wonderful experiment seemed to possess an irresistible charm even for him.

As for Rory, he was, as Sandy McFlail said, "half daft" over the idea.

McBain was most careful in seeing that everything was in working order; and the bell was sunk and resunk empty, scores of times in the water before he would allow any one to venture down in it. The snow had been previously cleared away, all from and around the ship, and an immense ice-hole made for the purpose of conducting the experiment.

When all seemed safe, and it was found that the bell, sunk to a depth of forty feet, was acted on by no current, but rose straight to the surface of the ice-hole when wanted, then the captain himself and De Vere ventured down. They remained beneath for fully twenty minutes—and anxious minutes they were to those on the surface; then the signal to hoist was given, and presently up bobbed the bell, and was raised to the level by the derrick, when out stepped De Vere and McBain.

"Smiling all over, bedad!" said Rory; "and looking as clean, and sweet, and pretty as if they'd just popped out of a bandbox."

The diving-bell was called "the bandbox" after this.

But it was after dark that the real experiment was to take place.

"Troth!" said Rory at dinner that day, "will you fellows never have done eating? It's myself that is longing to get away down to the bottom of the sea."

The four of them entered the bandbox—Allan, Ralph, the doctor, and Rory; then they were slowly lowered down—down, down amid a darkness that could be felt. But presently a green glimmer of light shone in through the strong window of the bell; they could see each other's faces. The light got stronger and stronger as the electric ball came nearer and nearer, till at last it stopped stationary about twelve yards from their window, making the sea all round, beneath and above it, as bright as noon.

"Yonder is the stage, boys," cried Rory; "but where are the performers?"

They had not long to wait for these. Fish, first of the smaller kinds, came sailing round the light; presently these fled in all directions, and a monster shark took up the room. He soon had company, for dozens of others came floating around, and not sharks only, but creatures of more hideous forms than anything even Rory could have imagined in his wildest dreams.

"Oh!" cried the young poet, "if Gustave Doré were only here to see this terrible sight!"

"It beats," said Sandy, "the Brighton Aquarium all to pieces. Oh!" he screamed, shrinking into a corner of the bandbox, as a huge hammer-headed shark sidled up to the window, crooked his awful eyes, and stared in. "Oh, Rory, man, signal quick! I want to get up out o' here. No more divin'-bells for me, lad."

For nearly six weeks it became the regular custom to visit this submarine vivarium every night after dinner.

"It was just as good," Ralph and Allan said, "as going to a show."

"And a deal better," added Rory.

Even the mates and the crew begged for a peep at the wonders displayed in the depths of the illuminated sea.

"Well," said Ted Wilson, when he ascended after his first view, "I'm a sadder and a wiser man, and I'll dream of what I've seen this night as long as ever I live."

They found the mouth of the mammoth cave, near which lay all that was mortal of poor old Magnus and his son, after days and days of digging; but when at long last they succeeded in forcing an entrance, one glance around them proved that they had indeed fallen upon riches and wealth untold. Those vast tusks and teeth of the mighty monsters of an age long past and gone, were of the purest ivory, more white

and hard than any they had ever seen before.

"Why, sure," said Rory, "the cave of Aladdin was nothing to this!"

"The next thing, gentlemen," said the captain, "is to transport our treasure to the good ship Arrandoon. Seth, old friend, your dogs will be wanted now in good earnest."

"I reckon," replied Seth, "they're all ready, sir, and just mad enough to eat each other's collars, 'cause they don't get anything to do."

What a change it was to have sunshine and a comparative degree of warmth again. Rough and toilsome enough was the road between the ship and the mammoth cave, but the snow was crisp and hard. The dogs were wild with delight, and so were our heroes, and so hard did everybody work all day that no one thought any more about the diving-bell and the denizens of the deep. After dinner they needed rest. Rory took his boat, or canoe, with him once or twice, and, all alone, he embarked on the volcanic lake and paddled round the geyser.

In three weeks from the day they had found the entrance to the cave they had transported all the ivory to the Arrandoon. They were now what Silas would have called a "bumper ship." If they should succeed in regaining their own country, Rory would be able to live all his days in peace and comfort, independent of the whims of his Irish tenantry, and Allan—ah, yes, poor Allan!—began to dream of home now. Already, in imagination, he saw Glentruim a fair and smiling valley, every acre of it tilled, comfortable cottages sending their blue smoke heavenwards from the green birchen woods, a new and beautiful church, and the castle restored, himself once more resuming his rights of chief of his clan, and his dear mother and sister honoured and respected by all.

"I'll roast an ox whole, boys!" he cried, one evening, jumping up from the sofa in the snugger, where he had been lying thinking and dreaming of the future. "A whole ox; nothing less!"

Rory and Ralph burst out laughing.

"A vera judeicious arrangement!" cried Sandy. "But where will ye get the ox? I'm getting tired o' bear-beef, and wouldn't mind a slice out of a juicy stot's rump."

"Oh, dear!" said Allan, smiling; "I forgot you hadn't been following the train of my thoughts. I was back again in Arrandoon."

"Hurrah!" cried Rory. "Gather round the fire, boys; sit in, captain; sit in, Sandy; let us talk about home and what we all will do when we get there."

Little, little did they know then the hardships that were in store for them.

Summer had fairly set in, but as yet there were not the slightest signs of the ice breaking up. Several balloon flights were made, the aeronaut always making most careful calculations for days before starting, and generally succeeding in catching a favourable time.

Then the principal adventure of the whole cruise was undertaken—a great sledging journey towards the Pole itself.

The sledges, specially prepared for the purpose, were got out and carefully loaded with everything that would be found necessary.

For a time the Arrandoon was to be left with but a few hands, or "ship-keepers," as they are called, on her.

The great snowstorm of the previous

winter McBain judged, and rightly too, would be in favour of the expedition; it smoothed the roughness of the ice, and made sledging even pleasurable. De Vere had two sledges, devoted to carrying his balloon and the means wherewith to inflate it.

Ted Wilson was left in charge of the ship, with little Ap, the cook, and carpenter's crew, to say nothing of little Freezing Powders and Cockie.

"If you do find the North Pole," cried Ted Wilson, as a parting salutation to one of his companions, "do fair Johnick, Bill, fair Johnick—bring us a bit."

I have to tell of no terrible hardships or sufferings experienced by our heroes during this memorable sledge journey. They accomplished on an average about twelve miles a day, or seventy miles a week, and they invariably rested on the Sabbath, merely taking exercise on that day to keep up the warmth of their bodies.

They suffered but little from the cold, but it must be remembered that by this time they had become thoroughly inured to the rigours of the Arctic regions. It was easy to keep warm trudging along over the snow, and helping to drag the sledge by day.

The dogs they found were a great acquisition. Under the wise and judicious management of Trapper Seth they were most tractable, and their strength seemed something marvellous. They were fat and sleek, and comfortable-looking too, and had entirely lost the gaunt, hungry, wolfish appearance they presented when Captain Cobb first sent them on board. Well did they work for, and richly did they deserve, the four Spratts' biscuits given to each of them daily; that, followed by a mouthful of snow, was all they cared for and all they needed to make them the happiest of the happy.

A short halt was made for luncheon every noon, and at six o'clock they stopped for the night, and dinner was cooked. This was Seth's duty, and, considering the limited means at his command, he succeeded wonderfully. The tent was erected over a large pit in the snow, the sledges being drawn up to protect it against the prevailing wind. But of this there was but little.

After dinner they gathered around a great spirit-lamp stove, wrapped in skins and blankets, and generally talked themselves to sleep. But Seth always slept with the dogs.

"I like to curl up," he explained, "with the animiles. They keeps me warm, they do; and, gentlemen, Seth's bones ain't quite so young as they used to be."

For weeks our heroes journeyed on towards the Pole, but they came to the end of what McBain called the snowfields at last, and all farther progress by sledge was practically at an end. Before them stretched away to the utmost limits of the horizon

THE SEA OF ANCIENT ICE,

a chaos of boulders, over which it would take a week at least to drag the sledges even a distance of ten miles.

Now came the balloon to the rescue, but who was to go in it? Its car would, big as it was, contain but four. The four were finally selected; they were McBain, the aeronaut himself, Allan, and Rory.

Upwards mounted the great balloon, upwards but sailing southwards; yet well had De Vere counted his chances. Ballast

was thrown out, and they rose into the air with inconceivable rapidity, and McBain soon perceived that the direction had now changed, and that the balloon was going rapidly northwards.

* * * * *

To those left behind on the snowfields the time dragged on very slowly indeed, and when four-and-twenty hours had gone by, and still there was no sign of the return of the aeronauts, Ralph's anxiety knew no bounds. He seemed to spend most of his time on top of a large iceberg, gazing northwards and skywards in hopes of catching a glimpse of the balloon. But all in vain, and so passed six-and-thirty hours, and so passed forty-eight and fifty. Something must have happened. Grief began to weigh like lead on poor Ralph's heart. A hundred times in an hour he reproached himself for not having gone in the balloon instead of Rory. He was strong, Rory was not, and if anything had happened to his more than brother, he felt he could never forget it and never forgive himself. Despair was slowly taking the place of grief; he was walking up and down rapidly on the snow, for he could not rest,—he had taken neither food nor sleep since the balloon departed,—when there was a shout from the man on the outlook.

"Something black on the northern horizon, sir, but no signs of the balloon."

"Hurrah!" cried Ralph. "Now, men, to the rescue. Let us go and meet them, and help them over this sea of boulders."

In three hours more McBain and party were back in camp, safe and sound, terribly tired, but able to tell all their story.

"We've planted the dear old flag as far north as we could get," said McBain, "and left it there."

"Ay," said Rory, "and kissed it and blessed a hundred times over."

"And but for the accident to the balloon, which we were obliged to abandon, we would have been back long ere now."

"But we have not seen de open sea around de Pole," said De Vere.

"No," said McBain; "there is no such sea; that is all a myth; only the sea of ancient ice, and land, with tall, cone-shaped mountains on it, evidently the remains of extinct volcanoes. Oh! it was a dreary, dreary scene. No signs of life, never a bird or bear, and a silence like the silence of death."

"It was on one of those hills," added Rory, "we planted the flag—the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." It was a glorious moment, dear Ralph, when we saw that bit of bunting unfurled. How Allan and myself wished you'd been with us. It was so funny, too, because, you see, there was no north, no east, and no west; everything was south of us. The whole world lay down beneath us, as it were, all to the south'ard, and we could walk round the world, so to speak, a dozen times in a minute."

"Yes, it is curious," replied Ralph, musing in silence for a moment. Then he stretched out his hand and grasped Rory's. He did not speak. There was no need, Rory knew well what he meant.

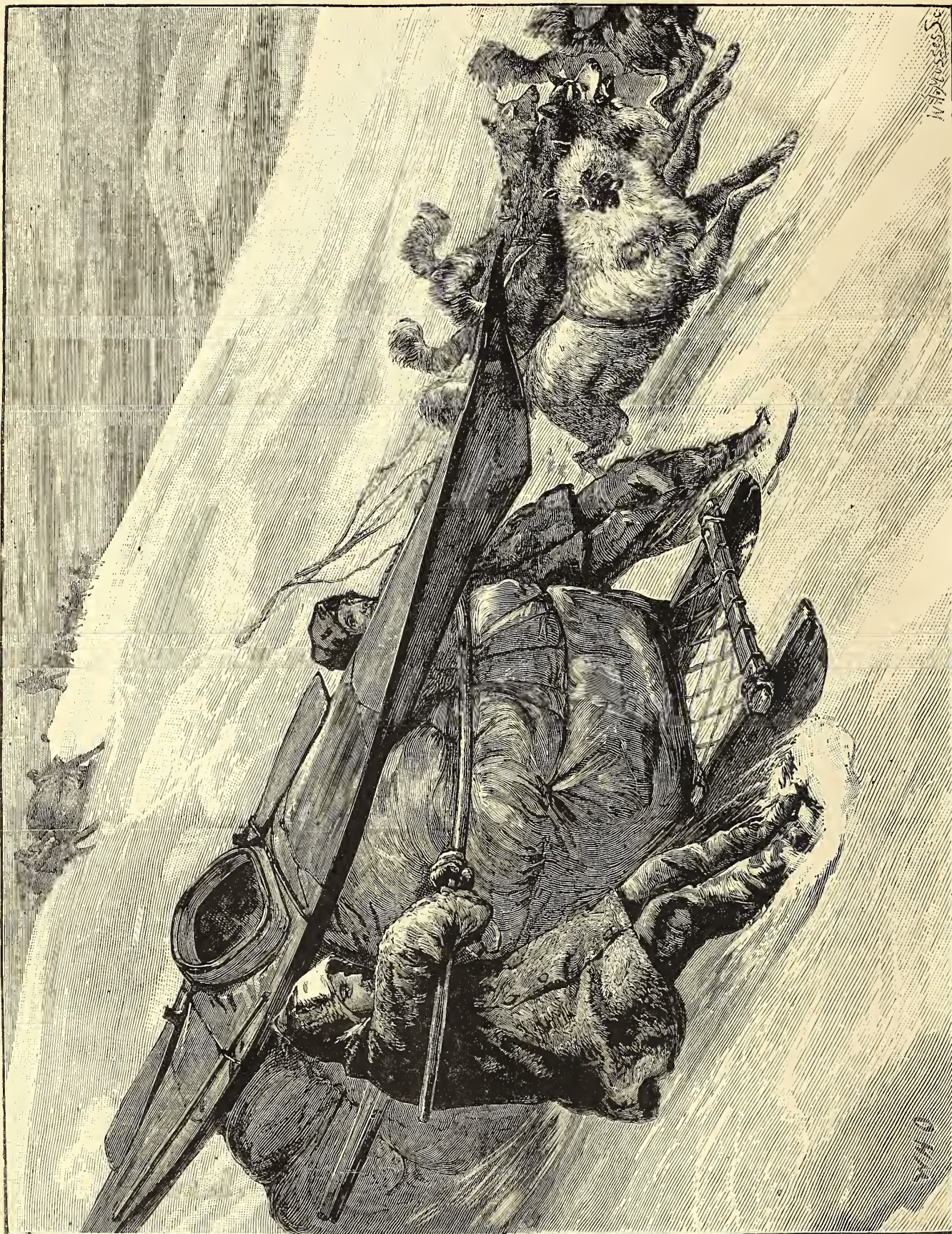
"Now, boys and men," cried the captain, "we have to return thanks to Him who has safely guided us through all perils into these distant regions, and pray that He may permit us to return in safety to our native land. Let us pray."

A more heartfelt prayer than that of those hardy sailors probably never ascended on high. Afterwards a psalm was sung,

to a beautiful old melody, and this closed the service; but next morning, ere they

assembled, and cheer after cheer rent the air, and, as Sandy McFlail afterwards

boys," cried Rory, and he burst into the grand old National Anthem,



En route for the Mammoth Caves.

started to return to the Arrandoon, another spar was erected on the top of the biggest and highest iceberg. On this the English colours were nailed, and around it the crew

observed, hats and bonnets were pitched on high, till they positively darkened the air, like a flock o' crows.

Then "Give us a good bass and tenor,

"God save our Gracious Queen,
Long may Victoria Reign,
God save the Queen."

(To be continued.)

NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND:

A TRICYCLE TOUR OF 2,446 MILES IN SIXTY-EIGHT DAYS.

By the AUTHOR OF "NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE."

39th Day.

Auchnasheen. Garve.



TURNED out at 9 o'clock. Boots greeted me with, "Your clothes are in a fearful state, sir; it will take some hours before they are fit to wear." Happily everything in my bag was dry; so, after borrowing a velvet coat from the landlord, I made quite a fashionable appearance in the coffee-room.

I breakfasted with a married couple, who were

rather in a fog about their future movements. The husband used the plea of bad weather, and many seductive arguments, in the endeavour to persuade his better half to return home, and leave him to have his fling at Loch Maree.

She did not see it in the same light, and informed me confidentially that her dear John had heart-disease, and she did not like to let him out of her sight. Later on he disappeared for some time, much to her distress. She first of all imagined that he had been run over by the train that had passed an hour before he went out; and when I assured her that that was scarcely probable, she began to picture him dead in a ditch. In fact, she worked herself up into such a state of agitation, that, fearing the good woman would faint in my arms, I volunteered to hunt him up. The end of it was that he turned up all right. And here allow me to tell those who say that "women always have the best of it," that, after giving his wife the strictest injunctions to go home by the next train, the husband went off in the coach.

While scribbling in my journal I heard that the train from Inverness would arrive in a few minutes. Now, thought I, if my wheel comes by this train it will be smart work on the part of the makers, and a happy finale to my chapter of accidents. I went out to the platform. Presently a shrill whistle announced the approach of the train. It stopped. I eagerly scanned the guard's van. Cheers! The wheel had arrived, and with the spare cog for which I had telegraphed. Believe me, I did feel happy; if there had not been so many people on the platform I should have danced another fandango. All that was now necessary to put the machine in perfect condition again was to exchange the right wheel for the new one, and to put the fresh cog on the left wheel. For this a blacksmith's services were required. I asked for one, but received the same reply as before—"None nearer than Garve."

I had now a problem to solve, a regular case of X and Y—viz.,

Having the right wheel geared for one speed, and the left for another, what will happen if I ride with them in that condition?

After nearly scratching my head off, Thought No. 1 suggested—

"It will be all right, because the faster wheel, by not allowing the cams of the slower to come into play, will convert it into a running wheel."

Thought No. 2 said—"No, it won't. You'll have the machine turning round and round, and throwing you into a ditch, over a precipice, or something."

Thought No. 1—"It won't."

No. 2—"I tell you it will."

No. 3—"Put on the wheel and try it in the yard."

No. 4—"What, in the rain! Thank you for nothing."

No. 5—"Disconnect one chain, then you will know for a certainty that there will be one driving and one running wheel."

Acting on the good advice of No. 5, I tied the left chain to the back of my tricycle, booked the old wheel to Coventry, and sat down to luncheon.

Auchnasheen means "place of storms," and it certainly kept up its reputation during the last twenty-four hours of my stay. It is situated at the junction of three glens, so that if the wind whispers from any direction it is pretty sure to howl at that unhappy place. This morning, on getting up, I found that the wind had freakishly shifted to the west again, and was blowing hard, with a succession of heavy rain squalls.

After luncheon, the weather being too unfavourable for a start, I employed myself by readjusting the steering apparatus. It had worked very well since leaving Strone Ferry, but by mistake I had misplaced one of the wheel-washers.

2.30. The weather having "faired" a little, I got under way. Noticing that a knot of people had collected to see me off, I thought that it would be the correct thing for "Nauticus" to show them how to do it in style.

I put on a spurt, and was flying along gaily oh! when, Tableau! and "*Nauticus*" was to be seen on the broad of his back in the middle of



the road, with his tricycle on the top of him! To my mind, this proved in much too practical a way the truth of the oft-heard warning, "Pride will have a fall."

I felt dazed and half stunned for a few seconds, and could not make out what in the world had happened. On coming to I uprighted the machine, and on examination found that the lower nut, by working loose, had allowed the pinion-wheel to drop out of gear; on which, as quick as lightning, the machine had charged into the wire fencing which guarded the embankment, rebounding again like an india-rubber ball. I tightened the nut and went on, but had not gone a hundred yards farther before bang I went into the wall on the left!

This fairly alarmed me. "Good gracious!"

cried I, aloud; "the thing's bewitched! Bother that old woman, she'll do for me yet! I shall break my neck in a minute; there's no railing now."

In spite of the wind and rain, which were beating mercilessly upon me, down I had to go on my knees and take the whole of the steering arrangement to pieces to see what on earth was the matter.

Stupid fellow! I had put the pinion-wheel on upside down. It took me about ten minutes screwing and unscrewing nuts, placing and replacing washers, before I could go on.

Feeling as limp as water, with all the swagger taken out of me, I was positively afraid to ride until a perfectly safe part of the road was reached. I then mounted, but, as the steering gear was always too tight or too loose, I was in a constant fever, and kept mounting and dismounting, tightening and loosening, until I found that more rapid progress could be made on foot.

The road ran nearly level through Strath Bran, a green wilderness supporting a few sheep. Beyond Auchanalt it undulated by the side of Loch Hular and another lochan, both prettily lined with larch-trees. The road dipped somewhat precipitously to the bridge, which crosses a roaring burn from Loch Fannich, then rose steeply on to a plateau overlooking the bold but picturesque banks of Loch Linchart.

The surface, which had consisted of rather soft sand, now became hard and smooth, and as my tricycle was beginning to behave itself properly, I enjoyed a pleasant run of nearly four miles down to Garve.

This cosy little village lies in a fertile vale, closely encompassed by high land, the sides of the hills being partially clothed with wood.

The cyclist may allow two hours as the average time for this journey. With my skittish steed it took me more than four to accomplish the sixteen miles.

My first idea on reaching Garve was to find the blacksmith about whom I had heard so much, and I made straight for his shop in order to catch him before he left work. Being out of the line of tourists, I did not think it worth while to engage a room at the hotel on my way.

I rode up to the shop door, feeling how very dependent I had become on this important class of mechanics, especially now they were so few and far between. I stepped inside, and asked the "gude mon" if he would do a job for me. "Yes," was his laconic reply, but directly he sighted my tricycle, with its network of wires and complicated fittings, his jaw fell, and he muttered,

"I know nought about them things."

"There is nothing difficult. I will explain what has to be done," said I.

After looking at it gloomily for a moment longer, he said, decidedly,

"No, I won't have anything to do with it."

"Lend me your tools, then, and I'll work at it myself," exclaimed I, in a huff.

"Oh yes, you can have the tools," replied he, readily.

I set to, removed the left wheel, unscrewed the cog-plate, and was putting on the new one, when, seeing that I had not unearthed a nest of hobgoblins, he came to my assistance and volunteered to do the rest under my direction. I found that, from the new plates being larger than the others, the chains were too short, and we had to file the framework to make the crank fit. I now turned my attention to the brake. It did not fit properly after the accident at Strone Ferry, but I consoled myself with thinking that it would be all right when the new

wheel arrived. After shipping that this morning, great was my astonishment at finding that the brake did not bear any better than on the old one. At the time this seemed unaccountable, but on consulting the blacksmith we both came to the conclusion that the framework of the machine had been sprung by the fall.



Nothing could be done, so after all my fandango dances I was doomed to travel more than 1,100 miles on a tricycle the wheels of which did not run truly, and having a brake which to be of any service must be continually re-covered with leather.

After this son of Vulcan had filed the sharp edge of the spoon for me, I gave him the fee which he had now fairly earned, and left for the inn. The colour of my hands reminded me of those minstrels who "never perform out of London," and I was looking forward to a good wash and other luxuries, as I put my steed into a stall at the hotel stables. Walking indoors, I asked to be shown my room.

"There are none vacant, sir."

"What, no room!" cried I, in dismay.

"Who in the name of patience is staying in this out-of-the-way place?"

"A shooting party, sir, has engaged every bed in the house."

"Is there any other inn?"

"None within some miles, sir."

"Then what am I to do?" cried I, in despair.

"Mrs. Fraser, at the cottage, may be able to put you up."

It was with many misgivings that I arrived with my bag at the door of a very humble dwelling, which appeared to be undergoing a process of re-thatching and whitewashing. Mrs. Fraser had gone to kirk, but a neighbour kindly dug out the husband. In answer to my inquiry, he replied that he "never interfered with the missus," and did not know whether she could take me in or not. She would be home soon, if I would wait. There being very little option in the matter, I did wait. While doing so I ascertained that he worked on the roads, and began to pump him as to the condition of those I was about to traverse. Presently I happened to remark what a beautiful evening it was after the gale.

"Gale!" exclaimed he, "it has been calm and fine here all day."

After chatting until past nine o'clock, I was not a little pleased to hear him say, "Here comes the old 'ooman, now you ask her;" and away he went, evidently not wishing her to think that he had taken any steps in the matter.

Assuming my blandest and most insinuating manner, I greeted her, put the all-important question, and breathlessly awaited the verdict, feeling that I would rather have coiled myself up like a dog before the kitchen fire than go any farther to seek a night's lodging.

However, instead of treating me with dis-

trust, as she might well have done in my dirty and dishevelled condition, she said, "Oh, sir, I hardly think my poor place is fit for a gentleman like you." "Dear me!" thought I, "how very observant these Scotch people are, to be sure!" Then, taking my cue from her, I assured the good woman that my tastes were exceedingly simple. She showed me into a charming little room, containing a table covered with well-bound books, and quite a grand bed in the corner. She looked most pleased when I said that it would do, little knowing that a few minutes earlier I should have thanked her for a square yard of the floor. The dear old soul now took me under her wing, and had she been my mother she could not have concerned herself more for my comfort. She lighted a fire, and while I blew it into a good blaze with a pair of bellows, the dame busied herself in preparing my tea, apologising every now and then in a soft, sympathetic tone for not being able to give me a more hospitable reception.

After tea, while lounging in an easy-chair, and warming my toes over a cheerful fire, I felt more at home than I had done since starting on the tour.

Distance—Auchnasheen to Garve=16 miles.

(To be continued.)

CANARIES: HOW TO KEEP AND BREED THEM.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Diseases of Canaries," etc., etc.

PART IV.



THE weaning season lasts from the day they begin to crack seeds until they are at least six weeks old, by which time the egg-food, the supply of which has been given in daily diminishing doses, may be left off altogether.

If you intend to go in for what is called aviary breeding, you will have a deal more trouble, but also a deal more pleasure. In this

case it is usual to turn in three cocks with twelve hens. My own advice is to turn in three cocks with only nine hens; that makes up the dozen, and there is more chance of strong healthy birds. The breeding season, begun in the middle of March, should end early in August, or last week in July. Sell your young birds if possible to private purchasers; if you cannot, then advertise them in papers devoted to live stock, etc. It is in selling especially that you find the advantage of possessing a good prize strain. There is nothing like pedigree animals for breeding purposes, no matter what they are.

I now come to say a few words about moulting. This is a most critical season with all birds, and the first moult of the young canary is eminently so. The moulting season for old birds generally begins some time in July, and extends over three or even four months, as a great deal depends upon the constitution of the bird, and how it is treated. Young birds show evidence of moulting sometimes as early as the seventh week, but any time between that and the tenth week is the usual time. When moulting begins among hen canaries, breeding should be brought to a close; if the cock loses feathers first, it is the sign he is weak and the season is over; at any rate you must make it so. Put your hens by themselves then in roomy cages, and the cocks either in separate cages or all together in one large one. Sell off all you do not intend to keep as soon as they are moulted. It is better to dispose of them at a reduced price

than to keep them on for months in hopes of getting more money.

It is difficult for the amateur to learn to distinguish between cock and hen in young birds. Experience alone can teach him this. The song, however, is nearly always conclusive, although instances are known, though far from frequent, of singing hens. There is, moreover, a different carriage in the cock—he is neater, brighter, and bolder.

When your birds begin to moult, your object and your anxiety will be to get them safely through it. Some first-rate breeders take little heed of the moulting season, and do not alter their usual treatment, and if a few die they do not bother. It is my own impression that birds not properly treated during the moult will not be so strong during the succeeding season. On the other hand, some people coddle their canaries far too much during moult. There is a medium in all things.

Birds are more apt to catch cold at this critical time, and if the cold strikes inwards, as the saying is, inflammation and death may ensue.

This fact ought to make us careful to keep the cages clear of draughts and free from damp. Even the room in which they hang should never be damp. The cages should be in a warm corner, and as warmth quickens the moult and causes it to be more perfect, it is a good plan to cover all the cage up except the front portion.

Do not be unmindful of the value of fresh air, therefore be careful to have the room properly ventilated every day by opening the windows at noon.

As usual, give fresh water daily, and for the first week or two a little aperient medicine may be put in the water every second day, either a small teaspoonful of carbonate of magnesia, or a little treacle. About the third week of the moult give a tonic by placing in the water a medium sized iron nail.

The food should be much as usual, only with the addition of egg and bread crumb, and any garden or roadside seeds the birds may fancy should be given. Do not forget green food, given sparingly. The bath should be allowed about twice a week. The plan of moulting birds off in dark rooms is, in my humble opinion, weakening to the system.

Every boy has heard of cayenne feeding during moult. It is a plan invented several years ago by, I believe, a Nottingham breeder, to deepen and enrich the colour of canaries. The fact that it does so is undisputed. Why it should do so no one can rightly explain; and the question whether or not it injures the constitution of the bird is a vexed one, so that we shall not enter into it. If you mean to adopt the plan, you must get the very purest cayenne that can be got. The condiment is mixed with soft food, especially with egg and biscuit crumb, the proportion being one hard-boiled egg mixed with say three small milk biscuits well grated, and a large teaspoonful of K. N.

Begin to give this about the age of six or seven weeks, when the feathers are still in the skin. Do not give very much seed at the same time. From one to two or more spoonfuls of the K. N. food may be given to each bird daily.

Saffron cake is sometimes given to birds during the moulting season, and a little syrup of saffron, about a teaspoonful, might be placed in the drinking water occasionally.

If you wish a bird to be particularly fond of you, single one out—a bright, smart, saucy cock—and put it in a cage by itself. It must, of course, be young. Feed it yourself and talk much to it, and whenever it comes towards you give it a tiny bit of some dainty. You will soon have it so tame that you may open the cage door and let it out. If you take no notice of it, it will come by-and-by and perch on your shoulder, on which you may place some dainty morsel. When it retires of its own accord shut the cage door, but not before. The great secret of taming birds, or winning the affection of any animal, is summed up in one sentence—Be always kind to them; let them be in every way dependent on you, but never try to force their affection.

(To be concluded.)

THE FIFTH FORM AT ST DOMINIC'S:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A THREE GUINEA WATCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LOMAN IN LUCK AGAIN.

IT certainly did look as if Loman was going to the dogs. And any one able to see and know all that was going on in his mind would have found out that he was a good deal nearer "the dogs" even than he seemed.

On the evening after the examination he received a note from Cripps, brought up in a most barefaced way by one of the pot-boys at the Cockchafer, requesting the pleasure of Mr. Loman's company at that pleasant spot *immediately*, to talk over business!

"Why didn't he send it by post?" demanded Loman, angrily, of the disreputable messenger. "Don't you know if you were seen up here there'd be a row?"

"Dunno so much about that, but the governor, he says he's dead on the job this time, he says, and if you don't show up sharp with the stumpy, he says he'll give you a call himself and wake you up, he says—"

"Tell him I'll come, and go off quick," said Loman, hurriedly.

"Beg pardon, mister," said the pot-boy, with a leer, and touching his cap, "anything allowed for this here little job—carrying up the letter?"

"I'll allow you a kick if you don't go," exclaimed the wretched Loman, furiously.

"Oh, very good," said the boy, making a long nose. "Wait till the governor walks up. We'll see who'll kick then!"

And, so saying, the amiable and respectable youth departed.

"Hullo!" said Wren, coming up just at this moment, "who's your friend, Loman? He looks a nice sort of boy!"

Wren was now captain and head monitor at St. Dominic's, far too blunt and honest ever to be an object of anything but dislike and uneasiness to Loman. Now, the uneasiness was the more prominent of the two. Loman replied, confused and reddening,

"Oh, that boy? Why—oh, he's a shop-boy from the town, come up about an order—you know—for a hat-box."

"I don't know. Do you mean Morris's boy?"

"Ye—yes. A new boy of Morris's."

"Well, whoever he is, he's a precious cheeky specimen. Why didn't you kick him?"

"Eh? Kick him? Yes, I was just going to," began Loman, scarcely knowing what he said, "when—"

"When I turned up? Well, I shouldn't have interfered. By the way, Loman, I suppose you've given up going to that public now. What's the fellow's name?"

"Cripps," said Loman. "Oh, I never go near the place now."

"That's a good job. It was awkward enough his turning up as he did last term, and all a chance the Doctor didn't hear of it, I can tell you. Anyhow, now I'm captain, that sort of thing will have to drop, mind."

"Oh, I assure you I've never been near the place since," said Loman, meekly, anxious if possible to keep the new captain in humour, much as he disliked him.

"I'm glad of it," said Wren, coldly.

Just at that moment a third personage arrived on the scene. This was Simon, who approached, not noticing Wren, and crying out with his usual gush,

"Hullo, Loman, I say. I saw Cripps to-day. He was asking after you. He says you've not been down since last Sat—Hullo, Wren!"

And here the poet caught sight of the captain.

"So you've been down to the Cockchafer, have you?" inquired Wren.

"Well. Oh, don't tell, Wren, I say. I don't often go. Ask Loman if I do. He's always there, and could easily tell if I went. Do I go often, Loman? Besides, I've given it up now!"

"Quick work," observed Wren, drily, "if you were down there this morning."

"Well," said Simon, shifting his ground slightly, "I didn't think there could be any harm, as Loman goes. He's a monitor. And then I don't owe Cripps money, do I, Loman? Or play cards and bet, like you, do I? Oh, look here, Wren, do let us off this time. Don't report me, there's a good fellow. I promise I won't do it again! Oh, I say, Loman, beg us off. I never let out on you—not even when you got—"

Wren, who had allowed this burst of eloquence to proceed thus far, here turned sharply on his heel, and left the two companions in wrong in possession of the field.

Next morning, when Loman got up, he found the following note on his table:

"Wraysford takes your place as monitor. The Doctor will be told you have 'resigned.'—C. W."

Loman crushed the paper angrily in his hand, and muttered a curse as he flung it into the fire. He felt little enough gratitude to Wren for describing him merely as resigned, and not, as was actually the case, dismissed. Yet, even in his wretchedness, there was an atom of relief in knowing that at least a shred of his old good name remained.

Poor shred, indeed! but better than nothing.

Every one treated him as usual—except Wren, who cut him contemptuously. The Sixth, ever since the exposure at the football match last term, had lost any respect they ever had for their comrade, and many had wondered how it was he was still allowed to remain a monitor. Every one now supposed he had taken "the better part of valour" in resigning, and, as it mattered very little to any one what he did, and still less what he thought, they witnessed his deposition from the post of honour with profound indifference.

Poor Loman! Some righteous reader will be shocked at my pitying such a foolish, miserable failure of a fellow as this Edward Loman; and yet he was to be pitied, wasn't he? He hadn't been naturally a vicious boy, or a cowardly boy, or a stupid boy, but he had become all three, and, as he sat and brooded over his hard luck, as he called it, that morning, his mind was filled with mingled misery and

fear, and malice towards every one and everything, and he felt well-nigh desperate.

His interview with Cripps came off that afternoon. The landlord of the Cockchafer, as the reader may have gathered, had changed his tone pretty considerably the last few days, and Loman found it out now.

"Well?" said he, gloomily, as the boy entered.

"Well?" said Loman, not knowing how to begin.

"I suppose you've got my money?" said Cripps.

"No, Cripps, I haven't," said the boy.

Cripps uttered an oath.

"All right," said he; "that's quite enough for me;" and, to Loman's astonishment and terror, he walked away without another word, and left the unhappy boy to stay or go as he pleased.

Loman could not go, leaving things thus. He must see Cripps again, if it was only to know the worst. So he stayed in the bar for the landlord's return. Cripps took no notice of him, but went on with his ordinary pursuits, smiling to himself in a way which perfectly terrified his victim. Loman had never seen Cripps like this before.

"Cripps," he said, after half an hour's waiting—"Cripps, I want to speak to you."

"You may want," was the surly reply. "I've done with you, young gentleman."

"Oh, Cripps, for goodness' sake don't talk like that! I do mean to pay you every farthing, but—"

"Yes, you're very good at meaning, you are," said the other. "Anyhow, it don't much matter to me *now*."

"What do you mean, Cripps? Oh, do give me a little more time. A week—only a week longer."

"Aren't you done?" was the only reply; "aren't you going home?"

"Will you, Cripps? Have pity on me, I'm so miserable."

Cripps only whistled pleasantly to himself.

Loman, almost frantic, made one last effort.

"Give us just a week more," he entreated.

No answer.

"Do speak, Cripps; say you will; please do."

Cripps only laughed and went on whistling.

"Oh, what shall I do, what *shall* I do?" cried the wretched boy. "I shall be ruined if you don't have some pity."

"Look here," said Cripps, curtly, "you'd better stop that noise here, my lad. You can go; do you hear? Look alive."

It was no use staying further. Loman went.

What anguish he endured for the next twenty-four hours no one knows. What plans he turned in his head, what wild schemes, what despair, what terrors filled him, only he himself could tell. Every moment he expected the fatal vision of

Cripps at St. Dominic's, and with it his own certain disgrace and ruin, and, as time went on, his perturbation became so great that he really felt ill with it.

But Cripps did not come that day or the next. The next day was one of mighty excitement in St. Dominic's. The result of the examination for the Waterston Exhibition was announced.

Had any other three boys but those actually taking part been the competitors, few outsiders would have felt much interest in the result of an ordinary examination confined to Sixth Form boys. But on this occasion, as we have seen, the general curiosity was aroused. No one expected much of Loman. The school had discovered pretty well by this time that he was an impostor, and their chief surprise had been that he should venture into the list against two such good men as Oliver and Wraysford.

But which of those two was to win? That was the question. Every one but a few had been positive it would be Wraysford, whom they looked upon as the lawful winner of the Nightingale last term, and whom, they were convinced, Oliver was unable to beat by fair means. And yet to these it had been a great astonishment to hear that Oliver had entered for the examination. Unless he was certain of winning he would only do himself harm by it, and confirm the suspicions against him. And yet if he should win after all—if he was able fairly to beat Wraysford—why should he have gone to the trouble last term of stealing the examination paper and making himself the most unpopular boy in all St. Dominic's?

These questions sorely exercised the

school, and made them await eagerly the announcement of the result.

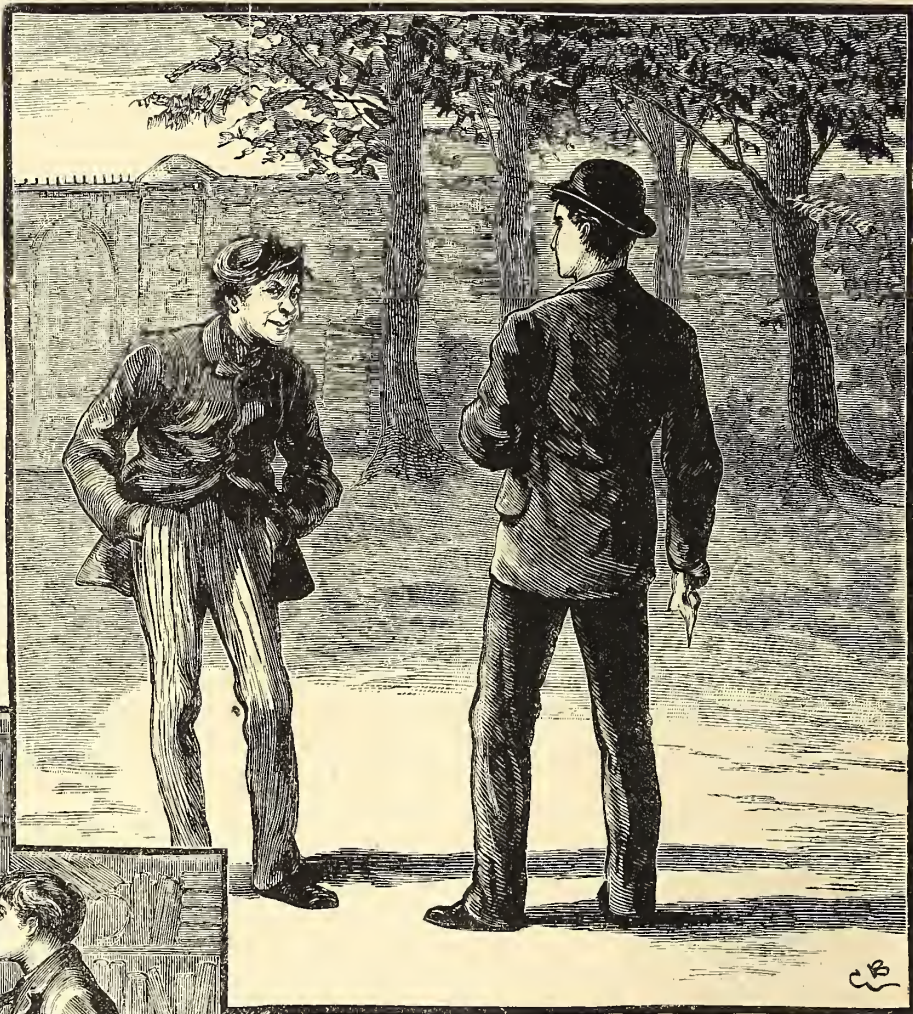
The news came at last.

"I have just received," said Mr. Jellicott that morning, when the Fifth and Sixth were assembled together in the lecture theatre—"I have just received from the examiners the report on the Waterston examination. The result is as follows: First—Greenfield, 108 marks; second—Wraysford, 96 marks; third—Loman, 20 marks."

Here Mr. Jellicott was interrupted by a laugh and a muttered "Bravo, Loman! very good!" in what sounded to the knowing something like Pembury's voice. The master looked up and frowned angrily, and then proceeded: "The examiners add an expression of their very high approval

of Greenfield's answers. The highest marks obtainable were 120, and, considering he left the last question untouched—doubtless for want of time—they feel that he has passed with very great distinction, and fully in accordance with their expectations of the winner of the Nightingale Scholarship last term. We will now proceed to the usual lessons."

This announcement made the strangest impression on all present. No one attempted any demonstration, but while Mr. Jellicott was speaking many perplexed and troubled faces turned to where Oliver, by the side of his friend Wraysford, was sitting. Wraysford's face was beaming as he clapped his friend on the back. Oliver looked as unconcerned and indifferent as ever. The fellow *was* a puzzle certainly.



Loman receives a Note from Mr. Cripps.



As soon as lesson was over the Fifth retired to its own quarters in a perturbed state of mind, there to ponder over what had happened. Oliver spared them the embarrassment of his society as usual, and Wraysford was not there either. So the Fifth were left pretty much to their own devices and the guidance of some lesser lights.

"Isn't it queer?" said Ricketts. "Whoever would have thought of it turning out like this?"

"One could understand it," said Braddy, "if there had

been any chance of his repeating the dodge of last term. But he couldn't have done that."

"I don't know," said another; "he may have been up to some other dodge. Perhaps he copied off Wraysford."

"Hardly likely," said Bullinger, "up on the front desk just under Jellicott's nose."

"Well, I can't make it out at all," said Ricketts.

"Nor can I," said Bullinger.

All this while Pembury had not spoken, but he now turned to Simon and said,

"What do you think, Simon? Did you see Greenfield stealing the examination-paper this time, eh?"

"Oh no, not this time," promptly replied the poet; "last term it was, you know. I didn't see him this time."

"Oh, you didn't even see him with it in his pocket? Now, be very careful. Are you sure he didn't have it in his pocket a day before the exam.?"

"Why," said Simon, laughing at Pembury's innocence, "how could I see what was in a fellow's pocket, Pembury, you silly! I can't tell what's in your pocket."

"Oh, can't you? I thought you could, upon my honour. I thought you saw the paper in Greenfield's pocket last term."

"So I did. That is—"

Here the wretched poet was interrupted by a general laugh, in the midst of which he modestly retired to the background, and left the Fifth to solve the riddle in hand by themselves.

"Suppose," began Pembury, after a pause—"suppose, when Braddy's done playing the fool, if such a time ever comes—"

Here Braddy collapsed entirely. He would sooner be sat upon by Dr. Senior himself than by Pembury.

"Suppose," once more began Pembury, amid dead silence—"suppose, instead of Greenfield senior being a thief and liar, I and all of you have been fools and asses for the last six months? Wouldn't that be funny, you fellows?"

"Why, whatever do you mean?" demanded Tom Senior.

"Why, you don't suppose I mean anything, do you?" retorted the cross-grained Tony. "What's the use of saying what you mean—"

"But do you really—" began Bullinger.

"I say, suppose I and you, Bullinger, and one or two others here who ought to have known better, have been making fools of ourselves, wouldn't that be funny?"

There was a pause, till Simon, plucking up heart, replied,

"Very funny!"

The gravity even of Pembury broke down at this, and the present conference of the Fifth ended without arriving at any nearer conclusion on the question which was perplexing it.

Meanwhile, Oliver and Wraysford were in their study, talking over the event of the day.

"I was certain how it would be, old boy," said Wraysford, genuinely delighted. "I wonder what the Fifth will say now? Bah! it doesn't become me to say too much, though, for I was as bad as any of them myself."

"No, you weren't, old boy; you never really believed it. But I say, Wray, I don't intend to take this Exhibition. You must have it."

"I!" exclaimed Wraysford. "Not a bit of me. You won it."

"But I never meant to go in for it, and wouldn't have if it had not been for the Fifth. After all, it's only twenty pounds. Do take it, old man. I've got the Nightingale, you know."

"What does that matter? I wouldn't have this for anything. The fellows tried to make me believe I was the real winner of the Nightingale, and I was idiot enough half to believe it. But I think I've had a lesson."

"But, Wray—"

"Oh, Greenfield," he said, "excuse me. I want to speak to you;" and here he glanced at Wraysford, who rose to go.

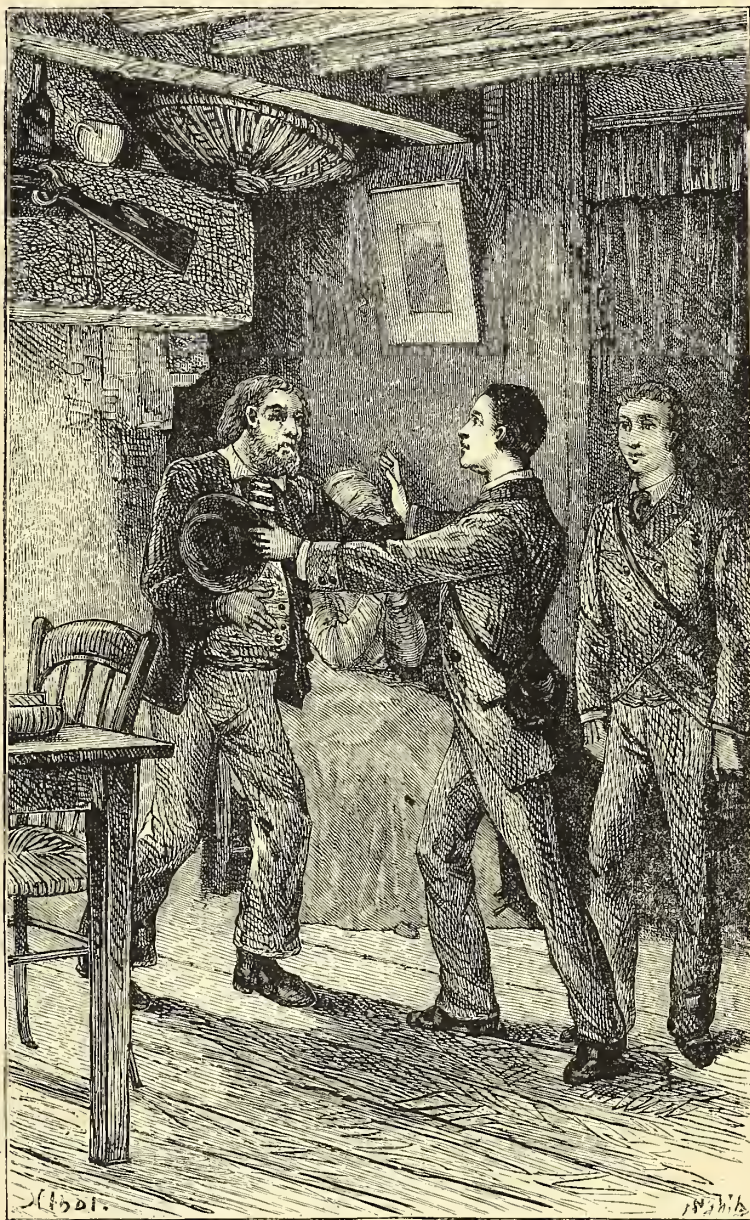
"Stay where you are, Wray," said Oliver. "What is it, Loman?"

Loman, quite cowed, hardly knew how to go on.

"I was glad to hear you got the Waterston," he said. "I—I thought you would."

What was the fellow at?

After a long pause, which seemed to drive Loman almost to despair, he said,



"My Son!"

(See p. 518.)

"Not a word, my dear fellow; I won't hear of it."

"Very well, then; I shall shy the money when I get it into the nearest fish-pond."

"All serene," said Wraysford, laughing. "I hope the fish will relish it."

At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Oliver.

The door opened, and, to the astonishment of the two boys, Loman entered.

Was it peace, or war, or what? Loman's miserable face and strange manner quickly answered the question.

"You'll wonder what I have come here for. I know we've not been friends. But—but, Greenfield, I'm in awful trouble."

"What is it?" again asked Oliver.

"Why the fact is," said Loman, gaining courage, as he found neither Oliver nor Wraysford disposed to resent his visit, "the fact is, Greenfield, I'm in debt. I've been very foolish, you know, betting and all that. I say, Greenfield, could you possibly—would you lend me—eight pounds? I don't know why I ask you, but unless I can pay the money to-day, I shall—"

"What!" exclaimed Oliver, "eight pounds to pay your bets?"

"Oh no, not all bets. I've been swindled too—by Cripps. You know Cripps."

And here Loman, utterly miserable, threw himself down on a chair and looked beseechingly at the two friends.

"I could pay you back in a month or so," he went on; "or at any rate before Easter. Do lend it me, please Greenfield. I don't know where else to go and ask,

and I shall get into such an awful row if I can't pay. Will you?"

Oliver looked at Wraysford; Wraysford looked at Oliver; and then both looked at Loman. The sight of the wretched boy there entreating money of the very fellow who had least reason in all St. Dominic's to like him, was strange indeed.

"Wray," said Oliver, abruptly, after another pause, during which he had evidently made up his mind, "have you any money about you?"

"I've three pounds," said Wraysford, taking out his purse.

Oliver went to his desk and took from it a five-pound note which was there, his savings for the last year. This, with Wraysford's three sovereigns, he handed without a word to Loman. Then, not waiting to hear the thanks which the wretched boy tried to utter, he took Wraysford's arm and walked out of the study.

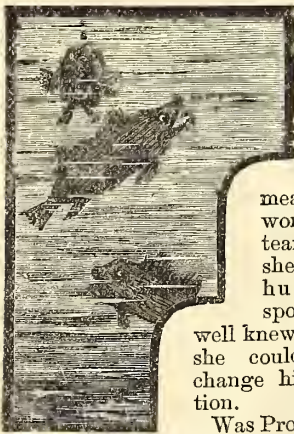
(To be continued.)

THE TWO CABIN-BOYS:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY LAND AND SEA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET.

CHAPTER XXVI.—continued.



NIGHT came. Antoinette lighted the candle, and set herself to work to prepare the evening meal. The poor woman hid her tears as well as she could; her husband had spoken, and she well knew that nothing she could say would change his determination.

Was Providence about to take away from her the faithful companion of her life, and to leave her alone, sonless and husbandless?

And now the door opened, and a fair-haired, good-looking, young man, in a travelling suit, entered the room. Respectfully taking off his hat, he said to the old folks, who looked at him with surprise,

"I hope you will excuse my coming in in this way, but I have knocked several times."

"What do you want, sir?" said the fisherman.

"Mr. Pierre Riva?" asked the stranger.

"I am he."

"Well, sir, I arrived from Melbourne yesterday, and I did not wish to delay a moment in giving you news of your son."

"Is my son well?" asked the good woman.

"Quite so, madame."

"It matters little to me," said Pierre, in a surly tone. "You are a Frenchman?"

"No," replied the stranger. "I am a Canadian by birth, but I have come to volunteer for France."

"That is right, sir," said the pilot, holding out his hand to the young stranger; "but my son, he is a Frenchman, and that which is gallantry on your part is duty on his."

"Who told you that your son is not prepared to serve his country?" replied the young man.

For a few minutes Antoinette had remained with her eyes fixed on the stranger.

On hearing these last words she ran towards him, and, seizing him by the arm, said with feverish ardour,

"You are Martial, the cabin-boy of the Atlanta, Daniel's friend and comrade!"

"The same!"

"Then my son is here! He would not have allowed you to come away by yourself!"

Hardly had she finished the words than she felt herself clasped in a pair of vigorous arms, while a joyful voice exclaimed,

"No, mother, Martial did not come away alone!"

And Daniel, who up to then had been hidden by the door, affectionately kissed his fainting mother; and then, placing her on a chair, turned round and caught sight of his father, who was standing up by the hearth, holding out both hands to him. The pilot's eyes were filled with tears, and as he clasped his son in his arms he murmured,

"Forgive me, Daniel, for I doubted you."

The evening seemed very short to the poor parents. Daniel and Penguin passed the whole night in relating their adventures, and then, when the morning came, they quitted Castell to join the army.

Two days afterwards they joined the corps under General Bourbaki.

Why return to those melancholy days when France, by her cruel sufferings, seemed to expiate her former failings?

The army of the east, surrounded by the much more numerous enemy, was obliged to retreat through the snow-covered mountains. The Swiss frontier was near, and charitable hands received our unfortunate soldiers who were cut down as much by the cold as by the Uhlan lances.

Martial fell on the last day of battle, shot through the breast, but Daniel succeeded in carrying off his friend on his shoulders across the frontier.

The Canadian lay wounded in Berne hospital. Daniel had not left his friend's pillow for several days, and sat watching for the return to consciousness promised by the surgeon. At last the day so earnestly looked for arrived. On a brilliant spring morning Martial opened his eyes; his look, still unsteady, and dazzled by the bright daylight, wandered vacantly round the room, but soon it rested

on Daniel, and then the Canadian recognised his friend, and extended his hand to him, and tenderly they embraced each other.

"In the first place," said Daniel, "look at what the general has sent you," and he held up the military medal.

"The medal for me!" exclaimed the Canadian. "It belongs rather to you, for you fought like a hero and carried me off in the midst of a shower of bullets. This time," he added, with a smile, "you will not deny that it is to you I owe my life."

"Yes, for once," replied Daniel, gaily; "but I am not square with you yet, and I very much hope that I never shall have an opportunity of wiping out my debt against you. As to the medal, you earned it over and over again in the battles which preceded our rout. So keep it, it is indeed due to you, and to-morrow, when you get up, as the doctor has promised, you can wear it over your waistcoat to receive Madame Moreau."

"Madame Moreau?" interposed Martial.

"Yes, Madame Moreau and Mr. Martin and my father and my mother. They have been all here for the last two months, and we have only waited for your recovery to celebrate my marriage with Madeleine."

"Well, that is a piece of news which will soon set me on my legs again."

"We all hope so, I more than any one else."

"I beg your pardon," said the Canadian, with some hesitation; "do you think of going back to Australia?"

"No, upon my word I don't! My dear Martial, France now has need of all her children. Madame Moreau has sold French Creek, and has got for us a large concession of land in Algeria, and there we shall go, and put our experience as squatters to some profit."

"And I?" timidly asked Martial.

"And you? You remain with us! Are you not co-proprietor of the new domain? Could I live without you to whom I owe all that I am, and everything that I possess? If you have forgotten it, I have not, and I shall always remember how your example saved me by showing me how our happiness in this life depends on our trust in God, honesty, and hard work!"

THE END.

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1881-2.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

(Continued from page 495.)

TAKING the annual contests of our larger schools as they stand at this date, we find that Eton has won twenty-five matches against Harrow's twenty-five, and that seven have been drawn; that Eton has won thirty-five against Winchester's fifteen, and that there has been one tie match (in 1845), and one drawn; that Rugby has won eighteen matches against Marlborough's five, and that one has been drawn; that Westminster has won nine matches against Cheltenham's seven, and that two have been drawn; that Cheltenham has won ten matches against Marlborough's nine, and that seven have been drawn; and that Clifton has won five matches against Cheltenham's two, and that three have been drawn.

Dewing, of Brighton, is at the head of the batting averages for 1881 with 48, followed by Vizard, of Cheltenham, with 36, Wright, of Charterhouse, with 35, Lambbrick, of Winchester, Boyd, of Cheltenham, and Evelyn, of Malvern, with 31, Carruthers, of Fettes, with 30, Turner, of Marlborough, and Archer, of Loretto, with 28, Field, of Uppingham, and Wilson, of Rossall, with 27, Debenham, of Haileybury, with 25, Kempson, of Rugby, with 24, Hadow, of Harrow, with 23, Higgins, of Westminster, with 20; Paravicini, of Eton (whose big hitting at Catford Bridge, where he went in, when fifteen runs were wanted, and hit away the first ball for eight and the second for seven, was one of the sensations of the season), having only the moderate return of 16. Some of these names will appear in the University lists for 1882, Wright, Paravicini, and Lambbrick being at Cambridge, while Asher, Turner, and Wilson are at Oxford. Of the bowlers of a fair number of wickets, Wiley, of Bradfield, is perhaps best with 5 runs per wicket, followed by Pickering, of Shrewsbury, with 6; Dewing, of Brighton, Hickley, of Winchester, and Berry, of Loretto, with 8; Smith, of Charterhouse, Shakerley, of Harrow, S. H. Byass, of Radley, and Topham, of Repton, with 9; and Paravicini, of Eton, Leaf, of Marlborough, Wareing, of Rossall, and Walker, of Rugby, with 10. Of these bowlers, Smith, Leaf, and Topham are now at Cambridge, while Wareing, Pickering, and Hickley are at Oxford.

The year brought forward no new player of much promise, nor, considering the favourable wickets, was the run-getting very extraordinary. Among the scorers over the century, some thirty in number, we have Diver with 150 for Wimbledon against The Stoics; Evershed with 185 for Clifton against University College; Hildyard with 176 for Chardstock against Beaminstor, and 128 against Burton; Sugden with 101 for Newton against Churston, and 127 against South Devon; Vizard with 100, 111, and 139 in three matches for Clifton; and Bunbury with 154 for the second eleven of Wellington College, gained against the "Roving Duffers," who would appear to have excellent reasons for being satisfied with their name. Some of the bowling feats are worthy of passing note. Williams, of Buxton, took four wickets in an over of six balls—a performance outdone by Lang, of Stanley House, who took five wickets in a similar over; Fernandez, of Loretto, took eight wickets in one match for one run; while Phipps, of Chard Grammar School, is reported as taking nine wickets for nine runs; Smith, of Trent, eleven wickets for seventeen runs; and Roberson, of Oundle, thirteen wickets for eighteen runs.

The records of the year are more voluminous than ever, the returns from the ever increasing clubs getting more and more lengthy. Some of them, to put it as gently as possible, do not seem to be drawn up with excessive modesty, while a few of them manage to throw quite a new light upon some aspects of the game. What a remarkably jolly captain that must be, for instance, who flourishes in the club summary as "an excellent all-round cricketer, generally troubling the scorer and bowling with his head!"

NOTES ON NEW STAMPS.

(Continued from page 503.)

HONG KONG.—The five and ten cent stamps are at last published, so that the temporary stamps that have been made to represent these values will retire; the 48-cent, which was rose, is now printed in bistre; and the 2-cent has been changed from bistre to rose.

2 cents, rose
5 " blue
10 " lilac
48 " bistre.



INDIA.—The new envelope is certainly very handsome, but it would look to better advantage if a darker colour had been chosen. We should advise collectors to secure unused specimens, as all the used ones we have seen are too much postmarked.

4 annas and 6 pies, orange.



ITALY.—There are three more stamps with the head of King Humbert, surcharged with the word "estero" printed over them. Intended for use in the foreign post-offices belonging to Italy.

20 centimes, orange
25 " blue
50 " purple.

JAMAICA.—The two fiscal stamps, 1½d. and 3d., are used now as postals, and obliterated specimens are often seen.

LABUAN.—The twelve-cent stamps are surcharged as eight cents. There are three varieties, one having a figure 8, the others the word "eight," some in large letters, some in small. There is a new stamp, value 10 cents.

8 cents numeral surcharge on 12c., red
8 " "eight" large letters on 12c., red
8 " "eight" small letters on 12c., red
10 " bistre.

LIBERIA.—The Negro Republic has a stamp for inland postage.

3 cents, black.



LEVANT.—The 10-koepke postals are surcharged 7; in 1877 the same stamps had a figure 8 printed over them.

MEXICO.—The 4-centavos envelope was published in 1879, but it is only recently that adhesives of that denomination have been issued.

4 centavos, yellow-brown.

(To be continued.)

"Boy's Own" Lifeboat Fund.

(Contributions received to March 20th, 1882.)

£ s. d.

Amount previously acknowledged .. 1061 5 6

March 13.—Per J. M. Watson, 13s.; Per T. E. Walter, 17s. 6d.; St. John's Cricket Club, 2s.; Arthur F. Heath (Kidderminster), 1s.; Charlie and Fred (Cowbit), 1s.; Per Charles J. Martin (Dublin), 9s. 6d.; R. Allardice (Aberdeen), 1s. 7d.; Jim and Eddie (Garliestown), 2s.; C. R. Thompson, 3d.; Per Percy Hobkirk (Huddersfield), 6s. 1d.; W. E. Allen, jun. (Kingston-on-Thames), 2s. 6d.; Theodorie H. Hartley (Wyke Vicarage), 1s.; J. E. B. (Stockport), 2s.; Wm. Todd (Seaham), 1s. .. 3 0 5

March 14.—Per R. Burnett (Kestle), £1; Per Arthur Forward (Stanford-le-Hope), 15s.; Civil Service Student, 1s. 1d.; E. Conn (Pershore), 6d.; Per Henry Pickering (Oxton, near Birkenhead), £1 10s.; Per John O. Thomson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 10s.; Philip Denny (Shepherd's Bush), 4s. 6d.; Two Lovers of the Sea (Hawick), 1s.; Per F. B. Sinclair, 17s.; Wykehamist, 2s.; Fredk. R. Squire (Camden Town), 3s. 6d.; H. H. W. and Friends (Birmingham), 8s.; Ernest W. Fletcher (Lynn), 1s. .. 5 13 7

March 15.—Per H. Turner, jun. (Mile End Road), 11s. 6d.; C. S. V. (Clapton), 1s.; Wm. Yates (Alexandria, Scotland), 1s.; Per E. B. Thomson (Hamilton, Ontario), £3 10s.; Per H. C. Rodgers (Bermondsey), £1; W. J. L. (Forest Gate), 1s.; Monthly Reader, 1s.; Per B. Warden, 7s. 6d.; A Few Welsh Coals (near L. I. F.), 10s. 6d.; Per R. E. Dalby (Monkwearmouth), 2s. 7d.; John Mills (Homerton), 2s.; Per W. Gregson (Southend), 7s. 1d. .. 6 15 2

March 16.—A. F. (Greenock), 1s.; C. Shergold (Cookham), 6d.; Per Miss Mary E. Hunt (Dover), £1 12s. 6d.; Per Bertie Pugh, 2s. 6d.; Per Willie Pugh, 4s.; Bloomsbury Mission Hall, per Harry Griffiths, £1 2s.; Per David H. W. Ritchie (Newport, Fife), 16s. 6d.; C. H., 2s.; Per Thomas Shute (Newport, I.W.), £7 10s.; G. Frankling (Woolwich), 2s. .. 11 13 0

March 17.—J. Marcon, 1s.; Per W. Mabbott (Durham), £1 2s. 9d.; A Friend (Heavitree), 5s.; Charles and Nelson Wallis (Edgbaston), 1s.; H. Masters (Goswell Road), 10s.; Per William Morris, £1; Dragon (Southsea), 1s. 6d.; Per E. K. Kidd (Edinboro'), 7s. 6d.; Per Clement Chapman (St. John's Wood), 9s.; Withern School, 1s. 6d.; W. C. (Sutton), 1s.; Per H. G. Hoffman (Southampton), 5s.; J. E. and W. F. Herbert (Wye), 2s. 6d.; Per Stanley L. Dresser (Notting Hill), 8s. 9d.; St. Saviour's Grammar School, per C. H. C., 10s. .. 5 6 6

March 18.—J. H. and R. W. Walker (Hulme), 1s. 6d.; H. S. Warwick (Driffield), 1s.; J. H. (Aberdeenshire), 2s. .. 0 4 6

March 20.—Per F. Kidgell (Reading), £2; Cyril E. Browne (Reigate), 2s. 6d.; Per C. Mittlehausen (Woolwich), £1 1s.; G. C. and V. V. (Wellington), 2s.; Per Robert Linn (Glasgow), 15s.; Per George Smith (Uddington), 12s. 6d.; J. B. F. (Warrington), 6d.; L. U. S., 7d.; R. P. Griffiths (Ealing), 10s.; P. Bowyer (Kedington), 1s.; H. Strouts (Tunm), 3s.; Triad (Peckham), 3s.; Per Bertie and Frankie Price (Hampstead), £2 6s.; Per Geo. H. Fox (Norwich), £2s. 6d.; Per Sydney H. Preston (Stockwell), £1 1s.; Per C. Alexander (Preston Road), 7s. 6d. .. 9 13 1

Carried forward .. £1103 16 9



DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

THE POULTRY RUN.—May is more the month of "sunshine and showers" than April is. A sheltering shed should be erected therefore in each run, if not already done. About five feet square, and three to four high, with a sloping roof. A lean-to is best. It should be so constructed as to be partly in shade, partly in sun, and wholly protected from rain. It may be made of old soda barrels covered with a bit of old sacking tarred and sanded. Under it you place the dust bath. Peat earth makes a capital one, or sand and dust of any kind, even dry garden mould. Sprinkle a little sulphur in it. This tends to keep vermin down. Feed well, but beware of over-feeding. Fowls that want to sit against your will may be kept for a day or two without food, under a dark box. Take care you do not smother them; they must have air. They may then be turned loose in the run, and fed as usual. Eggs will now be plentiful and cheap, and the amateur ought rather to preserve his spare ones than sell them. Grease them, using olive oil for the purpose in which beeswax has been melted, or pack them in salt, or a paste of lime and water. Dipping or sprinkling eggs may still be continued when the weather is dry. Let fowls now have all the exercise and liberty you can afford them, that they may pick up insect food and keep in health. Cocks to have the full allowance of hens. Doors of fowl-houses may be kept open in good weather all night. Beware of rats. This is one of the months their attacks are most to be dreaded. Feed chickens regularly, and collect eggs daily. Keep everything clean in and around your houses and runs.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Carefully re-read the DOINGS for last month. Your loft should now be in good working order, and everything going on tidily and cleanly. Young birds coming, and the old ones healthy and able to feed them. See, then, that they want for nothing, and that no moisture or mess is left about the loft. Scatter fresh gravel about the floor, and keep everything sweet. Beware of the attacks of predatory cats. In whatever position your loft is situated, it will be easy to so arrange wire-work as to keep them out. The food given to pigeons must be free from dust, and the hoppers at this season kept extra well filled.

THE AVIARY.—The breeding season is now well advanced, and everything should be going on as merrily as marriage bells. Keep your breeding-cages in a comfortable, well-ventilated room, with, if possible, a southerly aspect. Sunshine is of the utmost value for healthily maturing young birds. The room must be

thoroughly ventilated every day once or even twice, and in mild weather it is best to leave the window well open all day, and partially so at night. See that the hen does not lie too close to the birds, and so kill them by sweating them. If there seems any danger of this, place small wire skewers across the nest, take the hen and give her a bath, and put an iron tonic in the water, and hang the cage nearer the open window, placing a piece of paper around the part of the cage next it to keep away draughts. Watch the hen to see if she makes any manoeuvres indicating that she wants to go in for the next brood. When she does so give her every convenience, but beware how she treats the young. If there is any signs of her plucking them, take them away to another cage, and let the cock feed them, merely turning him to the breeding-cage a short time morning and night. If nudes are wanted, now would be the time to pair for them. Feed well and judiciously, and beware of dirty cages.

THE RABBITRY.—Be careful now that your hutches are not overstocked. Keep breeding rabbits especially quiet and utterly free from all molestation whatever. Keep the hutches very dry and comfortable. Bedding will now be plentiful and cheap. Do not spare it. Remember that it is ruinous putting dry bedding on the top of damp. By doing so you prepare a hotbed for disease of every kind. Do not breed from rabbits much younger than ten months, unless they be extra strong and healthy. Wean rabbits about six weeks old. We will give more hints about this next month. Never let strangers go near your breeding-places. It is well to have the rabbitry in the very quietest part you can find for it, for coneys are very timid. But have a sunshiny yard for them to take exercise in, and a race upon the grass every day does them a deal of good.

THE KENNEL.—Begin to teach puppies to lap when three weeks old; begin to wean them at a month old, complete the weaning when six weeks old, and feed four times a day until four months old. Be careful to change the bed of the bitch and pups once in three days, and be careful to take away all dampness daily. Dogs that are kept a deal on chain must have plenty of exercise. If you can spare the room, chain the dogs thus: Have a rope of, say, ten yards long stretched between two upright supports, and on this let the chain run by means of a ring. Have the kennel at one end. Give the dogs extra green food in warm weather. Butter-milk is very cooling when it can be procured; so, too, is whey.

Correspondence.

ROCKET.—Cleopatra's Needle is a monolith of syenite.

T. B. BLUETT.—Your idea is well known to the Aeronautical Society. The plan is as old as the French Revolution, and has always failed for the lack of a sufficiently light motor. Like ninety-nine hundredths of our modern inventors, you have been forestalled.

SALVO.—Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, and when he died in 862 he was at his own request buried in the churchyard, and not in the chancel. When he was canonised in 971, the monks, considering it rather undignified for a saint to remain out in the cold, attempted to bring the body under cover, and it began to rain so tremendously as soon as they commenced on the grave that after forty days' patient waiting they at last had to give up the idea. So runs the legend of St. Swithin, though, as a matter of fact, the relics were removed more than once—and in fine weather each time!

W. STEWART.—The author of the "Travels of Brown, Jones, and Robinson" was Richard Doyle, *alias* Dickey Doyle, hence the little cock-sparrow on the capital D.

TINY and JAN BLARACH.—Miss Charlotte Tucker adopted the A. L. O. E. as her *nom de plume* years ago. It comes under that category of fictitious names known as enigmatic pseudonyms, and the letters are the initials of "A Lady of England."

J. V. DAVISON.—Such a commission is absolutely price-less. In other words, it cannot be got. There are now neither cornets, nor ensigns, nor purchasable commissions.

OTTO.—Six orders of fishes, eight of birds. Try the Rev. J. G. Wood's book on birds' eggs.

ONE OF THE BOYS.—The "Birthday Scripture Text Book" is published by Warne and Co. It costs 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d.

S. A. THOMPSON (Sydney, N.S.W.).—Glad to hear that the BOY'S OWN PAPER is appreciated in Thursday Island, Torres Straits. The letters we get from all parts of the world keep us well up in our geography, though we confess we had forgotten all about Thursday. The holidays differ very much in length; though four weeks at Christmas, three at Easter, and six at Midsummer is about the average in our best schools.

X. Y. Z.—Get "Amateur Boat-building," published at 170, Strand; or write to the "Field," or "Land and Water." In the "Field" for December 31st last there was an illustration of new canoe fittings that we should think would just suit you.

AN INQUIRER.—1. If the separate staves of the cask when taken to pieces would float and support the iron hoops, then the cask when put together would float in water if filled with water. Sea water is denser than fresh water, hence the fresh will always rise to the surface. 2. The top of a fly-wheel will travel no faster than the bottom (which is the top and which is the bottom). The tyre travels faster than the hub because it passes through a greater space in the same time.

W. BIRTH.—The "Gold Bug" or "Gold Beetle," by Edgar Poe, can be had of most publishers for a shilling and upwards. One of the cheapest editions of the collected works is that published by Chatto and Windus at 7s. 6d.

AN EARNEST READER.—You can get particulars on application to your chief constable.

H. S. CHAVASSE.—You can hardly expect any stamp album to contain spaces for all stamps issued and to be issued. Griqualand West is in South Africa.

KUMTOTHEPOYNTE.—Get from any bookseller one of the numerous guides to legal examinations. You will never "kum to the poynnte" unless you do.

E. SCHOLEFIELD.—Castling on the king's side is done by moving the king to the king's knight's square, and placing the king's rook on the king's bishop's square. Castling on the queen's side is done by moving the king to the queen's bishop's square, and placing the queen's rook on the queen's square.

S. SMYTH.—Information regarding dockyard situations must be obtained from the Admiralty.

PRINCIPIA.—Better send it to a picture restorer, unless it is of no value. Picture-cleaning is a very risky operation.

BLIND AS A BAT.—Consult an oculist. Never play tricks with your eyes; never wear spectacles until you are obliged, and never wear a single eyeglass when spectacles will do as well.

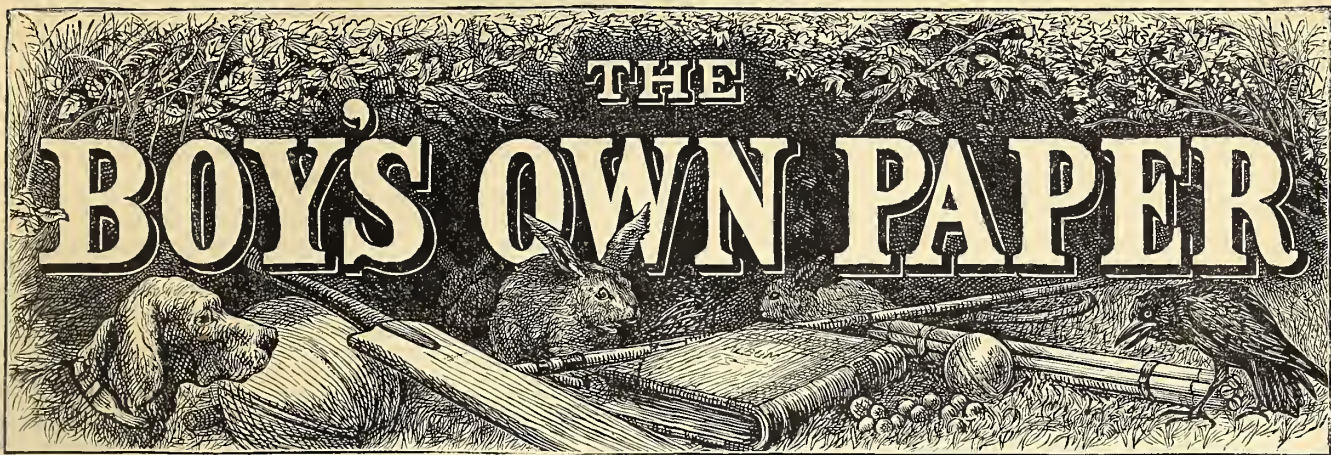
KENSINGTON.—The "Ocean Wave" articles concluded in No. 71.

PENRHYNDENDRAETH.—Algernon Sidney (not Sydney) was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Dorothy, daughter of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. He was one of our most illustrious patriots, and was executed on Tower Hill under the pretence that he had taken part in the Rye House Plot. He was born in 1622, and died in 1683.

W. F.—You can buy luminous paint at a shilling a bottle at most fancy stationers'. It is calcic, or baric sulphide.

TRY AGAIN.—The theatrical bookseller is French, in the Strand.

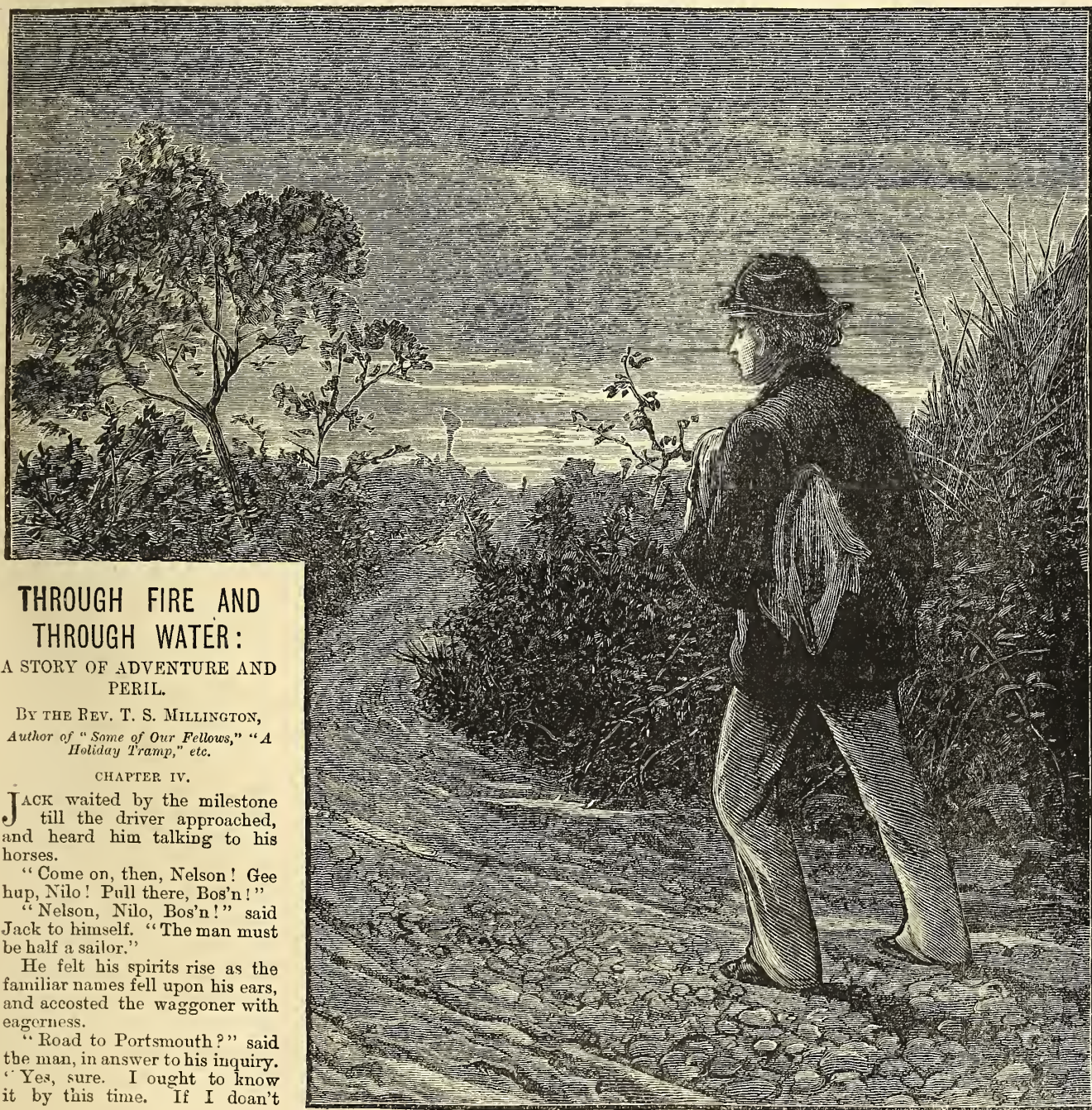
ALADDIN.—The paragraph is incorrect. They were never issued.



No. 174.—Vol. IV.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

Price One Penny.
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THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND
PERIL.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON,
*Author of "Some of Our Fellows," "A
Holiday Tramp," etc.*

CHAPTER IV.

JACK waited by the milestone till the driver approached, and heard him talking to his horses.

"Come on, then, Nelson! Gee hup, Nilo! Pull there, Bos'n!"

"Nelson, Nilo, Bos'n!" said Jack to himself. "The man must be half a sailor."

He felt his spirits rise as the familiar names fell upon his ears, and accosted the waggoner with eagerness.

"Road to Portsmouth?" said the man, in answer to his inquiry.

"Yes, sure. I ought to know it by this time. If I don't

"At a turn of the road he observed a figure in advance of him."

I never shall. Up and down it I am from one year's end to t' other. Which way? Why the way I'm a-going now, to be sure. And I shan't be sorry when I gets there. Come along with me if you like. I'll take you cheap and land you safe. But what may you be a-goin' to do at Portsmouth?"

Jack told him he was going to be a sailor.

"Ah," said the other; "I tho't so. It's a hard life, as I ought to know, for ha'n't I got a son in the service myself?"

"Doesn't he like it, then?" Jack asked.

"Oh, ah; he doan't say nothin' agen it, but then he ain't like me."

Jack looked at the waggoner, slouching along wearily by the side of his horses, with lips drawn back and teeth set together, his legs stiffly encased in fustian gaiters an inch thick with mud, and his whole gait and appearance depressed and sordid.

"No," the man repeated, in a meditative manner: he had a habit of repeating everything he said, as if to make the most out of an idea when he had one: "No; he ain't like me."

"He need not wish to be," Jack thought.

"I wouldn't go to sea if I was you," the man said, after a pause. "No; I wouldn't go to sea if I was you."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Ah! Why not? Why I wouldn't. I've got a son at sea myself. He has been in a sea-fight, too, and got hisself hurt; ah, to be sure; got hisself hurt, he did. It was he as gave the names to my horses—Nelson, Nilo, and Bos'n."

"It was a grand battle," Jack said, referring to the victory of Nelson at the Nile.

"Grand battle; yes; I suppose it wor; but Joe, he got hisself hurt there, he did. Some on 'em, I heard say, was killed and died—killed and died."

"There are dangers and deaths on shore as well as at sea," said Jack.

"Ah, to be sure; but I wouldn't be a sailor if I was you. No; I wouldn't; not if I was you. Carryin' is bad enough; but I'd sooner carry on shore than at sea. I would."

"I wouldn't," said Jack.

"You haven't tried it; no, you haven't tried it. Ask that there poor creetur inside there," pointing to the waggon; "she'll tell you. Ah! she'll tell you. Get up and ride a bit; she'll tell you."

Jack gladly availed himself of this invitation to "ride." At the top of a pile of boxes, barrels, and sacks, immediately under the tarpauling, which rested on wooden hoops, was a little straw, upon which two other passengers were stretched. Jack found a place for himself, and would soon have fallen asleep, but was disturbed by the sighing and moaning of one of the travellers. Every time he began to doze he was aroused by a querulous voice inquiring of the driver how far it was "now" to Portsmouth, whether he would arrive there before morning, and what, in his opinion, would be "the end of it."

"You seem to be in great trouble," Jack said, in a friendly tone.

"Oh yes, indeed I am. If I only knew what would be the end of it I should be satisfied. What do you think will be the end of it?"

Jack had not yet heard the beginning of it, and he told her so, whereupon she fastened on him at once as a sympathising listener, and poured the story of her trouble into his ear.

She was a widow, and her son had gone to sea.

"That's nothing to lament over," said Jack, impatiently.

He was beginning to resent this constant attempt to cry down the profession upon which his heart was set, and to think that everybody he met with was in a conspiracy against it.

"Ah! but he has been so unfortunate," said the woman said.

"Not drowned, I hope?" said Jack.

"No, not drowned—not as yet."

"Nor shot?"

"No, nor shot—not as yet."

"What then?"

"He has got into trouble, and is going to be—punished, unless I can beg him off."

"That might have happened on shore," said Jack.

"To be sure! but it didn't," she said.

"Neither his father nor me never laid a finger on him whatever he might do. No, he never was punished at home."

"I suppose he never deserved it," said Jack.

"He never got it whether he deserved it or no," she answered, severely. "No; we never laid a finger on him, whatever he might do. But sailors are such a rough lot, and it's bad company has been his ruin."

Jack would not, of course, agree to that; he would have argued the question with the poor woman, but she only gave vent to cries and lamentations, and asked him again what he thought would be the end of it.

"What did he do?" Jack asked; "what was his offence?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing?"

"No," she replied; "it's not for anything he has done, it's for answering again when he was spoken to."

"That won't do in the navy—nor in the army neither," Jack replied, remembering Marks's frequent admonition—"Hold tongue, and no sauce!"

"He was so full of sperits," the woman answered. "He would answer again when he was spoke to. He had a good place in a shop, and lost it by answering again."

"He did not learn it on board ship, then," Jack said.

"No; but if he had never gone to sea he would never have sauced the first lieutenant. Never you go to sea, young man."

"I won't sauce the first lieutenant if I do," Jack answered.

This colloquy was interrupted by the sudden stopping of the waggon, and Jack heard the voice of the driver talking to some one.

"What is he like?" the waggoner asked.

"Light hair, blue eyes; about fourteen years old; had on a black shiny hat and a blue pea-jacket. We traced him as far as Petersfield; expect he's going to Portsmouth to get on board ship."

"Ha'n't seen nothing of him," said the waggoner; "no boy with a shiny hat and no blue pea-jacket here."

Jack gathered his old smock-frock about him and buried his light hair and blue eyes deeper in the straw.

"Got any passengers?" was the next question.

"Ah! two or three—two or three."

"I'll have a look at 'em, with your leave," the other voice replied, and, taking the lantern from the place where it was swinging, he clambered up with it at the back of the waggon.

The feeble light of the tallow candle fell upon the face of the poor woman under the

tarpaulin, and upon another passenger who was fast asleep. Jack, lying perfectly still, held his breath and hoped to escape notice, but the lantern was turned upon him also, and he expected every instant to be dragged out of his hiding-place and placed under arrest as a deserter.

After a brief scrutiny, however, the man withdrew without disturbing him.

"I told you there was no boy in a shiny hat and a pea-jacket there," the driver said. "What do you want him for?"

"I'll let him know if I catch him."

"It ain't stealing, is it?"

"Not exactly; he took some money with him though, that don't properly belong to him."

Jack could feel the odious five-shilling piece in his pocket, as he lay doubled up under the tarpaulin, and did not doubt that it was to this the man was alluding.

"Is there any reward offered, in case I should come across him?" the waggoner asked.

"Yes, it will be in the 'Hue and Cry' to-morrow. You had better look after it if you have a chance."

"I will," said the waggoner.

Then the voice ceased; Nelson, Nilo, and Bos'n were touched up, and the waggon went on again its slow and weary way.

They stopped, after another mile or two, at a place called Horndean; and the carrier told his passengers that he was going no farther that night. He took his horses out and stabled them at a little inn, and they were invited to enter and to take advantage of such accommodation as they could afford to pay for. It was only a matter of ten miles or so to Portsmouth now; but his horses were dead tired, and so was he. So he sat down and smoked his pipe to rest himself, and then stretched his length upon a wooden bench and snored like a—waggoner.

Jack also lay down, but he was too anxious to sleep. A reward had been offered, as it seemed, for his apprehension; search was being made for him; his pursuers were upon the track, and it was only by an accident that he had escaped them. At any moment they might enter the room and seize him. Yet he had done no wrong; he had taken the Colonel's money in good faith, without ever intending to enlist, and, whatever Marks might say to the contrary, he had not enlisted. Nevertheless, his only safety seemed to be in hastening on to Portsmouth and getting on board a ship of some kind at once.

As soon, therefore, as all was quiet in the house, Jack opened the door softly and stepped out into the yard.

But before he could reach the gate a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. He looked up in terror, and found that he was in the grasp of the man whom he had left, fast asleep as he thought, upon the bench in the tap-room.

"What's up now?" the man asked, gruffly; "what's up with you?"

Jack did not answer.

The man took him back into the house and closed the door, and with the help of a flint and steel which he carried with him, proceeded to strike a light. The sparks coursed over the tinder, and the brimstone-match, being applied to them, burnt blue and yellow. Jack was much tempted to strike the tinder-box out of the man's hand as he was stooping over it, and to run, but he knew that he would be recaptured, and so waited till the candle was lighted.

"Now," said the man again, "what's

up? You can't deceive me. I sleeps with one eye open, I does. I've got to look after my goods, I has. So you was a-goin' to run away, was you? What have you got under your smock?"

He pulled it open as he spoke.

"Ah; I thought so," he went on, "a blue pea-jacket, light hair, blue eyes. What have you been up to, going off with money as don't belong to 'ee?"

Jack now told his story in eloquent but piteous tones; and drawing the five-shilling piece from his pocket threw it upon the table. He did not want the money, he said; they had given it to him unasked, and now they wanted to make him out a thief; they should never make a soldier of him, at all events; they might hang him or shoot him if they liked, but he would not put on a red coat to please any one.

Having exhausted himself with the vehemence of his protestations, he at length broke into tears, and sat down crying and sobbing as if his heart would break.

The waggoner looked at him for a few moments, and then said, kindly,

"You are safe with me, my lad; you're safe with me. You have told a straightforward tale, and I believe it. Yes, I do. Got a son a sailor I have myself; and he wouldn't be a sojer not if he could be a general right off. But the sooner you gets away from this here place the better. You can stay here till daylight if you like; and then make the best of your way to Portsdown, make the best of your way—do you hear? That's my advice to you."

"I'll go on at once," said Jack.

"Here, take your money with you."

"I'll never touch that five shillings again."

"You won't?"

"No, I won't; never!"

"Good night then, and good luck to you."

"Good night," said Jack, and the next minute his figure was lost to view in the darkness, as he stepped out manfully upon the road.

"He's a trump," said the waggoner, returning to his bench. "Well; as he has left this here crown piece behind him, it's no use letting it lie upon the table. It might be a temptation like, for somebody to take it up."

And with that he put it into his pocket and composed himself to sleep again upon his wooden bench.

Jack kept on his way for three or four miles, the road passing through a wood under the shade of which it was scarcely discernible. He made a detour in order to avoid Purbrook, but came back to the road nearly at the place where he had left it, and had to pass through the village after all. Every house was closed, however, and only a dim light at a window here and there showed where some one was watching, perhaps by a sick bed, or rising early to anticipate the daylight.

By the time he was well out of Purbrook the darkness had begun to lift a little in the east, the tops of the trees stood out in strong shadow against the horizon, and every moment the objects by which he was surrounded grew more and more distinct.

At a turn of the road he observed not far in advance of him a figure, about his own height, trudging along on the opposite side of the way. He soon came up with it, and could not help looking at the form with surprise and curiosity. It was a boy,

apparently about his own age and stature, dressed in a blue pea-jacket, with a sailor's hat upon his head, and in all respects bearing such a strong resemblance to his own person that if he had been looking at himself in a glass he could scarcely have been more like. Jack, it should be told, after his escape from the waggoner, had taken off his old smock-frock, because it hindered him in running, and was carrying it under his arm, ready to slip it on again at daylight if it should be advisable to keep up his disguise.

The figure on the other side of the road likewise carried a bundle under its arm, and something slung over its shoulder.

Jack had heard and read a great many travellers' tales, and being rather superstitious, did not feel quite sure that this was not his own double; a phantom of the mist, perhaps, or rather of the darkness, which had not yet entirely cleared away. If he quickened his steps, the figure also went ahead, when he slackened speed the figure did the same. Daylight soon made it clear, however, that it was no phantom which thus kept pace with him on the farther side of the road, but a living and substantial counterpart of himself, like him in features and complexion as well as in costume.

"Hullo!" said Jack, after he had taken a good look at his "double."

"Hullo!" was the answer.

They approached each other and stood still for a moment, examining each other from head to foot.

"Hullo! I say," said Jack.

"What's the matter?"

"You haven't run away from home, have you?"

"What put that into your head?"

"Why, it must have been you that the man was looking for when he stopped the waggon; and I thought he wanted me."

The other inquired anxiously into all the particulars of Jack's adventure, and then confided to him that he was an apprentice, and had run away in order to go to sea. He denied having any money about him that was not his own. His employer wanted to keep him, that was all, and he was dissatisfied with his position and had taken French leave; he had a few shillings in his pocket, but they were his own. He had been very badly treated, according to his own account; hard work, poor living, and everything as bad as it could be; he was a grumbling, discontented sort of boy, and Jack did not take a particular fancy to him. They resembled each other not only in dress, but in features, the chief difference being that while the corners of Jack's mouth turned slightly upwards, and his eyes sparkled, giving him a good-tempered, lively expression, the curve of the lips in the other inclined downwards, his eyes were heavy, and his look naturally sullen.

"What's your name?" Jack asked.

"Smith."

"Smith? Why, my name's Smith."

"Is it? well it don't signify; only it would have been better if your name had been different. It's awkward when there are so many of one name. One don't know which is which or who's who; whether it's you or me I mean; or I or you; or both of us, or neither."

He said it in a melancholy tone, as if Jack had done him an injury by claiming the same name; but Jack only laughed at him. He was glad, on the whole, that he had met with some one who had the same object in view and could be a partaker, for

the present at least, in his adventures. He had begun to feel the want of a friend sadly, and hoped Jem Smith might supply the place.

"Let us go together," he said, "we may perhaps get a berth in the same ship."

Jem grunted something by way of reply, and they walked on side by side.

Jack had travelled a great many miles since leaving home, and was beginning to feel very tired; but on arriving at the top of Portsdown Hill the prospect which met his gaze was sufficient to banish all sense of fatigue and to lift him almost into the clouds with delight and expectation.

The sea lay before them, the great world of waters stretching out east, west, and south, without any visible boundary. A large ship in full sail was threading the passage between the main land and the Isle of Wight; others lay at anchor at Spithead, while a forest of masts arose from the harbour and roadstead. Jack had never looked upon the sea before; he had been told what it was like, and had pictured it to himself as a boundless waste of waters; but the idea was one thing, the reality another, and he had formed no real conception of what the sea was. He paused as he gazed upon the scene before him; he could not utter a word—it was so grand, so beautiful. He had sometimes when at home lain flat upon his back in the fields, gazing up at the blue heavens and seeing nothing but the great vault above, a limitless, measureless abyss, the sight of which filled him with awe and wonder, and a strange inexpressible yearning as if for something he could not define, hopelessly beyond his reach. The great expanse of water reminded him of this; but it was below him instead of being over his head; he could descend to the margin of it and touch it, he could float over its surface, could go down to it in ships, could explore the unknown regions beyond. He blessed his happy lot that he had been kept steadfast, in spite of all dangers and discouragements, in his resolve to be a sailor, and had been brought so far towards the attainment of his wish. Already he was more than rewarded for his fatigue and dangers. To go to sea, to be a sailor, had been the strong desire of his heart ever since he had been able to form a wish or a project. Yet he had never had the least conception what the sea was like. Now the glorious reality was before his eyes, and his heart swelled with exultation and delight. Almost unconsciously he fell upon his knees as he gazed with parted lips and eyes opened to their full extent upon the wonderful scene.

His companion, who had looked upon the sea before, was inclined, at first, to laugh at his emotion, but could not help catching a little of his enthusiasm when he saw how thoroughly he was in earnest.

"It is a wonderful sight, when you come to think of it," he said, "especially for a fellow who has never seen it before. You'll have enough of it, though, by-and-by. It ain't quite so nice when it comes on to blow and you ain't used to it. Do you see that ship there? That's a 74—a liner; she's off on a cruise; she's firing a salute; they'll be jolly sick before long, most of 'em, and then they'll wish themselves on shore again, if they don't already."

A puff of white smoke was seen to issue from her lower deck guns, followed after a brief interval by a report, distinctly heard, though at so great a distance.

"I wish—I wish we had arrived a little sooner," Jack exclaimed.

"What for?"

"We might have sailed in that ship. Perhaps it's the Hailstorm with Max on board."

"Who's Max?"

"Mr. Wren, a midshipman, the son of

our squire at Barford. I want to get on board the same ship if I can."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Jem; "the less you have to do with friends from home the better. I'd rather be on my own hook altogether, and be able to do as I

like," Jack did not agree with him, but made no reply.

"I hope that's not the Hailstorm," was all he said. "Let us make haste on."

(To be continued.)

THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A THREE GUINEA WATCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE "DOMINICAN" COMES ROUND.

THE Fifth were a good while coming round on the question of Greenfield senior. But the delay was more on account of pride than because they still considered their old class-fellow a knave. They had taken up such a grand position last term, and talked so magnificently about honour, and morality, and the credit of the school, that it was a sad come-down now to have to admit they had all been wrong, and still more that they had all been fools. And yet, after what had happened, they could no longer retain their suspicions of Oliver Greenfield.

A few of the better sort, like Pembury and Bullinger, had the courage, at whatever cost, to act up to their convictions, and declared at once that they had been fools, and were ashamed of it.

The next step was to approach Oliver, and that was more difficult, for he was such a queer fellow there was no knowing where to have him. However, Pembury's wit helped him over the difficulty, as usual.

He was hobbling down the passage one morning when he suddenly encountered Oliver and Wraysford, arm-in-arm, approaching him. If at any time in his life Pembury did feel uncomfortable and awkward he felt it now. If he let Oliver go by this time without making it up somehow, the chance might never come again; but how to set about it, that was the difficulty, and every half-second brought the two nearer. Twenty different ideas flashed through his mind. He was not the sort of fellow to go to any one and eat humble-pie straight off. That was far too tame a proceeding. No, there was only one way he could think of, and he would chance that.

"Noll, old man," said he, in the old familiar tones; "you've got a spare arm. May I take it?"

Oliver stopped short and looked at him for an instant in astonishment. Next moment, with a hearty "Rather!" he slipped his arm into that of the happy Pembury, and the three went on their way rejoicing, a sight and a moral for all St. Dominic's.

That was the whole of Anthony Pembury's making up. As for Bullinger, he wrote his man a letter, worded in beautiful English, in the most elegant handwriting and punctuated to a nicety, setting forth his contrition, and his hope that Greenfield would henceforth reckon among his friends—"Yours very sincerely, H. Bullinger." This literary effort he carefully dispatched by a Guinea-pig to its destination, and awaited a reply with the utmost impa-

tience. The reply was laconic, but highly satisfactory. It was a verbal one, given by Oliver himself in class that afternoon, who volunteered the information to the delighted Bullinger that it was a "jolly day."

It was indeed a jolly day to that contrite youth. He never believed it would all be got over so easily. He had dreaded all sorts of scenes and lectures and humiliations, but here he was, by a single word, passed back straight into friendship and no questions asked.

The sight of Oliver surrounded by these three friends, of whom it would have been hard to say which was the happiest, made a deep impression on the rest of the Fifth, and certainly did not tend to make them feel more comfortable as to what they ought to do in a similar direction.

"It's all very well," said Ricketts, when the question was being canvassed for the hundredth time among his immediate friends. "I dare say they're all right, but it makes it jolly uncomfortable for us."

"They oughtn't to have given in in this way without letting the rest of us know first," said Braddy. "Just see what a corner it puts us in."

"All I can say is," said Tom Senior, "I'll be better satisfied when I know who *did* collar that paper if Greenfield didn't."

"Oh but," said Simon, seeing a chance, "I can assure you I saw him when he took it. I was going—"

"Shut up, you great booby," cried Ricketts; "who asked *you* anything about it?"

Simon modestly retired hereupon, and Braddy took up the talk.

"Yes, who did take the paper? that's it. Greenfield must have done it. Why, he as good as admitted it last term."

"Well, then, it's very queer those fellows making up to him," said Ricketts. "It's no use our trying to send the fellow to Coventry when the others don't back us up."

"Wraysford always was daft about Greenfield," said Tom Senior, "but I am astonished at Pembury and Bullinger."

"All I can say is," said Braddy, "Greenfield will have to ask me before I have anything to do with him."

"And, do you know," said Ricketts, "I heard to-day he is down to play in the match against the County."

"Is he?" exclaimed Braddy, in excitement; "very well, then. I shall not play if he does. That's all about that."

Ricketts laughed.

"Awfully sorry, old man, but you're no in the fifteen this time."

Braddy's face was a picture at this moment—he turned red and blue and white in his astonishment.

"What!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could find words. "I'm not in the team!"

"You'll see the list on the notice-board. You'd better go and look."

Off went the wretched Braddy to be convinced of his fate.

"You're in the team, Ricketts, I see," said Tom Senior. "Shall *you* play if Greenfield does?"

"Don't know," said Ricketts. "A fellow doesn't get a chance to play against the County every day. It's precious awkward."

"So it is. That's just where we began, too," said Tom, philosophically. And, as a matter of fact, whenever these young gentlemen of the Fifth started the subject of Greenfield senior among themselves, they always found themselves in the end at the identical place from which they had set out.

Nor were they the only boys at St. Dominic's in this dilemma. The Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles were equally taken aback by the new aspect of affairs. These young gentlemen had looked upon Oliver's "row" with his class as a peculiar mercy designed specially for their benefit. They had hardly known such a happy time as that during which the row had lasted. Did they want a pretext for a battle? Greenfield senior was a glorious bone of contention! Did they want an object for an indignation meeting? What better object could they have than Greenfield senior? Did they want an excuse generally for laziness, disobedience, and tumult? Greenfield senior served for this too. Indeed, the name of the Fifth Form Martyr had passed into a household word among the lower school, either of glory or reproach, and round it the small fry rallied, as round an old flag of battle.

But now, both friend and foe were aghast. To the Guinea-pigs half the charm of their position had been that they were Greenfield senior's sole champions in all St. Dominic's. While every one else avoided him they stuck to him, week days and Sundays. Now, however, they discovered, with something like consternation, that they no longer had the field to themselves.

The sight of Greenfield senior walking down the passage one day, arm-in-arm with Wraysford, and the next day with one arm in Wraysford's and the other in

Pembury's, and the day after between Pembury and Bullinger, with Wraysford and Stephen in the rear, struck bewilderment and bitter jealousy to their hearts.

They had come out into the passage to cheer, but they went away silently and sadly, feeling that their very occupation was departed.

Bramble, always quick to see a chance, took advantage as usual of this panic.

"Hullo, I say, Guinea-pigs, you can shut up shop now, you know. We're going to let off Greenfield senior this time, ain't we, Padger? Jolly fellow, Greenfield senior."

This was abominable! To have their hero and idol thus calmly taken out of their hands and appropriated by a set of sneaking Tadpoles was more than human patience could endure!

"Bah! A lot he'll care for *your* letting him off!" exclaimed Paul, in dire contempt. "He wouldn't touch you with a shovel."

"Oh yes, he would, though, wouldn't he, Padger? And what do you think, Guinea-pigs? *we're going to get Greenfield senior to take the chair at one of our meetings!*"

Bramble came out with the last triumphant announcement with a positive shout, which made the hearts of his adversaries turn cold. In vain they laughed the idea

to scorn; in vain they argued that if for the last six months he had never said a word even to the Guinea-pigs, he would hardly now come and take up with the Tadpoles. Bramble and Padger insisted on their story.

"Now you fellows," concluded Bramble, at the end of another oration; "those who say three cheers for Greenfield senior hold up—"

The infuriated Paul here hurled the cap of a brother Guinea-pig, who was standing near him, full at the face of the speaker, who thereupon, altering the current of his observations, descended from his form and "went for" his opponent.

From that day a keener war raged round the head of Greenfield senior than ever. Not of attack and defence of his character, but of rivalry as to who should be accounted his foremost champions.

It was at this critical period in the history of St. Dominic's that a new number of the "Dominican" came out. Pembury had been compelled to write it nearly all himself, for, in the present state of divided feeling in the Fifth, he found it harder than ever to get contributions.

Even those of his own way of thinking, Oliver, Wraysford, and Bullinger, begged to be let off, and, indeed, the two former ingeniously pleaded that, as they were now really Sixth Form fellows (though

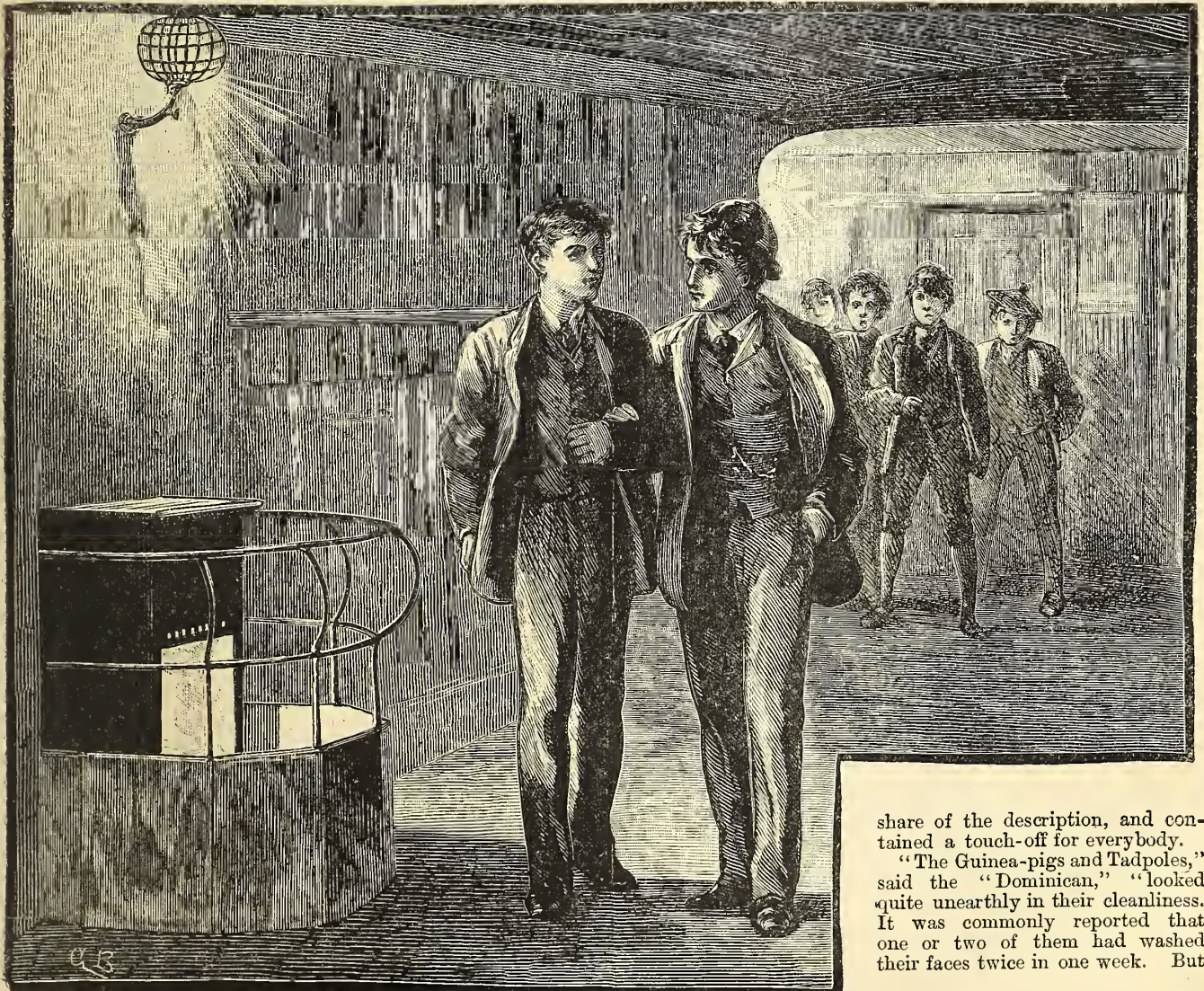
remaining in their old class till the Doctor came home), they had no right to have a hand in the Fifth Form magazine. And their conscientious scruples on this ground were so strong that no persuasions of Anthony's could shake them. So the unlucky editor had finally, as on a previous occasion, to retire into private life for a season, and get the whole thing out himself, with only the aid of a few inches of "Sonits" from Simon.

But "what man has done man can do," and this time the editor's efforts were crowned with no less success than on the former occasion.

The "Dominican" certainly did not seem to have lost its novelty, to judge by the crowd which once more assembled outside the classic portals of the Fifth, to peruse the contents of the now familiar big oak frame.

"School News" was the first item of Tony's bill of fare.

After announcing in appropriate terms the Doctor's illness, and "universal hope of seeing him back in all his former vigour" (one or two boys whistled low as they read this, and thought the editor might at least have been content to "speak for himself"), Anthony went on to announce the various school events which had happened since the publication of the last number. Christmas prize-day of course came in for a good



share of the description, and contained a touch-off for everybody.

"The Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles," said the "Dominican," "looked quite unearthly in their cleanliness. It was commonly reported that one or two of them had washed their faces twice in one week. But

this is hardly credible. It is, however, a fact that Bramble was shut up in his study for half an hour with his grandmother and a basin of hot water, and that the conclusion came to from the yells and shrieks which proceeded from the torture-chamber that evening, and the appearance of the dear child next day, is that he undoubtedly underwent one scrubbing this term."

Bramble's face turned so purple at the reading of this that it was impossible to say whether or not any traces of the scouring still remained. He favoured Paul, who stood in front of him, with a furious kick, which that young gentleman, always punctual in his obligations, promptly repaid, and the two combatants somehow managed to miss a good deal of what immediately followed.

After describing the other incidents of prize-day, the "Dominican" went on as follows:

"But the event of the day was the presentation of the Nightingale Scholarship, which will be sufficiently fresh in our readers' memories to need no comment here, save this one word—that the only Dominican who behaved himself like a gentleman during that remarkable scene was the winner of the scholarship himself!"

This was coming round with a vengeance! The Fifth had half expected it, and now they felt more uncomfortable than ever.

Nor did the succeeding paragraphs leave them much chance of recovery.

"The Waterston Exhibition, our readers will be glad to hear, has been won—and won brilliantly—by Oliver Greenfield, now of the Sixth. No fellow in St. Dominic's deserves the honour better."

Then, as if his penitence were not yet complete, Pembury went on boldly farther on:

"Speaking of Greenfield senior, it is time some of us who have been doing him injustice for a whole term did what little we could to make amends now. So here goes. Take notice, all of you, that we, the undersigned, are heartily ashamed of our conduct to Greenfield senior, and desire all St. Dominic's to know it. Signed, A. Pembury, H. Wraysford, T. Bullinger."

The effect of this manifesto was curious. Pembury himself had been unable to prophesy how it would be taken. The boys in front of the board, as they heard it read out, couldn't tell exactly whether to laugh or be serious over the paragraph. Most, however, did the latter, and hurried on to the next sentence:

"The following are also ashamed of themselves, but don't like to say so. The 'Dominican' means to give them a leg up:—Tom Senior, G. Ricketts, R. Braddy, and the rest of the Fifth, except Simon, who never was or could be ashamed of himself while he lived to write such pathetic, soul-stirring lines as the following 'Sonits':—"

(It was a great relief to one or two who stood by that Pembury had thus cunningly gone on from grave to gay, and left no pause after the very awkward paragraph about the Fifth.)

SONIT A.

To the "Dominican."

I cannot write as I would like all in a noisy room

There's such a noise of mortal boys who sometimes go and come

Oh I will to the woods away all in the lonely shade

Where I no more of being disturbed need not to be afraid.

SONIT B.

To Dr. Senior.

Dear Doctor I am very grieved to hear that you are not well

Oh cruel fate and yet methinks one cannot always tell

Things are so eatheing nowadays I wonder if I ever

Shall like unto the Doctor be by eatheing a low fever.

SONIT C.

To O—G—.

Oh Greenfield melancholy wite* hear me once before I go

'Tis sad to see the blossoms all in autumn time fall low

Canst thou recall that night in September when in the passage fair

I met you all so unexpectedly and you didn't seem to care

Oh may my hair turn white and me become a soreing lark

Before the memory of that day shines out in life's last spark.

This was beautiful. St. Dominic's was beginning to appreciate poetry at last! Simon was positively delirious with triumph when, after the burst of laughter (he called it applause) which greeted the reading of this gem, some one cried out,

"Oh, I say! read that last one again, some one!" And then, amid redoubled hilarity, the whole effusion was encored.

The poet promptly sought out his enthusiastic admirer.

"Oh! I say," said he, "would you like a copy of it?"

"Eh—oh, rather!" was the reply.

"Very good. You won't mind if I put a few more verses in, will you? Pembury had to cut some out."

"My dear fellow, I shan't be happy unless I get at least twenty pages."

So off went the delighted Simon to work at this self-imposed task, and caring little about the rest of the "Dominican."

But some of that was worth reading too. Tony's leading article, for instance, was an important document. It was headed "Gone up," and began, "Alas! our occupation's gone! No longer will the 'Dominican' be able to bring its sledgehammer down on high places, and walk into the Sixth. For two of our men, oh Fifth!—Greenfield and Wraysford—have joined the classic ranks of those who eat toffee in the top form, and play 'odds and evens' under the highest desk of St. Dominic's. We must be careful now, or we shall catch it. And yet we ought to congratulate the Sixth! At last they have got intelligence and high principle, and two good men behind a scrimmage, among them; and more are coming! There's some hope for the Sixth yet, and we would not grudge even our two best men for such a good object as regenerating the top form at St. Dominic's," and so on—not very flattering to the Sixth, or very comfortable for its two newest members, who, however, had prudently retired from the scene, long ago, as soon as the first references to Oliver had been read out.

Then came "Notes from Coventry, con-

tinued," which were very brief. "Since our last the population of Coventry has undergone a change. The former inhabitant has walked out with flying colours, and the place is empty. Who wants to go?"

Then came one or two odd paragraphs; one of them was:

"By the way, the 'Dominican' wants to know why Loman is no longer a monitor? Do his engagements with friends in Maltby prevent his giving the necessary time to this duty; or are the Sixth beginning to see that if they want order in the school they must have fellows who have at least a little influence to do it? They have done well in appointing Wraysford. But why is Loman 'resigned'? Who can tell? It's a riddle. A prize for the best answer in our next."

The finishing stroke, however, was Pembury's "Notes and Queries from Down Below," supposed to be of special interest to the Fourth Junior. The first was as follows:

"LESSONS.—Padger the Tadpole writes to ask, 'How do you do lessons?' The answer is a simple one, Padger. If you are a member of the Fourth Junior, as we have a vague idea you are, the way of 'doing' lessons there is as follows: Sit at a desk full of old cherry-stones, orange-peel, and dusty sherbet, and put your elbows on it. Then with your pen scatter as much ink as you conveniently can over your own collar and face, and everybody else, without unduly exerting yourself. After that kick your right and left neighbours; then carefully rub your hands in the dust and pass them several times over your countenance, all the while making the most hideous and abominable howls and shrieks you can invent. And then your lessons are 'done.'"

This paragraph so grievously incensed the honourable community at which it was directed that for the first time for some months Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles made common cause to protest against the base insinuations it contained.

The "meeting" in the Fourth Junior that afternoon lasted, on and off, from half-past four to half-past eight. Among the speakers were Bramble, Paul, and Stephen; while Padger, Walker, and Rook did very good execution with their fists. About half-past seven the dust was so dense that it was impossible to see across the room; but those who knew reported that there was another jolly row on about Greenfield senior, and that Paul and Padger were having their twenty-seventh round! Anyhow, the Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles missed the rest of the "Dominican," which, however, only contained one other paragraph of special interest:

"To-morrow week the football match of the season, School against County, will be played in the St. Dominic's meadow. We are glad to say the school team will be a crack one, including this time Greenfield senior, and excluding one or two of the 'incompetents' of last term. The following is the school fifteen:—Stansfield (football captain), Brown, Winter, Callonby, Duncan, Ricketts, T. Senior, Henderson, Carter, and Watkins, forwards; Wren (school captain) and Forrester (iv.), quarter-back; Greenfield and Bullinger, half-back; and Wraysford, back. With a team like this the school ought to give a good account of itself against our visitors."

This announcement was interesting in more than one respect. Greenfield was in the team, Loman was not.

(To be continued.)

* Possibly wight.

CANARIES: HOW TO KEEP AND BREED THEM.

PART V.



CANARIES can be taught a variety of little tricks after they have come to love you. They may also be taught the notes of various other birds, or they will learn tunes played to them on a bird-organ or flute or violin. In either case they must be taught while young, and they must be so placed that they can hear no sounds save those you wish to teach them.

Cats, I may just remark, should be taught to respect your birds. Pussy often gets extremely attached to canaries, and will protect them, but never think of hurting them. I have seen a canary placed in a cat's pen at a show to keep pussy company and sing to her.

Let me conclude by mentioning a few of the ailments canaries are liable to, though these can mostly be prevented by avoiding their common causes, namely, 1, damp; 2, draughts; 3, want of ventilation; 4, the abuse of dainties; 5, bad food; and 6, impure water.

Asthma.—A little glycerine in the water, with a rusty nail, and fifteen drops of tincture of gentian.

Diarrhœa.—Two drops of warm castor-oil first. After a few hours, a small bit of gum arabic, and about twenty drops of tincture of opium in the water, or a little of the ordinary chalk mixture of the shops.

Constipation.—This is a complaint which is more easily and successfully treated by change of diet than by medicine. Give more green food in summer, and in winter a slice of ripe apple or well-boiled carrot. If the case is urgent, give two or three drops of castor-oil.

Inflammation of the bowels.—The bird is dull and drooping, perhaps lying on its belly on the perch, and evidently in great pain. The lower part of the stomach will be found red and swollen. Give a drop or two of castor-oil to begin. Paint the abdomen, by means of a camel's-hair brush, with warm turpentine. Put in the drinking water twenty drops of wine of ipecacuanha, and a bit of gum arabic; or put a drop of each of the former medicines, diluted in two or three drops of water, down the throat thrice a day. Keep warm and handle gently. When the bird begins to come round, feed on steeped biscuits of arrowroot and sweet milk.

Fits.—Fright often brings these on, and the bird may die in one. Hold the sufferer in the open air; blow on it and sprinkle it with water, but do not do this for about a minute after it falls down. The heart cannot recover suddenly. Hanging the bird in the sun or too near the fire may induce apoplectic fits. They are highly dangerous. Take the bird to the cool fresh air, and endeavour to get it to inhale the aroma from a smelling-salts bottle. It will come round gradually. Be careful with your feeding afterwards.

Cramp.—Open the bowels with castor-oil, then put a few drops of paregoric in the daily drinking water. Change the diet; it must not be too stimulating.

Pip.—A name given to a small pimple on the rump. Open with a fine needle when matter is apparent, then dress with cold cream.

Sore Feet.—Clean and wash, and anoint with cold cream. Turn the bird into a clean dry cage, then thoroughly do out the old one.

In all cases of illness examine the bird, holding it gently but firmly the while all over. A change of diet is always necessary in sickness, and more warmth. Put the patient in a com-

fortable well-ventilated room, and see that it wants for nothing needful.

THE END.

FISH AND HOW TO CATCH THEM.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing-Tackle and How to Make it," etc.

I HAVE already been privileged in these columns to tell boys a good deal about "Fishing-Tackle and How to Make it;"* but as the knowledge of fishing-tackle, however necessary to the angler it may be, will not by itself make an angler, I purpose supplementing these articles with a few on the subject of "Fish and how to catch them."

I intend to refer back occasionally to the former papers, so I advise my readers to look up their previous numbers, or procure them from the publisher if any did not happen to be subscribers at the time when the tackle articles were commenced. This series, with the articles just referred to, if studied with intelligence and experimentally carried out, will suffice to make any boy a successful angler wherever he goes.

Though it is very desirable that every fisherman should know about the natural and the traditional history of his quarry, it is not here intended to do more than just name certain of the peculiarities of the nature of each fish. I could not do justice to the subject were I to omit such information, as without a knowledge of the food, or where to find such and such fish, how could the angler, whoever he was, catch a fish except by accident? These items, though perhaps occasionally dry, must not be passed over therefore. I shall not say anything about salmon, because fishing for this "monarch of the water" is rather a sport for men than boys, and is in any case probably out of the reach of most of my readers.

Now, roughly speaking, there are two classes of fish in English waters, which I shall designate "fish of prey," and "fish that do not prey." Under the former head come trout, pike, perch, and eels; and under the latter, carp, barbel, gudgeon, tench, bream, dace, roach, chub, rudd, etc. As the method of fishing for the fish of prey is the more difficult to learn, I shall commence with those that do not feed on their own species except now and then, and that very seldom, when one seems to go mad and swallow its young, or the young of somebody else. These exceptions prove the rule, however. To begin without further preface I will tell my young friends

1.—HOW TO CATCH CARP.

The carp is called by Buffon the water-fox, on account of its extreme artfulness—or, shall we say, its extreme intelligence? Now it manifests this intelligence in several ways, which it is desirable for every angler to be aware of. First, it is very susceptible of reverberation. By this I mean that if you tread heavily on the bank, or move hurriedly in a boat, be perfectly certain that your chances of getting Mr. Carp are much lessened by the proceeding. Again, he is very sharp-eyed, and when you let even your shadow, or that of your rod, show on the water, he instantly says to himself, and would very likely whistle or wink if he could at the same time, "Ha! ha! who's that fellow with a bait-can and long pole? I've seen that sort of game before. Shan't play, old fellow;" and down he goes into deep water. Moreover, it seems as if he had gathered up in his capacious brain—it is six times larger than a pike's in proportion—all the wisdom of his grandfathers since the foundation of the Chinese Empire, when we first hear of him; and if a bait is the very least trifle too large or too small, or a particle of the hook shows, he refuses to bite.

Carp are a deep-water fish in winter, coming

towards the weeds and edges of the lake in summer, where they may be seen in shoals if the weather be very hot. They are in best condition in July or August, and bite most freely early in the morning and late at night, and after a shower. It is generally useless to fish for them in the noonday heat.

The Rod.—This should be of the make termed Nottingham, and I will once and for all tell my readers the peculiarities of this style of rod, etc., so that when I speak of Nottingham fishing, etc., I may be at once understood. A Nottingham rod takes its name from the city where it was first made and used, for, as all know, the Trent runs through that place. It consists generally of three or four joints: three of them are of red deal, which is excessively light; and the best makers of these rods select this with very great care, so that there be no knots; the top joint is of lance wood, but the rings are solid and upright. Now that is a Nottingham rod, and the best maker I know of is Mr. D. Slater, 8 and 9, Portland Street, Newark-on-Trent, where prices for a rod as described, most beautifully finished, run from 7s. 6d. to a guinea.

The Winch or Reel.—For preference with the about sort of rod, I prefer a wooden reel; it is very light, and is especially adapted to the carrying of a light line.

The Line is of silk, and not much thicker than sewing thread, and is of the celebrated Nottingham twist.

The Hook-line (by which I mean the gnt-line terminating with the hook) is about two yards long, and on it a fine cork or quill float is secured. This float is buoyed or kept in an erect position by two or three split shot. The bait ought not to be nearer the hook than a foot, and even farther away is better.

Now for a few remarks on *how* to fish, and if attention be paid to these directions for carp-fishing they will benefit the angler very considerably with all the non-preying fishes. First a *ground-bait* is necessary. This is best made as follows:—Take about a pint of bran, about a pint of raspings, or stale bread soaked will do, and mix them together intimately till you have a rather firm paste. This is to be used while fishing. The place must be ground-baited with either boiled rice, wheat, grains from the brewers, or bread, a couple of days, at morning or night, before the day whereon you intend fishing. Your hook-bait is either a red worm, found in old dunghills, with a yellow tail (termed sometimes a cockspur), or a brandling, which is a worm with yellow rings, and which smells very offensively when handled. I prefer the first-named. Neither should be used before they have been cleansed by placing them in some slightly damped moss several days previously. This renders them tougher and not liable to break when they are being placed on the hook. So much for the *best* hook-bait in my opinion. The next best is paste made of flour and water, and scented slightly with oil of aniseed; a little wadding may be worked in the paste to aid its tenacity and staying power on the hook, otherwise it gets worked off very soon. White bread slightly damped and worked into a *clean* (not with dirty hands, bear in mind) paste is also very good, and I have taken large carp with a piece of white cherry and with green peas. These latter baits are not so good, however, as those I have before named. The size of your hook is medium, but it should be tied to very fine gut. Gentles and caterpillars will often catch carp.

Now having arrived at where you intend fishing, retire far from the water's edge to make your preparations. Having got the tackle in order, throw in a handful of your ground-bait and wait a little while. You should ascertain the day previously what the depth is, and put your float about six inches deeper than the ascertained depth, so that the bait lies on the bottom. Bait the hook carefully, and cast in with the least possible noise or commotion, and when you get a bite strike sharply but not violently, with a quick wrist motion. Be always careful not to strike violently. The least effort suffices to bury the barb in the fish.

In playing a carp, and indeed all fishes, be careful never to seek to haul the fish in at once.

* Vide Vol. III., No. 105, etc. See also the coloured plate of "British Freshwater Fishes," Part 23.



unless it be very small. Allow the fish to exhaust himself, and then deliberately and deftly pass the landing-net under the fish and lift it out. Never forget this maxim—*Silence is golden* in all kinds of fishing, except perhaps pike fishing. In that it does not matter so much, but carp are very crafty and shy. Never be in a hurry, but be calm, deliberate, silent, and watchful. Near weeds, in deep holes, carp are very frequently found. (To be continued.)

G. B. Edwards

WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDOON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD.")

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—ANOTHER WINTER AT THE POLE—CHRISTMAS DAY—THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE LAST ACT—SICKNESS—DEATH—DESPAIR.

THE summer was far advanced before Captain McBain and his crew returned to where their vessel lay off the island of Alba. They had fully expected to see some signs of the ice breaking up, so as to allow them to get clear and bear up for home, but the chance of this taking place seemed as far off as ever. If the truth must be told, the captain had counted upon a break-up of the sea of ice shortly after midsummer at the very latest. But

midsummer went past, the sun each midnight began to decline nearer and nearer to the northern horizon, and it already seemed sadly probable that another winter would have to be passed in these desolate regions. McBain could not help recalling the words of old Magnus, "Open seasons do not come oftener than once in ten years." If this indeed were true, then he, his boys and his crew, were doomed to sufferings more terrible than tongue could

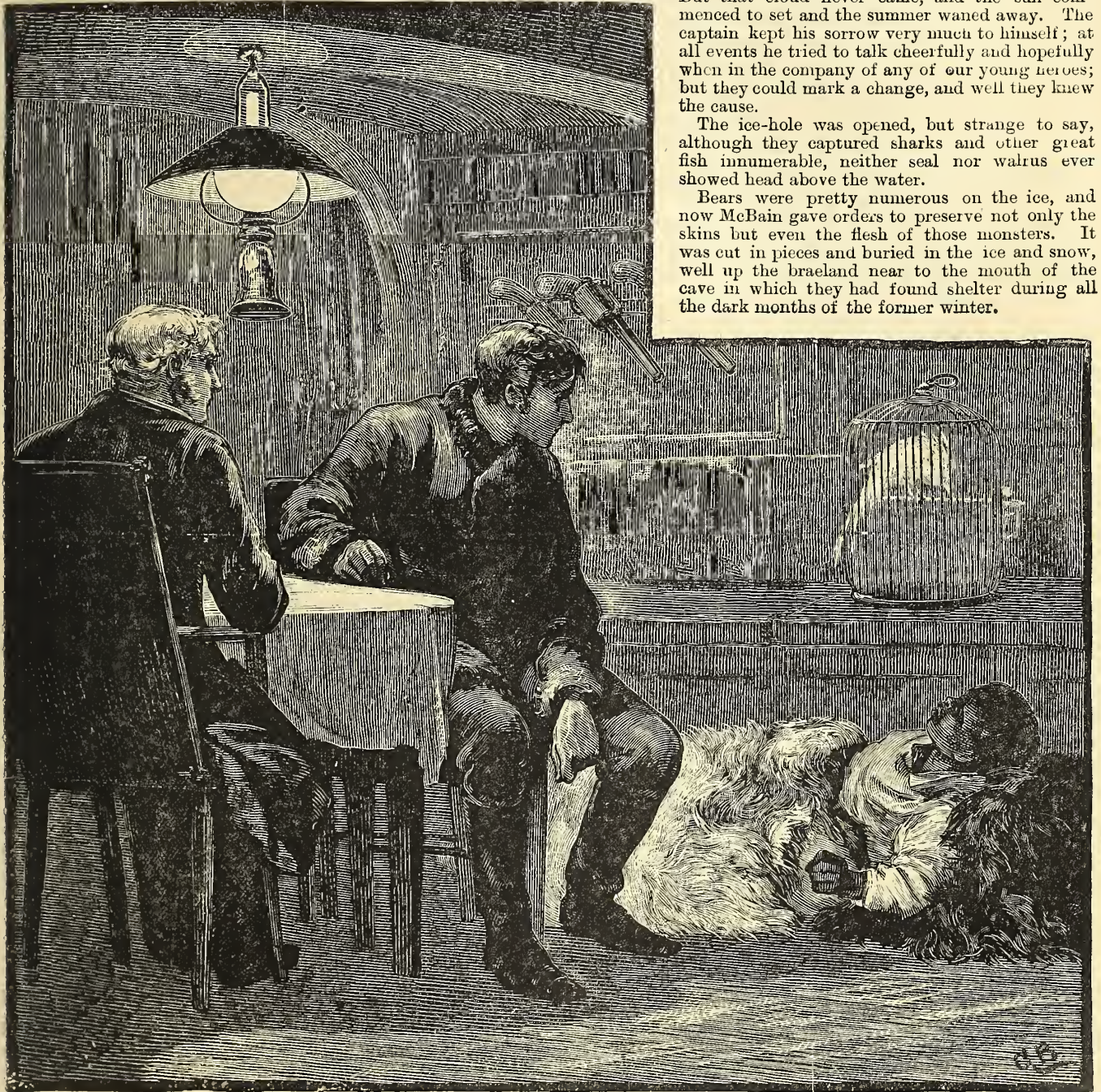
tell or pen relate—sufferings from which there could be no escape save through the jaws of death. Provisions would hardly last throughout another winter, and until the ice broke up and they were again free, there could be no chance of getting those that had been stored on the northernmost isle of Spitzbergen.

The sky remained clear and hard, and McBain soon began to think he would give all he possessed in life for the sight of one little cloud not bigger than a man's hand.

But that cloud never came, and the sun commenced to set and the summer waned away. The captain kept his sorrow very much to himself; at all events he tried to talk cheerfully and hopefully when in the company of any of our young heroes; but they could mark a change, and well they knew the cause.

The ice-hole was opened, but strange to say, although they captured sharks and other great fish innumerable, neither seal nor walrus ever showed head above the water.

Bears were pretty numerous on the ice, and now McBain gave orders to preserve not only the skins but even the flesh of those monsters. It was cut in pieces and buried in the ice and snow, well up the braeland near to the mouth of the cave in which they had found shelter during all the dark months of the former winter.



"The unhappy boy was stretched by the side of the cage."

The fact that no seals appeared at the ice-hole proved beyond a doubt that the open water was very far indeed to the southward of them.

How they had rejoiced to see the sun rise for the first time in the previous spring; how their hearts sank now to see him set!

"Boys," said McBain one day, after he had remained silent for some time, as if in deep thought—"boys, I fear we won't get out of this place for many months to come. How do you like the prospect?"

He smiled as he spoke; but they could see the smile was a simulated one.

"Never mind," said Ralph and Allan; "we'll keep our hearts up, never fear; don't you be unhappy on our account."

"I'll try not to be," said McBain, "and I'm sure I shall not be so on my own."

"Besides, captain dear," added Rory, "it's sure to come right in the end."

McBain laid his hand on boy Rory's head, and smiled somewhat sadly.

"You're always hopeful, Rory," he said. "We must pray that your words may come true."

And, indeed, besides waiting with a hopeful trust in that all-seeing Providence who had never yet deserted them in their direst need, there was little now to be done.

As the days got shorter and shorter, and escape from another winter's imprisonment seemed impossible, the crew of the Arrandoon was set to work overhauling stores. It was found that with strict economy the provisions would last until spring, but with the addition of the flesh of sharks and bears for a month or two longer. It was determined, therefore, that the men should not be put upon short allowance, for semi-starvation—McBain was doctor enough to know—only opened the door for disease to step in, in the shape perhaps of that scourge called scurvy, or even the black death itself.

When the sun at last sank to rise no more for three long months, so far from letting down their hearts, or losing hopes, the officers and crew of our gallant ship once more settled down to their "old winter ways," as Seth called them. They betook themselves to the cave in the hill-side, which for sake of giving the men exercise McBain had made double the size, the mould taken therefrom and the rocks being used to erect a terrace near the entrance. This was surrounded by a balustrade or bulwark with a flagstaff erected at one end, and on this was unfurled the Union Jack. Watches were kept, and meals cooked and served, with as much regularity as if they had been at sea, while the evenings were devoted to reading, music, and story-telling round the many great fires that were lighted to keep the cave warm.

Where, it may be asked, did the fuel come from? Certainly not from the ship. The coals were most carefully stored, and retained for future service; but tons on tons of great pine-logs were dug from the hill-sides. And glorious fires they made too. It was, as Rory said, raking up the ashes of a long-past age to find fuel for a new one.

Once more the electric light was got under way, and twice a week at least the diving-bell was sunk. This was a source of amusement that never failed to give pleasure, but so intense was the frost at times that it was a matter of no small difficulty to break the ice on the water.

The captain was untiring in his efforts

to keep his men employed, and in as happy a frame of mind as circumstances would admit of.

There was no snowstorm this winter, and very seldom any wind; the sky was nearly always clear, and the stars and Aurora brighter than ever they had seen them.

Christmas—the second they had spent together since leaving the Clyde—passed pleasantly enough, though there was no boisterous merriment. Songs and story-telling were in far greater request than dancing. Never, perhaps, was Rory in better spirits for solo-playing. He appeared to know intuitively the class of music the listeners would delight in, and his rendering of some of the old Scottish airs seemed simply to hold them spell-bound. As the wild, weird, plaintive notes of the violin, touched by the master fingers of the young poet, fell on their ears, they were no longer ice-bound in the dreary regions of the pole. It was no longer winter; it was no longer night. They were home once more in their native land; home in dear auld Scotland. The sun was shining brightly in the summer sky, the purple of the heather was on the moorland, the glens and valleys were green, and the music of merle and mavis, mingling with the soft croodle of the amorous euschat, resounded from the groves. No wonder that a few sighs were heard when Rory ceased to play; he had touched a chord in their inmost hearts, and for the time being had rendered them inexpressibly happy.

It is well to let the curtain fall here for a short time; it rises again on the first scene of the last act of this Arctic drama of ours.

Three months have elapsed since that Christmas evening in the cave when we beheld the crew of the Arrandoon listening with happy, hopeful, upturned faces to the sweet music that Rory discoursed from his darling instrument. Only three months, but what a change has come over the prospects of all on board that seemingly doomed ship! Often and often had our heroes been face to face with death, in storms and tempests at sea, in fighting with wild beasts, and even with wild men, but never before had they met the grim king of terrors in the form he now assumed. For several weeks the men had been falling ill, and dying one by one, and already no less than nine graves had been dug and filled under the snow on the mountain's side.

The disease, whatever it was, resisted all kinds of treatment, and indeed, though the symptoms in every case were similar at the commencement, no two men died in precisely the same way. At first there was an intense longing for home; this would be succeeded in a few days by loss of all appetite, by distaste for food or exertion of any kind, and by fits of extreme melancholy and depression. The doctor did his best. Alas! there are diseases against which all the might of medical skill is unavailing.

Brandy and other stimulants were tried; but these only kept the deadly ailment at bay for a very short time; it returned with double force, and the poor sufferers were doubly prostrated in consequence.

There was no bodily pain, except from a strange hollow cough that in all cases accompanied the complaint, but there was rapid emaciation, hot burning brow, and hands and feet that scorched like fire, and

while some fell into a kind of gentle slumber from which they awoke no more in this world, others died from sheer debility, the mind being clear to the last—nay, even brighter as they neared the bourne from which no traveller ever returns.

As the time went on—the days were now getting long again, for spring had returned—matters got even worse. It was strange, too, that the very best and brightest of the crew were the first to be attacked and to die. I do not think there was a dry eye in the ship when the little procession wound its way round the hillside bearing in its unpretending coffin the mortal remains of poor Ted Wilson. All this long cruise he had been the life and soul of the whole crew. No wonder that the words of the beautiful old song, "Tom Bowling," rose to the mind of more than one of the crew of the Arrandoon when Ted was laid to rest:

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was warm and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft."

Just one week after the burial of Ted Wilson, De Vere, the French aeronaut, was attacked, and in three days' time he was dead. He had never been really well since the journey to the vicinity of the Pole, and the loss of his great balloon was one which he never seemed to be able to get over. He was quite an enthusiast in his profession, and, as he remarked to McBain one day, "I have mooch grief for de loss of my balloon. I had give myself over to de thoughts of mooch pleasant voyaging away up in de regions of de upper air. I s'all soar not again until I reach England."

It was sad to hear him, as he lay half-delirious on the bed of his last illness, muttering, muttering to himself, and constantly talking about the home far away in sunny France that he would never see again. Either the doctor or one or other of our young heroes was constantly in the cabin with him. About an hour before his demise he sent for Ralph.

"I would not," he said, "send for Rory nor for Allan, dey vill both follow me soon. Oh! do not you look sad, Ralph, dere is nothing but joy vere we are going. Nothing but joy, and sunshine, and happiness."

He took a locket from his breast. It contained the portrait of a grey-haired mother.

"Bury dis locket in my grave," he said.

He took two rings from off his thin white fingers.

"For my sister and my mother," he said.

He never spoke again, but died with those dear names on his lips.

Ralph showed himself a very hero in these sad times of trouble and death. He was here, there, and everywhere, by night and by day, assisting the surgeon and helping Seth to attend upon the wants of the sick and dying; and many a pillow he soothed, and many a word of comfort he gave to those who needed it. The true Saxon character was now beautifully exemplified in our English hero. He possessed that noble courage which never makes itself uselessly obtrusive, which fritters not itself away on trifles, and which seems at most times to lie dormant or latent, but is ever ready to show forth and burn most brightly in the hour of direst need.

Sorrows seldom come singly, and one

day Stevenson, in making his usual morning report, had the sad tidings to add that cask after cask of provisions had been opened and found bad, utterly useless for human food.

McBain got up from his chair and accompanied the mate on deck.

"I would not," he said, "express in words what I feel, Mr. Stevenson, before our boys; but this, indeed, is terrible tidings."

"It can only hasten the end," said Stevenson.

"You think, then, that that end is inevitable?"

"Inevitable," said Stevenson, solemnly but emphatically. "We are doomed to perish here among this ice. There can be no rescue for us but through the grave."

"We are in the hands of a merciful and an all-powerful Providence, Mr. Stevenson," said McBain; "we must trust, and wait, and hope, and do our duty."

"That we will, sir, at all events," said the mate; "but see, sir, what is that yonder?"

He pointed, as he spoke, skywards, and there, just a little way above the highest mountain-tops, was a cloud. It kept increasing almost momentarily, and got darker and darker. Both watched it until the sun itself was overcast, then the mate ran below to look at the glass. It was "tumbling" down.

For three days a gale and storm, accompanied with soft, half-wet snow, raged. Then terrible noises and reports were heard all over the pack of ice seaward, and the grinding and din that never fails to announce the break-up of the sea of ice.

"Heaven has not forgotten us," cried McBain, hopefully; "this change will assuredly check the sickness, and perhaps in a week's time we will be sailing southwards through the blue, open sea, bound for our native shores."

McBain was right; the hopes raised in the hearts of the men did check the progress of the sickness. When at last the wind fell, they were glad to see that the

clouds still remained, and that there was no signs of the frost coming on again.

The pieces of ice, too, were loose, and all hands were set to work to warp the ship southwards through the bergs. The work was hard, and the progress made scarcely a mile a day at first. But they were men working for their lives, with new-born hope in their hearts, so they heeded not the fatigue, and after a fortnight's toil they found the water so much more open that by going ahead at full speed in every clear space, a fair day's distance was got over. For a week more they strove and struggled onwards; the men, however, were getting weaker and weaker for want of sufficient food. How great was their joy, then, when one morning the island was sighted on which McBain had left the store of provisions!

Boats were sent away as soon as they came within a mile of the place.

Sad, indeed, was the news with which Stevenson, who was in charge, returned. The bears had made an attack on the buried stores. They had clawed the great casks open, and had devoured or destroyed everything.

Hope itself now seemed for a time to fly from all on board. With a crew weak from want, and with fearful ice to work their way through, what chance was there that they would ever succeed in reaching the open water, or in proceeding on their homeward voyage even as far as the island of Jan Mayen, or until they should fall in with and obtain relief from some friendly ship? They were far to the northward of the sealing grounds, and just as far to the east. McBain, however, determined still to do his utmost, and though on short allowance, to try to forge ahead. For one week more they toiled and struggled onwards, then came the frost again, and all chance of proceeding was at an end.

It was no wonder that sickness returned. No wonder that McBain himself, and Allan and Rory, began to feel dejected, listless, weary, and ill.

Then came a day when the doctor and Ralph sat down alone to eat their meagre and hurried breakfast.

"What prospects?" said Ralph.

"Moribund!" was all the doctor said just then.

Presently he added:

"There, in the corner, lies poor wee Freezing Powders, and, my dear Ralph, one hour will see it all over with him. The captain and Allan and Rory can hardly last much longer."

"God help us, then," said Ralph, wringing his hands, and giving way to a momentary anguish.

The unhappy negro boy was stretched, to all appearance lifeless, close by the side of his favourite's cage.

Despite his own grief, Ralph could not help feeling for that poor bird. His distress was painful to witness. If his great round eyes could have run over with tears, I am sure they would have done so. I have said before that Cockie was not a pretty bird, but somehow his very ugliness made Ralph pity him now all the more. Nor was the grief of the bird any the less sad to see because it was exhibited in a kind of half ludicrous way. He was not a moment at rest, but he seemed really not to know what he was doing, and his anxious eye was hardly ever withdrawn from the face of the dying boy. Jumping up and down from his perch to his seed-tin and back again, grabbing great mouthfuls of hemp, which he never even broke or tried to swallow, and blowing great sighs over his thick blue tongue. And the occasional sentence, too, the bird every now and then began but never finished,

"Here's a—"

"Did you—"

"Come—"

all spoke of the anguish in poor Cockie's breast.

A faint moaning was heard in the adjoining cabin, and Ralph hurried away from the table, and Sandy was left alone.

(To be continued.)

ALL BY HIMSELF: A STORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE, AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR DOMINIE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a time, Oscar returned to the pool where he had bathed, and in desperation, tying a stone near the end of his line, let the hook sink to the bottom, and left it there for a little to see what would come of this. What came of it was an eel, a thin, slippery, slimy eel, which he pulled up with a flop and hauled wriggling and jumping on the bank; then there was the difficult and nasty job of getting the hook out of its greedy stomach while it twisted itself into knots, and slipped through his be-smear'd fingers, and seemed to find knocking on the head with a stone rather an invigorating exercise than otherwise. The bait had been so well swallowed, and the creature showed such signs of liveliness, even after taking a great deal of killing, that Oscar, disgusted with this dirty work, gave up the attempt, cut the gut, and tossed the poor eel back into the water to digest what was left in its stomach as best it could. He did not like handling it; and he felt he could never bring himself to

skin, much less to eat, such an unpleasant animal.

By this time he had had enough of fishing. He turned homewards, tired and hungry. Emerson somewhere speaks of a boy who is sure of his dinner as being the most independent and healthy minded character in the world. This may be very true, but the observation does not apply to the boy who is not sure of any dinner, and sure, into the bargain, that he has had no breakfast. Such being Oscar's case, it was in a sadly spiritless, downcast mood that he retraced his steps, carrying his useless rod, and only now and then making a hasty cast at some place which struck him as a likely one. In the copses and bushy banks by which he passed he looked eagerly for berries or nuts, but nothing of the kind was nearly ripe yet. The gooseberries in Mr. Gillespie's garden were ripe, indeed, and Oscar looked longingly through the palings at them as he went by. Not that he thought of touching them, however; for

him in his pride that garden was guarded more effectually than by a hundred fiery dragons. He would not take a grain of corn that belonged to that churlish enemy.

It was still early in the afternoon when he reached the cheerless home which he had all to himself. Ruefully he surveyed the bare shelves and empty packages that represented his larder. He brought out the cruet-stand and the marmalade pot containing all he had to eat.

"I must dine off this, I suppose. The mustard will serve for soup, the salt for meat, and the pepper for pudding—then the marmalade will come in for dessert. Let me see how they taste—or perhaps they would do better all mixed up together like a salad!"

But it was poor work for him playing these sorry jokes on himself. He was in no humour for jokes. Already he had found out hunger to be no joke. Not getting much satisfaction out of his condiments, he actually scraped the plates which

he had been using the night before—first instinctively looking round to make sure no one saw him. Then he served out to himself a glass of limejuice and a spoonful of marmalade. This meal being easily disposed of, he went and lay down on the parlour sofa to digest it.

A short rest helped him to stir himself into a more courageous frame of mind. Was he not playing the Highlander? and did it not become a hardy mountaineer to be able to go without food for hours and days if need were? What any kilted youth had done, that might he do as well! And how about those Indian braves and border scouts who figured as the heroes of his favourite class of literature? Did they not often have to range the prairies for ever so long before coming in sight or shot of a dinner? Was it not the noble red man's highest virtue to sit patiently in his wigwam week after week during times of scarcity, hardly tasting a morsel, but letting

He would dip into it now, and inspire himself to fortitude by the example of its actors and sufferers. Here it was, "*The Medicine Man's Vow*; or, *The Bison-slayers of the Missouri*," a stout yellow-covered volume ornamented with a most thrilling picture of a life and death struggle between a red man and a pale face, beside the very brink of a yawning chasm, with a bear on its hind legs, watching them at a respectful distance—by the author of, etc., etc., etc.

He turned over a few pages, but failed to find the moral lesson for which he was looking. The people in the book seemed to live in a state of the greatest plenty, not to say gluttony. They absolutely wallowed in victuals here. Between one hair-breadth escape and another, there was nothing going but bison tongues, and buffalo humps, and venison steaks, and bear's fat, and wild turkeys roasted on ramrods, and wallets full of Indian meal and the like. Feasts were set as thick as plums in this record of adventure. Even when the chief character was about to be gloriously burned at the hands of his ruthless foes, he had a large kettle of dog stew given him by way of consolation; and when his friend's unerring

bullet came just in the nick of time to cut the thongs that held him to the stake, the first thing the victors did, after, of course, setting to flight the treacherous Blackfeet, was to fall with an excellent appetite on the very dainties the latter had prepared for their own eating, in honour of the occasion. This sort of reading made Oscar's mouth water, but it was a painful joy. He put down the book and went out to try his luck once more at fishing.

This time he went down to the loch. He had caught lythe and codlings there once, trawling in the Gillespies' boat; now that the boat was tabooed to him he would try if he might not be as successful fishing from the shore. It was high tide indeed, and he knew not where to find any depth of water along the shore, but perhaps the fish of the loch might prove more sharp-set and less sharp-eyed than those of the burn. So he sought a rocky point and stood casting his line as far as he could till his arms ached, or rather till he saw Mr. Gillespie watching him from the back of the farm. This caused him at once to lie down and pick seaweed to pieces, as if he had nothing to care for but basking idly in the sun, then presently to beat a retreat. The enemy must not guess the weakness of



Oscar hailing the baker.

no unmanly complaint escape his lips? Could he himself not play for a few hours a part so easy to ignorant savages?

Oscar had bought a story-book of this school on his visit to Portcloy.

his garrison. He would not look to notice if the farmer's eyes were still on him; but in any case, he did his best to swagger along jauntily, hiding the despair that began to overcome him.

Back again to the useless kitchen and the cupboard bare as Mother Hubbard's! He would make himself a cup of tea; that might stay the sense of emptiness in his stomach. But on setting to work at the fire, he found he had no more matches. He must be content with cold water, dashed with a little limejuice, which he slowly sipped after swallowing the last spoonful of marmalade, and gave himself to rumination over this scanty banquet.

His thoughts ran upon the well-supplied kitchen at home, but that was too tantalising a subject. Then he thought of the German school which he had recently left. How he had turned up his nose at the fare of that school! Coffee and two of the smallest of rolls on rising; some couple of hours later, a hunk of black bread, which the German boys loved to eat spread with lard, to the unutterable scorn of their British schoolfellows; about midday, dinner, at the best, thin soup, the meat that had been boiled in it, potatoes, and *sauer-kraut*, but sometimes nothing more than bread and suet dumplings served in a mess of stewed plums—what would he not have given at this moment for one of those despised dumplings! And the supper—this was the very hour of supper—sausage and potato salad, as likely as not. Ah! how distance lent enchantment to that once unpleasing view. He remembered the ludicrous way in which old Herr Blumenheim, their preceptor, used to rebuke the young Englishers for fastidiousness.

"Ach, mein lieber junge, dere shall arrive into you situations wherein thou wilt rejoice upon such salubrious means of nourishment!"

They did not believe him then, these high-stomached John Bulls; they used to sneer at him behind his back, and declare they would not wish to grow up bald and spectacled whipping posts, upon such a diet as he shared with his pupils. They laughed to scorn the idea of ever being in want of a meal of cucumbers and cold potatoes. Oscar knew better now.

This was dull work, conjuring up the thin ghosts of past dinners and suppers! How much he had enjoyed his holidays till to-day, and what a great difference it made to have nothing to eat. He never spent such a miserable evening that he could remember. From outside, not far off, came a cheerful sound of voices, shouts and laughter. Oscar knew well enough what was going on there in the long twilight. "Baby" Hamish and his brother Gregor, with the other lads of the place, were throwing quoits and putting the stone by the roadside, practising for the Portclay yearly games, to come off to-morrow, at which the young Gillespies would appear transformed for the nonce from slovenly-looking ploughmen into kilted Highlanders in all their bravery. He himself had condescended to take part in these rustic trials of his strength, where his German training in gymnastics had done him some credit. But he durst not show his face among them to-night, and he grudged their merriment which he could not share. Any one of these bursts of coarse laughter might be at his expense. They would be mocking him as a conceited young Englishman who would fain ape the Highlander; the farmer must have set them all against him. Did they know how hard he had been put to it by this revolution in his domestic affairs? How contemptible he would appear to them; in his own eyes a person with nothing to eat seemed indeed a most despicable object. In his view of life, he had

classed together prisoners, paupers, destitute and unfortunate persons generally, as the scum of mankind, set beyond the pale of sympathy by the lofty prejudices of British respectability.

"Tisn't them as 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an' steals,

Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular meals.

Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad,

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poer in a loomp is bad!"

Such had been our hero's unconscious sentiments, though he had never read the Poet Laureate's works beyond extracts appearing in collections for the use of schools. Now, he was humiliated to find himself in the same case as the poor. He might as well be in prison as starving here by himself—better indeed! for prisoners had at least something to eat.

In this bitter mood it annoyed him to listen to the thoughtless glee of those persons who gave so little heed to his troubles. He would occupy himself with a book. The first volume that offered itself to his hand was the cookery-book. Carrying it to the window, where there was still light enough to let him read, he opened it at random, and this is what his eye fell on.

"Mince the beef very fine; to each pound of meat allow three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, half a teaspoonful of mixed lemon-peel, a few chopped savoury herbs, salt and pepper to taste; mix and make into a thick paste with one or two eggs; divide into balls, and fry a rich brown. Serve with good brown gravy, or send up the gravy in a tureen, and garnish with fried parsley. Beef patties may be made by mincing and seasoning as above directed, and baking in a rich puff paste.

"Brisket of beef *a la Flamande*. About six or eight pounds of the brisket, four or five slices of bacon, two carrots, one onion, a bunch of savoury herbs, salt and pepper to taste. Two blades of mace and three or four cloves will be found an improvement.

"Put the meat into a stewpan, with the slices of bacon over and under it. Add the vegetables and seasoning, and cover with a little weak stock; close the stewpan tight, and simmer very gently for about four hours. Garnish with scooped carrots and turnips. Strain the liquor; thicken and flavour for sauce. A little cabbage may also be served round this dish, if liked."

It was intolerable. Oscar hurled the too suggestive pages to the other end of the room and went to bed. There was nothing for it but to quiet the cravings of his appetite in sleep.

(To be continued.)



NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND:

A TRICYCLE TOUR OF 2,446 MILES IN SIXTY-EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE."

40th Day.

Garve. Ullapool. Inchnadamph.



THIS morning I enjoyed another surprise. A fair damsel came in to lay and attend breakfast—the daughter, if you please, all smiles, and so pleasant. On requesting my bill, the young woman took so long in making it out that I was beginning to feel nervous about its length, when in she came, and hoped it would be satisfactory. I read as follows:

	s.	d.
Tea (two eggs, butter, and jam) ...	1	0
Bed, attendance, and fire ...	1	0
Breakfast (ham, eggs, jam, butter)...	1	0

Total ... 3 0!!

My inclination was to give five times that amount, but, on the principle that "business is business," I settled the bill as it stood, and gladly avail myself of the present opportunity



of thanking Mrs. Fraser and her daughter, and wishing them every happiness. Fortunate is the cyclist who can secure a night's lodging under their roof.

There had been showers all the morning, and a heavy one had just ceased when I started for Ullapool at 8.30 a.m. I noticed that, owing to the sheltered situation of Garve Valley, the

cereal crops were in splendid condition. From the west end of the village the road headed to the northward, through Strath Garve, and almost immediately began to ascend, continuing to do so more or less for fifteen miles. The loose sandy surface was saturated with rain, and the strong wind made the travelling rather laboured—at least, such was evidently the opinion of a Highland laddie who ran alongside of me for about a mile, for on parting he said, "Hoot mon, I dinna think meikle o' that!"

Here, as often before, I was bothered by cattle straying across the track. The silly brutes always stand with their heads lowered until one is within a few feet of them, then it is a toss up whether they are going to charge or to plunge right across my bows. Sheep sometimes annoyed me in the same manner. After some practice, I found that barking like a dog acted effectually upon them, but to get any sort of active movement out of cattle I had to imitate the voice of the lion, which attempt generally resolved itself into a roar of laughter.

I rode by the side of a burn, between monotonous green banks, for five miles, when a few trees and a group of cottages (Kirkana) hove in sight, conspicuous amongst which was a corrugated iron shooting-box. The keeper, who was airing the dogs, said that birds were plentiful in that neighbourhood.

Six miles from Garve I took the left road at the fork, and although the surface now became firm and smooth, I had great difficulty in making any headway, until the road, having made a wide sweep round to the N.W., put me under the lee of the hills.

Ross-shire is specially distinguished by its groups of mountains, the summits of which are Alpine and rocky, while the lower parts stretch out in prolonged chasms and ridges. The groups are separated from each other either by wide table-lands or pastoral valleys. Dirrie More (the long steppe), on which I had now entered, is the principal of these. It is about twenty miles in length, and nearly dead straight, the monotony of the scenery being heightened by the sombre slopes with which the Strath is bounded.

After bowling along four miles I passed Alguish Inn; it appeared to have good accommodation for man and beast, but how the landlord manages to keep out of the County Court is a puzzle to me, for I don't remember meeting more than five persons between Garve and Loch Broom. In fact, the gloomy solitude of Dirrie More is well known, and while riding along I was only reminded of my fellow-creatures by the grass-covered walls of habitations, long deserted, and by an occasional cairn marking the spot where some luckless traveller had perished in the snow. To traverse these lonely wilds on foot, where not even the bleating of a sheep breaks the perfect silence, would be intolerable, but my rapid movements caused a quick succession of fine mountain forms to pass before me, which fully occupied my attention.

Ben Wyvis was not quite up to my expectations, but I was much struck by the singular appearance of Ben Derag, which I had before me for some time. It sprang up from the plain like an island from the sea, and its resemblance to a broken-down crater reminded me of St. Paul's Island, which I once passed on the way to Australia.

The road by Loch Druin was execrable, necessitating a dismount. The fine peaks of the Dundonnell Hills are seen to advantage from this point. From the lodge at the west end of Druin I ran by a gradual descent through a wild rocky glen to Braemore, where it narrowed, and the clothing of young firs on either side showed that human skill was doing its best to reclaim the desert.

After passing the entrance gate I was riding carefully down, when over a low wall to the left I spied a bridge, and immediately afterwards was brought to a standstill by the sight of a most extraordinary chasm or rent in the earth. I dismounted, and saw as much as I could of it from the road, very much wishing to get nearer, but the grounds being private, and seeing no one about, I reluctantly proceeded to

walk down the remainder of this hill, which is dangerous.

About midway there was another rent on a much smaller scale, running at right angles to the road. Both chasms are quite vertical, and their bare mica-slate sides looked as if they had only been wrenched asunder the day before. Break a loaf of bread and place the severed sides together until they nearly meet; this will give an idea of the jagged appearance of the fissure.

Passing Braemore stables at the foot of the hill, I entered upon charming Inverbroom Valley, where, after my long journey through the wilderness, it was pleasant to hear birds singing, to see waving cornfields and snug farmhouses, while sleek cattle and sheep browsed by the side of the murmuring stream, which discharged its waters into the sea. The contrast between the stern grandeur of the ruddy screen of mountains with which the valley was girdled and this pastoral beauty enhanced the effect of the scene. While riding along I was much struck by the appearance of Craig Vore, which rose vertically to a height of 1,145 feet not far from the road.

The splendid surface enabled me to fly all the stiff undulations between the head of the loch and Ullapool, a fishing-town containing many well-built houses. Its situation, on a low sandy point, rendered it visible for some time before I reached the hotel at 1.30 p.m.

The sole lodger in this excellent establishment was a commercial gent, who, having just arrived from London town, thought himself at the world's end. Presently a school inspector joined me at luncheon, and I had the pleasure of taking a note from her to Inchnadamph. "A kindly hint to the schoolmaster," thought I, "to cram up something for the occasion."

While I was looking at a merry hay-making party in front of the hotel, a man explained that they literally have to "make hay while the sun shines," and be smart about it too, in the vicinity of the "Lake of Showers."

There is now a regular coach service between Garve and Ullapool, and on comparing times with the printed notice I found that my Cheylesmore had the best of it by a quarter of an hour.

4 p.m. Left Ullapool, once a flourishing place, but since the fish have left the bay many of the inhabitants have migrated also, leaving the remainder to get what they can out of their little crofts. After clearing the village I had to climb a steep hill, from the brow of which I had a superb retrospective view of the country I had lately passed through.

Westward a fine bay, speckled with islands, lay mapped out before me, while immediately in front stood a grim, bare, and strangely-wrinkled mass of granite (Ben More).

From the brow the road plunged headlong into a snug little cove, in which rested a few fishing-huts. I rode by these and up through a narrow defile gorgeous with purple heather. On gaining a higher level I saw that the slopes on and around Ben More were thickly covered with rocky fragments of all shapes and sizes. "A rare place for a geologist to spend a happy day," was my inward remark. I now experienced a succession of long steep braes, through a bare, bleak country. On my way I occasionally passed a solitary shieling tenanted by the shepherd, whose sheep were scattered far and wide over the scanty herbage in their endeavours to find a dainty morsel.

It was interesting to watch the ever-changing features of Ben More, Coulbeg, Coulmore, and others, which were now shapeless, now symmetrical, so that there was something fresh to notice at nearly every revolution of my wheels.

I managed to make very fair progress through this hilly region by spurring as far up each gradient as possible. I would then walk over the brow and down the steepest bit on the other side, then remount and run as far as I could up the next slope, and so on.

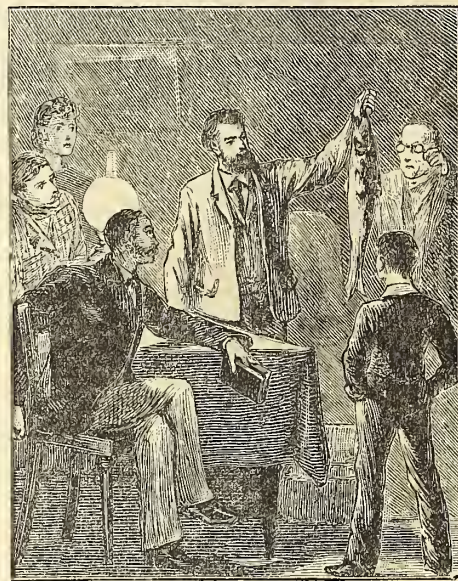
When fourteen miles from Ullapool the telegraph wires turned off to the left, and followed a branch road through a fine-looking pass. I felt doubtful about this, as there was only one track in my map (Black's Sutherland), and

seeing a house, I went there to make inquiries. It proved to be a shooting-box with a keeper's cottage attached. I entered the latter, and learned that the left-hand road was a new route to Loch Inver. While resting here I had a good view of Fiddler's Peak, which my friend at Kinlochewe had told me to look out for. I thought it resembled a cone with a piece chopped out.

After leaving the cottage I walked up a stiff hill for a mile, then rode for two more on a narrow track through a wild glen, passing one or two lochans on the way. On turning a corner I suddenly found myself on the brink of a precipice, with a noble landscape spread out before me.

Away to the north-east stretched a verdant plain, enclosed by steep hills, and brightened by silvery Camaloch and other picturesque sheets of water. The scene was overlooked and frowned upon by the More Assynt range of mountains, some green and heathery, others of a dull white colour, like half-melted snow. The glow of the evening sun lighted up and showed out every detail with great distinctness, and while it was clear and fine with me, not five miles distant the sky was obscured by a pall of dense clouds, from which streaks of heavy rain were descending. On looking back I could see the graceful forms of Coulbeg and others sketched against the sky. The *tout ensemble* was very impressive.

I had to exercise considerable caution in running round the cliff, and stopped several times to admire the fantastical crags which glistened over my head. Passing the hamlets Knochan and Elphin, I came to level ground at Ledmore, a straggling village. A mile of rough travelling brought me to the main road



from Oykel Bridge, where I turned to the left. At this junction I saw something which appeared like a small dovecot. Wondering what this could be used for, I inquired, and discovered that it was a letter-box. I afterwards noticed numbers of these at cross roads all over the country.

I now ran merrily down a gentle slope, through Glen Assynt, passing the Ledbeg marble quarries and pretty Loch Awe. When about two miles from Inchnadamph, I rode along a splendid limestone ridge, about two hundred and fifty feet in height, and beautifully tapestried with ivy. 8.30. Reached the neat hotel at the head of Loch Assynt.

While putting away my tricycle I heard the landlord rating one of his men for being so long in driving to Loch Inver and back. His reply was, "I could not go faster; the road was so bad that I feared for the springs of the dog-cart."

As his master accepted this excuse, and also

told me that the road would not do for my machine, I gave up my intended trip to Loch Inver. From what I have since heard, I should advise the cyclist to try it, as the scenery will amply repay his labour.

There is generally one private room in these hotels. In this instance it was already occupied; a family, some anglers, and myself completed the coffee-room party, and filled the house. After the family and myself had had tea the fishermen returned from their day's sport, and there was great excitement while weighing their basket.

While speaking about the fissure near Loch Broom, one of my companions remarked that the view from the bridge across the chasm was the

most awe-inspiring he had ever witnessed, and as others may wish to see it, I append a short description, kindly given me by one who knows the locality well.

"Of the six principal ravines on the Braemore estate, the one most generally known is on the Garve and Ullapool road, called 'Corrie Halloch' (ugly gully); height, 200 feet; width, 84 feet. The best view is obtained by passing through a wicket-gate from the public road, along a private path, to a point where the ravine, a waterfall of 135 feet deep, and the suspension-bridge above it, are seen together. During heavy floods, the thundering roar of the falling torrent, and the spray thrown high aloft, with its own rainbow in the midst, produces an

effect really very grand, and probably not to be surpassed in Great Britain."

I may add that Mr. Fowler kindly permits the public to make use of the paths leading to the bridge.

Before midnight it came on to pour with rain.

N.B.—Although I had many views of Mount Suilven, it never took the beautiful cone-shape which I had been prepared to admire.

Distance—Garve to Ullapool ... = 32 miles.

Ullapool to Inchnadamph ... = 26 "

Total ... 58 "

(To be continued.)

THE ILL-USED BOY; OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By Mrs. EILOART, AUTHOR OF "JACK AND JOHN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—HOW LAWRENCE IS OFFERED A SITUATION AS TUTOR.

THE three gentlemen from England stood by while Gertrude explained to her aunt how it was they accompanied her, and the latter looked at them very sympathetically, but laughed outright when she heard how Lawrence had saved her niece from the bear. She clapped him on the shoulder in the friendliest manner possible, and then told Gertrude she must come with her friends to dinner. Everybody was going to the midday meal, and Fritz could mind the baskets for an hour or two. She called Fritz, who was sitting behind a pile of baskets, steadily munching an apple, and gave her goods into his charge. Then she marched in in front, and led the way to her shop.

It was not a large place, and the master sat in a corner, very busily weaving baskets. Behind the shop was a sitting-room, with an ornamented stove, and the table spread for dinner. The hostess was very good-tempered, and, like Gertrude's mother, who was her sister, the hungry mouths coming unexpectedly seemed to trouble her very little. They had cottage soup again, and more baked potatoes, and some fish of which they did not know the name; and the boys were pressed to eat, and made very welcome, and, just as they had

done, the showman—the bear's master—came in. He was not very tall, but he looked big by the side of Gertrude. He lifted the little woman right off her feet and kissed her; then, when he set her down again, he caught sight of Lawrence, and recognised him, with some surprise at the meeting. When he heard from Gertrude how



it was they had come there, he looked still more surprised; it seemed to puzzle him how English boys, especially when one of them could use his fist so readily, could be in such a plight. Then he told them he was going to exhibit his bear that afternoon in the great square, and would they come and look on; and if the young English gentleman would not be offended, he should be glad if he would give the bear a lesson or two. He would not have asked him, but as he was in difficulties he might be glad to earn a little—enough to pay the Frau here for board and

lodging while they were waiting to hear from their friends.

Lawrence hesitated.

"I don't like being bear-leader," he said to Ted and Robert. "I don't know what the fellow means by asking such a thing of me."

"He means to put you in the way of earning bread and cheese," said Ted. "Don't take offence; if that consul can't or won't help us I don't see what else we are to do. It's all right," he said to the showman. "I mean," he added in German, "we'll all come and see the bear, and my friend here"—he nudged Lawrence as he spoke—"will soon teach him good behaviour."

Then the showman left them, and they followed soon after, when Lawrence observed.

"It would really be better, before I make an exhibition of myself, for us to apply to the consul and see if he will help us."

"Well," said Ted, "I've been thinking about that as we came down the river. I'd plenty of time for thinking while Bob and you were telling each other those long stories about castles and robbers and dragons' teeth. What a lot of nonsense people do talk about the Rhine, to be sure! And I don't quite fancy that after all the consul will be quite so ready to help us as I thought he would. You see how full this place is, and there must be lots of people of all sorts always coming and going, and how can he tell the decent sort from the queer ones? It's my opinion he'll say he'll write to our friends, and we must wait till he hears from them. Perhaps, if they've workhouses in Germany, he'll tell us we'd better go to one."

"Oh, he'll know better than that!" cried Lawrence, indignantly.

"I'm not so sure," said Ted. "We're all getting precious seedy. Well, we've got a little money—enough to keep us, without sponging on that good lady who gave us our dinner, and if by teaching a bear to dance we can get a little more, why, all the better. Then Bob here, who's a good hand at writing, can let James know how we're going on, and what a muff I was about the money. I dare say your uncle is well enough by this time to sign a cheque, and maybe is worrying himself about what has become of us. If he isn't, we know James is all right, and won't tell him anything he shouldn't. Any way, I'm sure James will get the money for us. He'll go to the doctor for

advice, and perhaps the doctor will put him in the way of it. But I'm sure of one thing—we ought to let them know at Clapton how we're getting on, in case your uncle asks after us; and somehow or other James will find a way of sending us the money to get home again. And of course, between my father and your uncle, he'll know it will all be made up to him in the end."

"I hope he'll send us enough to make Gertrude a wedding present," said Robert.

"Yes, I'd rather do that for her than tame her husband's bear for him," said Lawrence.

"Oh, let's do both if we can," said Ted. "Come away and look after the bear now, and Bob shall write to Clapton in the evening."

So it was settled, and they walked on to the square, in a corner of which Hans Brocken, Gertrude's intended, had set up his van.

(To be continued.)

PEGGING AWAY.

WELL, Johnson, so you're up for an exam:

You mean to pass, you know you'll have to work;

You can't depend upon a fortnight's cram,

You won't get through if you are going to shirk.

And Brown, there, means to be a dab at fives:

He doesn't think that luck will make him play;

So spite of all temptations, he contrives

To get a half-hour's practice every day.

Thus it would seem that, though a boy is clever,

If he won't work he must remain a dunce;

To win a game must cost you some endeavour,

You can't become a player all at once.

And do you think it is an easier matter

To live uprightly than to play at fives?

That corn will grow although no seed you scatter,

And noble actions spring from careless lives?

Oh no! it needs a steady long persistence

To conquer all your tendencies to wrong;

Evil survives occasional resistance,

To do the right needs practice all day long.

PAUL BLAKE.

Correspondence.

TONY.—There is no reason why you should be unable to get our second volume in your town. It can be obtained through any bookseller who chooses to take the trouble to apply for it, or we will send it direct if the cost is prepaid. All back parts, plates, and volumes may be had.

EDWARD S. BOWEY.—Persistent application personally and by letter is the only way.

A. E. B.—There are no parts out of print. Your bookseller has only told you so to save himself the trouble of applying for them.

A. H. HANNAM.—1. The stamps with "soldi" on them are Italian. 2. No.

PUFF ADDER.—Mr. Gould's great works on Ornithology are published by H. Sotheran and Co.

GRENADA.—We cannot publish the private addresses of our contributors; but if you send a letter we will forward it.

ARIZONA.—The plan seems all right. We should like to know how you get on with your ice-boat.

JOHN CANT.—There are observations on canoes in Nos. 113 and 141.

T. S. NEWALL.—It is a well-known incident in English history, appearing in most of the books. It is the subject of a poem by Alfred Tennyson, which appeared first in the "Nineteenth Century" some time ago, and can be had from his publishers with his other works. Your description is not sufficient.

TEMPUS FUGIT.—To stop holes in indiarubber goods you cement patches of the material over the holes with the solution of rubber and benzoline we have so frequently given.

AN AMATEUR BOAT-BUILDER.—Try "Boat building for Amateurs," published by Gill at 170, Strand.

AGAMEMNON.—Bats are oiled to prevent them from cracking. It keeps them in condition.

E. E. R.—You cannot possibly know anything of the men or their works, or you would not ask such questions. Sir Charles Reed did *not* write "It's Never Too Late to Mend," neither did he write "Love me little love me long," nor "Hard Cash," nor "Christie Johnstone," nor—but we need not say any more. Charles Kingsley and Canon Kingsley were one and the same man. People are not born canons. The volumes are of course sold complete, presentation plates and all, and the advertisements say so.

M. LEWIS.—There is no difficulty. All such statements are good only for the time at which they are made. The height and chest measurement for both army and navy vary with the supply of recruits. A tendency upwards means that the supply is exceeding the demand,

and that the authorities can afford to pick their men; a tendency downwards that the demand is exceeding the supply, and that the authorities are glad to take smaller men to fill up the vacancies.

A YOUNG ACCOUNTANT.—You must be articleed, or you cannot be a member of the Institute. We answered the question last September.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We fully explained how to read a gas-meter in No. 108.

TORTOISE.—1. A secret society ceases to be secret if its secrets are known to others than its members. 2. Speaking generally, freehold property belongs to the holder absolutely, and without payments of any sort; copyhold property belongs to the lord of the manor, and every time it changes hands the new holder or tenant, on coming into possession, has to pay a specified fine or sum as an acknowledgment of the fact; and leasehold property belongs to the holder only so long as he pays the rent, and only for the number of years covenanted in the deed. In short, leaseholders hold their land for a definite time, copyholders for life, freeholders for ever. This is of course only a rough explanation. 3. A generation is taken as thirty-three years.



THOUGHTS OF THE COMING HOLIDAYS

THE BOYS' OWN PAPER

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THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER.

CHAPTER V.

JEM did not seem in any hurry to move forward. "There will be plenty of other ships," he said. "We shall soon get a berth, and perhaps wish ourselves out of it. They are badly in want of men for the navy, and are pressing them into the service whether they will or no. It's a hard life; but other places are hard too; you'll soon find that out."

Jack took a more hopeful view of their prospects, and urged his companion to make haste. Nevertheless, he stood there himself rooted to the spot, and unable, apparently, to take his eyes from the view which it commanded.

"It's no use being in a hurry," said Jem; "we had better rest and go in fresh. I'm horribly tired, and hungry too. Let us look

"An old Jew stopped him."

out for a shop where we can get some victuals."

Jack was fain to consent to this proposal, and they rested for two or three hours at a roadside inn, and then resumed their journey, and arrived at Portsmouth early in the afternoon.

What Jem had said about the distant prospect being the most pleasing was only too true. The streets of Portsmouth, after they had passed the gates, were anything but pleasant to look upon, and the blue-jackets who thronged them, boisterous and uproarious, being in many cases the worse for liquor, seemed to confirm the weeping widow's sentence that they were a low set. But Jack ashore is usually seen at a disadvantage, and sailors in those days were not so well cared for, either in soul or body, as they are now. Those who spent their time and money in the drinking-shops were, moreover, the worst specimens of their class, and would have been equally unsteady perhaps if their occupation had been upon the land instead of on the sea. "There be land-rats and water-rats," as Shakespeare puts it.

It was not without difficulty that Jack and his companion made their way among the little knots of noisy men and women by whom the streets were peopled. Their appearance attracted attention, and they were frequently accosted and stopped. Here a group of toppers sitting outside the "Jolly Bumboat" manifested a benevolent desire to treat them both to grog, and because they declined the offer pelted them with fruit from a stall which chanced to be within reach. There a half-intoxicated bully, standing across their path, tried to catch hold of them, that he might pay them out for being saucy, though their only offence had been an effort to get out of his way. In an open space under a gateway a black man, seated upon a cask, was furiously playing a three-stringed fiddle, while a party of men and women kept up a lively but uncertain dance to his uncertain measures.

In strange and painful contrast to this scene of dissipation and folly, a poor mother might be observed, through the open door of one of the houses, taking leave of her son, loading him with such poor comforts as she could spare, and, with quivering lips and tearful eyes, giving him good advice, invoking the Divine blessing upon him, and praying for his safe return; or a seaman, above and distinct from the thoughtless crew around him, with resolute but tender looks, bidding farewell to wife and children, who, clinging to his knees, scarcely suffered him to depart, fearing, with only too much reason, that they might never look upon his face again.

Jack had never ceased to regret the loss of his shiny hat with the bullet-holes in it; and especially, now that he was in Portsmouth, and disguise was no longer necessary, he had a great desire to get rid both of the smock, which he carried under his arm, and of the billycock upon his head.

An old Jew, sitting at the door of a second-hand clothes shop, stopped him, and, laying his hand upon the bundle, offered to buy it. Jack proposed an exchange, and the old man, seizing the hat and bundle, carried them into a back parlour, and remained there so long that the boys began to doubt whether he were ever coming out again.

"What you want?" he asked, crossly, when they at length followed him into his den.

"I want my smock and hat," said Jack, "or else another hat in exchange."

"Smock and hat; go 'long, you idle poys, go 'long."

"I won't go till I have my things," said Jack.

"Shings? What do I know of your shings? O tear, O tear! what poys is! what poys is!"

"You took them away, and I must have the value of them."

"Falue! They is not wort' not'ing—noting at all. I t'rowed dem away; dey is gone."

"They must come back again," cried Jack, fiercely.

"O tear, O tear!" cried the Jew. "I don't know vere to find dem. I would not touch one of dem wid de tougs."

"Give me another hat instead," Jack persevered.

"O tear me! what poys is! Well, I shall see."

By this time a crowd was beginning to assemble outside the shop; and the Jew, anxious to avoid a disturbance, took down an old battered chimney-pot hat, with the brim hanging in tatters, and offered it to Jack.

"Dere," he said, "take dat; I give it you; take dat and go."

Jack, indignant at such an offer, the hat being ten times worse than the one he had just been wearing, threw it upon the floor, and again demanded his own. The Jew then offered him an old cloth cap with a regimental number on it, which had once belonged to a soldier's fatigue suit, at which Jack was of course even more exasperated.

"Give me a proper sailor's hat," he cried, "or else give me my own things again."

But the Jew only continued to exclaim, "O tear, O tear! what poys is! what all poys is! Take it and go away. I got not'ing else for you; go away, go away."

Jack, however, was not so easily to be dismissed; and, turning round, made an appeal to some men who were looking on at the shop door, and told them how he had been treated.

"It's just like him," said a sailor, laughing. "He would strip his own brother and cast him adrift naked, if he had the chance. What do you want, boy?"

"A sailor's hat," said Jack; "that's all."

"Take that, then," said the seaman, snatching an old but decent-looking straw hat from a shelf in spite of the Jew's resistance. "Exchange is no robbery."

It certainly was not in this case; and Jack, thanking the good-humoured tar for his assistance, put the hat upon his head, and walked out of the shop, heedless of the Jew, who followed him with execrations.

Pressing forward again, with mingled feelings of anxiety and hope, the two boys found themselves presently upon the quay near the gate of the dockyard. Boats were there plying for hire, and others belonging to the ships-of-war waiting to take off the men who were ashore on leave, or any new hands that could be persuaded or entrapped to join their several crews, for most of the ships were undermanned, and seamen were in great request, as Jem had said.

Here Jack had his first near view of a ship-of-war, and could not sufficiently admire the lofty sides and bulwarks, and the tier above tier of guns whose black muzzles peered forth from the portholes, the tall masts, and the intricate network of ropes by which they were surrounded.

While they were watching with intense interest the busy scene going on upon the water, the various sounds with which their ears were filled ceased almost suddenly, and the measured tread of footsteps was heard instead. A strange and sad procession was approaching; a body of marines carrying something upon their shoulders, slowly, steadily, and carefully. It might have been an open bier from the appearance of it, and that inanimate form which lay upon it might have been a corpse. The face was pale and emaciated, the lips dry and bloodless; the eyes alone moved, turning languidly from side to side, as if trying in vain to take in the scene before them. The inexpressive movement of those dull eyes was the only token of life in the poor sufferer, as he was carried in the litter through the gazing and now silent crowd.

Another litter followed, and another—eight or ten in succession, each tenanted by a seemingly lifeless form stretched upon its back, and all alike in their helplessness: only the faces differed; one being flushed with pain or fever, another half concealed with bandages, one swollen and puffed, another almost transparent in its thinness.

Following the litters were some carried in chairs, and others leaning upon crutches or supported on the strong arms of comrades, but all bore the marks of suffering, and even those who were convalescent were worn and emaciated.

The crowd looked on with sympathy and pity, giving expression to their feelings only in whispered remarks while the worst cases were being carried past. Once when they would have raised a cheer for the sufferers, the medical officer in charge, by a look and gesture, repressed the generous impulse, knowing that any excitement would be dangerous to his patients, whose hearts were already full to overflowing in the consciousness of being once more upon their native land, though it might be that they had only come to lay their bones there, and to find rest under its friendly soil.

For this they had longed and prayed—to see again the loving faces of their friends and kindred bending over them, to feel once more the pressure of their hands, to hear their voices, and then to die in peace and end their pain. That was all that they had hoped for, some of them; even that had seemed too great a happiness ever to be realised. But now that they were arrived, and were landed upon the shore of old England, the very fact that they were at home again inspired new hopes, and caused the tears which no torment of the flesh could wring from their manly eyes to flow in streams over their worn and sorrowful cheeks; and when the bearers stopped for a moment, while the gates were thrown open, it was pleasant to see how gently the rough-handed soldiers, while giving them some little restorative, wiped at the same time the moisture from their faces.

Soldiers! Yes; these were soldiers who, keeping step and moving evenly and slowly, carried the litters with so much care upon their shoulders, and waited so feelingly upon their wounded comrades. Jack could not help noticing this, and acknowledged in his heart that those who wore the objectionable uniform were as good men, and worthy of as much esteem, as any of the bluejackets, for whom hitherto all his admiration had been reserved. There was some good in the drill, too—"pipeclay," as he had often called it—since it enabled

them to march so steadily and with one accord under their living burdens, to whom every abrupt or sudden movement would have been torture.

Soldiers! Yes, indeed! Why not? What difference can it make, whether a man's coat is red or blue or black? The same flesh and blood throbs under it, and the same breath of the Almighty gives it life. There are good men and true in every rank and station; it is not a man's clothes (nor a woman's neither) that call for respect or reprobation, but the character and conduct. It is all summed up in one short sentence of the Apostle Paul—"Brethren, let every man wherein he is called, therein abide *with God*."

Jack resolved within himself, at that moment, that he would never think badly of a soldier again because of his profession; not only so, but if ever he could do a good turn to a marine he would do it and be glad. But he did not wish to be either a soldier or marine himself nevertheless.

When the greater part of the sufferers had passed through the gate of the dockyard, where provision had been made for them in some of the Government buildings, there was a check, from some cause or other, and the bystanders pressed forward to shake hands with those who remained outside, or to exchange words of kindness with them. Among them was a young boy with his arm in a sling, who, though he had walked but a short distance from the landing-place, was evidently distressed with the unaccustomed exercise. Jack stepped up to him, and, as the other gladly took his arm, they passed together through the gates, Jem also following, which were presently closed upon the rest of the crowd.

He was a ship's boy, who had been shot in the arm; and though the wound had partly healed, the joint was stiff, the bullet being embedded under the tendons of the wrist, where it was almost impossible to reach it. Jack looked upon the boy as a hero. To be wounded in action was, to him, an event to be proud of; only he would rather, for his own part, have the bullet anywhere else, where it would not disable him from future service. It was always the way, Jem said; whatever happened, it was sure to be in the very place where you didn't want it. Jack asked the sufferer a great many questions, as to how it felt, and, in plain terms, how he liked it; but the poor boy did not seem to be so much elated by the catastrophe as he ought to have been. The pain, he confessed, had been awful; and the sick-bay (as the hospital on board ship is called), to which he had been confined for several weeks, was a dreadful place. He was so thankful to be out of it. It was not so much the bullet that he cared for, though it had doubled his fingers up and stiffened them so that he could not open his hand; the worst of it was that the doctors had tried to get it out and were going to try again. There was no chloroform in those days, and he dreaded the surgeon's knife. He did not mind being in action, he said; but to sit still and be cut about afterwards was a different thing. He wished they would cut off his arm and have done with it.

"You don't mean that?" said Jack.

"Yes I do," he answered. "If my arm were off I should have a pension for the rest of my life, but as it is I shan't. I wish they would cut it off; that's all I want."

"Ah!" said Jem, "if that's what it

comes to I don't so much care about going to sea; I'd rather keep both my arms and stay ashore."

After that Jack felt his respect for the hero a little diminished; yet what could be more natural than that a boy, fresh from a scene of suffering and misery, should have no wish to return to it. Jack himself, who as yet knew nothing at all of a seafaring life except from the pleasant stories he had heard and the ramblings of his own imagination, could not but feel his ardour damped at the sight of these victims—only a few waifs and strays from the mass of suffering humanity with whose blood the many decks of many noble ships had been saturated. The stern realities of war are but poorly compensated by the veil of sentiment and glory cast over them by those who only hear of such things at a distance. Jack meant to be a sailor in spite of all that he had seen and heard; but when he took leave of his hero and went out again through the gate of the dockyard, he was a sadder if not a wiser boy than when he entered.

Jem followed him, more gloomy and depressed than ever; and they went about looking at the boats lying near the quay, in the hope of seeing one with the name "Hailstorm" written on it—though Jem hinted that he did not think he should ship in the Hailstorm or any other fighting vessel after all that he had seen and heard, but should try for a berth in the merchant service. Jack was very angry with him; and those two, who had agreed to be fast friends, came very near to quarrelling and parting before the day of their first meeting was over.

"I am not going to run away like a coward, at all events," said Jack. "You can come with me or not, as you like."

"I'm not a coward," Jem replied, "any more than you are; and I'm not going to run away, but—"

"Well, then, come along," said Jack, and, taking him by the arm, led him along the quay.

"What ships are there in port?" he asked, addressing the first sailor that he met.

"Ships? Why, there's the Billy-rough-un and the Tight un and the Polly-famous, and a lot more."

Jack thought the old tar was laughing at him, not recognising the Bellerophon, the Titan, and the Polyphemus under such disguises.

"What ship do you want?" the seaman asked.

"The Hailstorm, if she is to be found."

"Hailstorm? Oh, ah! she's at anchor at Spithead; there's one of her boats alongside now. There she lies."

Turning in the direction to which the seaman pointed, Jack saw a man-of-war's boat not fifty yards off, with a man sitting in her, on the ribbon of whose hat the name Hailstorm was printed in golden letters. Another glance showed him a very small officer on the quay, standing with his legs straightened and far apart, and his chin in the air, looking very important.

"Why, there's Max!" he cried, in great delight, and hastened towards him.

Max heard what he said, and, catching sight of Jack, stepped forward to meet him, holding out his hand, but drew himself up again the next instant, as if afraid of compromising his dignity, and only welcomed Jack with looks of unaffected pleasure.

"Why, where did you come from?" Mr. Wren asked.

"From home, to be sure!" said Jack.

"Did you see mam—my mother, I mean?"

"No, Master Max; she was not at the hall when I started."

"Don't call me Max," said the officer, in a low tone. "I don't mind it, of course, but it won't do here."

"Of course not," said Jack. "I beg your pardon; I'll be more careful."

"All right!" said the midshipman. "You won't mind, will you?"

They understood each other, and though a good deal of conversation ensued, it was without undue familiarities on either side. Jack asked if there was any chance of a berth for him and Jem in the Hailstorm, and Mr. Wren thought there was. He called to the coxswain to come ashore, and pointed to the two boys.

"Want to ship?" the coxswain asked.

"Yes," said Jack, quickly.

"No," said Jem, at the same moment.

The coxswain said nothing.

"I have a great mind to take them on board," Mr. Wren remarked, as if talking to himself, but with a view to elicit the coxswain's opinion, which he thought it inconsistent with his dignity to ask; but the coxswain did not speak.

"We are short of boys, I know," said the midshipman.

The coxswain, a broad-chested, black-bearded fellow, whose name was Box, looked down upon his superior officer and smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" said the midshipman, in a gruff treble.

"Nothin'," said Box, drawing his hand across his mouth.

"Well, we are short of boys, ain't we?" Mr. Wren asked, at last.

"We wants a few more *for'ard*," the man said, emphasising the last word, that it might be understood that, in his opinion, there were plenty and to spare upon the quarter-deck among the officers.

"Where are those fellows?" the young officer exclaimed abruptly. "I shall report them when I go on board."

"You shouldn't have given them leave, sir, begging your pardon," said the coxswain.

"Why didn't you tell me so before?"

"It ain't my place to dictate to my superior officer," said Box, looking straight over the midshipman's head with an air of great gravity and a large quid of tobacco in his cheek. "I gave you a wink, but you didn't take no notice of it."

"I can't take notice of winks," Mr. Wren replied, stiffly.

For an able-bodied seaman to express his opinion to his commanding officer by winks seemed to the little midshipman a very great liberty.

"Very well, sir; I don't want to give advice to my superior officer if it ain't asked for," the man replied, with a comical bow, "but a wink's as good as a word, between *man* and *man*."

Mr. Wren coloured.

"Don't be"—saucy, he was going to say, but he seemed to perceive the absurdity of such a word in this instance, and changed it for "disagreeable."

"Else you'll report me?" Box answered.

The midshipman said no more. He could not report the coxswain for being "disagreeable." Moreover the man was not only civil to him, as a rule, but useful also, and he was glad to have him for his friend, the only difficulty between them arising from the necessity which the small midshipman felt of keeping up his dignity.

(To be continued.)

FISH, AND HOW TO CATCH THEM.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE, AUTHOR OF "FISHING TACKLE, AND HOW TO MAKE IT," ETC., ETC.

2.—HOW TO CATCH TENCH.

THE tench is usually found occupying the same water as the carp, and their natures are not very different. Except that the tench differs so much in appearance, it would seem that they were near relations by the fact that they feed on nearly the same food, and are of somewhat similar habits and manners. The nick-name, if such it should be called, of the tench is the "physician of fishes," owing to the supposed salutary effect its presence amongst other fishes is said to have.

Tench are in best condition just about the time that carp are fittest.

The *tackle* is precisely similar for tench to that in use for carp. As it will be often found that tench bite best when it is sometimes quite dark, it is well to tie a little white feather on the top of the float on such occasions.

Do not strike immediately you see the float move, for this reason. Tench, when taking the bait, do so as it were standing on their heads, and rise slowly in an inclined lateral direction before really swallowing it. It is, therefore, wise to allow of the float moving away a little before striking. Perform this as advised when speaking of carp, and be prepared for many blind and strong rushes of the fish. The tench gives good sport, and is a really excellent addition to the breakfast table.

3.—HOW TO CATCH BREAM.

The bream is a fairly good sporting fish, though it is not remarkably good eating. There are several kinds of bream in English waters, but the common bream, as found in the Thames, is that which is mostly valued for sport. The largest bream ever taken in England weighed 11½ lb.,

and was taken from one of the Norfolk broads and preserved.

The bream delights in swift-running deep water, as the tails of weirs, or in quiet eddies, as in the deeps near Chertsey or Walton-on-Thames, and when it is found in lakes it generally prefers very deep water.

The *tackle* required when fishing for bream in running water is of a stouter character than that which is suitable for carp or tench. Mr. Slater, of Newark-on-Trent, makes a rod of sufficient stoutness for the purpose. It should be of not unwieldy proportions, however, but of about

13 ft. in length, and of moderate pliancy. The *line* may be of silk, either twisted or plaited, and should not be of less than 100 yards in length.

The *reel* is preferably of wood, after the Nottingham make, and the rod correspondingly longer than that used for carp and tench, though, of course, if it be of fairly large dimensions, it will do for bream. In fact, a rod with one or two spare tops of different degrees of pliancy will suffice for the capture of all the "non-preying" fishes. A good bottom fishing-rod for all purposes can be purchased for a very reasonable sum, and altered in length and pliancy as becomes necessary by means of the tops referred to.

The hook-line consists of about three feet of gut, of the finest consistent with strength. Several shots are placed at intervals down this, not actually for the purpose of rendering the float upright in the water. This is effected by slipping a perforated lead on the gut, which is apportioned to the buoyancy of the float, or otherwise its weight and size. The float has commonly

two rings on it, one at each end, through which the line passes, and after the depth is ascertained this float is stayed from passing up towards the rod's point by a piece of match or straw. When a fish bites and the angler strikes, of course the float is not lifted as well, as the line is free to pass through its rings; hence when the water is deep, and the bait a long distance probably, the effect of the strike is felt with greater certainty than if the float, which is often large and heavy, were lifted bodily out of the water, as in tench and carp fishing. The hook should be of rather large



size, but not of the largest. The method thus described is termed *slide-corking*.

When fishing for bream in a running stream the following is the way of preparation. Ascertain first of course if there really are bream in the locality. This is not easy unless you can see the bottom, and the word of the fishermen living in the neighbourhood must in any other case be relied on. Then commence baiting for some three or four days with either chandler's greaves or lob-worms. If the weather be too dry to allow of obtaining the worms—though they can be got in dry weather, as I will presently tell you—get the greaves and chop them up into chips and boil them until quite soft (they can be got of any candle-maker at about twopence a pound). Strain off the liquor and pick out the whitest pieces for hook-baits when you come to fish. Let them get cold, and having ascertained the depth and velocity of stream, and so calculated how far the greaves will float down stream before reaching the place where the fish are, cast in say about a pint or a pint and a half each night, *missing the night before* the day on which you fish. A piece of the whitest greaves forms the hook-bait; and if you have not sickened the fish with too much ground-baiting, a splendid day's sport will probably reward the trouble taken. I prefer lob-worms to greaves for my own use.

Lob-worms are generally to be got as follows in the driest of weather. Perhaps attached to the garden is a lawn kept closely cut—any one will give you permission to take worms from a lawn-tennis or cricket ground. This must be watered by means of the watering-pot, copiously,

towards evening. Do not be afraid to work at this, boys; give the grass plenty of water, and you will earn the thanks of the gardener and your own when you have your worms. Well, after having wetted it well, you can rest till it is quite dark, and, getting an old pitcher, go to work "picking wums," as the worm-farmers of Nottingham say—for there they actually farm worms for the London and other tackle and bait sellers. Now it requires considerable dexterity and quickness of movement, after you have "spotted" your worm, to pick him up. Sharp's the word and quick's the motion of finger and thumb, else you have either broken or lost him. I have "picked" myself, on a dry summer's night, no less than four quarts clear of worms in this way.

Having got them, what is next to be done? Simply bait as I directed you to do with the greaves. Do not use more than a pint each night, and from these pick out all the brightest and most lively ones for the hook. Place these in damp moss, keeping them in a cool place in warm weather, and a warm, dry place in winter, changing the moss every other day, and picking out any that may have died. Have a few pints of rough worms on the day you fish in the boat or with you, and from time to time cast in a few, chopped up or broken. Run the hook from the head to tail of the worm, after rolling it in sand to allow of the fingers retaining their hold the more effectually in the baiting process. There may seem cruelty in this, but I am told by a very high authority that though the worm undoubtedly suffers, the contortions are not entirely due to pain, but to a reflex action

of the nerves. I do not like giving pain to anything unnecessarily, but I think, in the case of fishing, the good derivable from its practice far outweighs any demoralising influence likely to result from the causing of pain to the worm or the fish.

Sometimes a stiffer rod is used, with a somewhat stouter line, and a leger, or oblong lead, through which a hole is bored. This lead is threaded on the gut and stayed by a shot, which keeps the leger at about a yard from the hook. The lead and bait are cast into the water and kept tight till the bob-bob of the top of the rod proclaims the biting of a fish. Then strike rather vigorously and instantly, or you will not succeed in hooking your fish.

So much for bream fishing in running water. By-the-bye, I forgot to say before that bream are in best condition about the middle of August.

Fishing for bream in *still* water does not materially differ except in the employment of a stationary and much longer float than is used in the preceding style. Indeed, in Norfolk and Suffolk they use a float quite a foot longer, made of cork or deal. Still-water bream run rather larger, as a rule, than those from streams, and are by no means puny antagonists. Grains, greaves, potatoes, rice, first boiled, are all useful in still water, and I have known sweet pastes to be used with remarkable success. How to make a few pastes, of more or less efficacy, will be told when I come to that inveterate paste-eater, the roach.

(To be continued.)

THE ILL-USED BOY; OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By MRS. EILOART, AUTHOR OF "JACK AND JOHN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—LAWRENCE MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE UPON ANY STAGE.

THERE was no large picture up to show glories of the exhibition—no attempt to attract customers. The show stood there drawn up on one side like a hay waggon or a vehicle for the removal of furniture. Hans had been making a "tour of the provinces," and had come to Cologne to meet Gertrude and make her his bride, when they were to start for their honeymoon with the bear and the monkeys. But the bear was very hard to manage; Hans had never had such a difficult animal to contend with, and when he found Lawrence at Gertrude's aunt's he was only too anxious to secure his services in bringing that refractory animal to his good behaviour.

He had only come to the outskirts of Cologne the previous night, and now had drawn up in the square with the intention of displaying his grand picture on the morrow, and making the General go through his paces in public. And he now stood at the door of the van looking out anxiously for Lawrence and his friends.

He greeted them very warmly when they came, and took them inside the van, where they found the General in a compartment at the end, very strongly fenced off from its neighbourhood. Half of this compartment was set aside for Mademoiselle Panache and Madame Lebrun, two slim and graceful monkeys who were in the habit of figuring in public as ladies of fashion. There was a smaller monkey, the son of madame, who sometimes appeared in public as a page, and a snug old gentleman, her husband, who never could be persuaded to act anything but grumpy old gentlemen or sour-tempered invalids. The General was crouching in a corner of his

chamber, looking out of temper with himself and everybody else—and no wonder, poor fellow, for if he came at all near the monkeys, mademoiselle or madame would put out her skinny arms and pull his hair, or monsieur swear at him and show his teeth, and even le petit would make faces as if in derision of the unfortunate warrior.

The inside of the van smelt close, not to say stuffy, and it looked as if it was time Gertrude came to keep it in order. The

bed, and Hans Brocken called the General out and asked Lawrence to assist with his toilet.

"That is where he gives me most trouble," he said in German. "I cannot get him to understand that a dress is necessary for his appearance in public. You will see."

He opened the door of the bear's sleeping-place, and had him out. Then he proceeded to attire him, but Bruin growled.

"Talk to him, talk to him, mein herr," said Hans; "he will mind you. Oh! it is an ill-conditioned brute, the General! He is enough to make one give up this life; if all were like him I should not earn bread to eat. But I think you are his master, and it will do me a service if you tame him, and make it easier for me and my Gertrude."

He said this so pathetically that it was difficult for the boys to avoid laughing. He was so round and red, so unlike a lover, and poor Gertrude did not seem the least like a bride. Still, if the bear could be broken into better behaviour, Lawrence thought it would be rather a thing to be proud of, and he set to work with a will. He was not in the least afraid of the bear, having proved himself a match for him, and somehow the General was aware of this fact. Then Ted and Robert were sympathising spectators, and so, before long, Lawrence found himself putting the bear through his paces and making him perform all the tricks that Hans said he ought to do. This took up some time, and when the lesson was over they went back to Gertrude's aunt, where Robert wrote a long letter to James, telling him of their misfortunes, and asking for enough money to



General's uniform and the dresses of the ladies were hanging up on pegs over the

pay their expenses home. Their uncle, however, was not to be troubled on any account if not well enough.

"I'd sooner stop here giving the General lessons for ever, than that," said Lawrence, and he really meant it.

After that they went to bed, quite tired out with the various excitements they had gone through, and the next morning they went down to the market-place to witness the public performance of the General, whom they all expected to find much better for the lessons Lawrence had given him.

But in this they were disappointed. The General would have nothing to say to his master in public, and would do nothing for him either. He would neither dance, nor smoke, nor dandle the youngest monkey as if he were a baby. Poor Hans was in despair. The whole exhibition now turned on the three monkeys, and they were not enough to make it sufficiently attractive to be remunerative. When he came in to dinner he was almost broken-hearted, and Gertrude had to console him. Lawrence was really sorry, and he promised to give the bear another lesson, which he did that afternoon, and then Hans so worked upon his feelings that he agreed to make a public appearance in company with the General the next day.

"He has what the English call 'the nerfs,'" said Hans; "and when he is in public he loses all his self-command, and I cannot reassure him. He is a good, well-meaning bear, but timid as a young

débutante. If the young English Herr would only appear with him in public it would be the making of my fortune!"

"I may as well do it," Lawrence had said to his friends. "After all, nobody knows me here, and I should like to see Hans get the better of that brute."

But he did not like it quite so well when Gertrude said that, as he was to appear in public, he must have a toilet for the occasion, and Ted suggested that he would look well in spangles, and Robert said, still better in fleshings.

"Oh, I say! they're not going to make a mountebank of me!" cried Lawrence. "I don't mind going on with the rascal, but I won't come out like an opera-dancer!"

However, Gertrude reassured him; she wanted him to wear neither spangles nor fleshings. A striped scarf twisted round his waist, and a cap to match, with a gold border, would be sufficient; but a plain dress quite unadorned would destroy the entire effect. Then she produced the articles in question, and Lawrence tried them on, and thought he really looked very



well in them. "And after all," he said

to his friends, "here we are, living at the expense of these poor people; we ought to do a little for them in return."

So, the next afternoon, when there was likely to be a fair number of idlers in the place, it was settled that Lawrence was to make his "first appearance in public"—lead out the General, and engage him in a fencing combat, the last accomplishment which Hans had tried ineffectually, and Lawrence had succeeded in teaching him. And accordingly so it took place.

Robert and Ted took their stand amongst the crowd who soon gathered outside, ready to clap and cheer, or do anything else that was useful, and Hans led out the General, who was followed by Lawrence, looking flushed and timid, but still very well with his cap and scarf, and he turned to the assembled crowd just as he had seen actors do at the circus, and then took his stand just opposite the General and fixed his eye sternly on that refractory personage.

And just as he stepped on the platform and turned, a very portly and well-dressed gentleman, with "English" written all over him, from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots, approached it, and there were with him a whole party of ladies, two middle-aged and four young ones. And as some of these ladies looked upon Lawrence, a simultaneous exclamation burst from their lips, and it was, "Good gracious! what a likeness to our Lawrence!"

(To be continued.)

WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD.")

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A SAILOR'S COTTAGE—THE TELEGRAM—"SOMETHING'S IN THE WIND"—THE GOOD YACHT POLAR STAR—HOPE FOR THE WANDERERS.

A COTTAGE on a cliff. A cliff whose black beetling sides rose sheer up out of the water, three hundred feet and over; a cliff around which sea-birds whirled in dizzy flight; a cliff in which the cormorant had her home; a cliff against which all the might of the German Ocean had dashed, and chafed, and foamed for ages. Some fifty yards back from the edge of this cliff the cottage was built, of hard blue granite, with sturdy bay windows—a cottage that seemed as independent of any storm that could blow as the cliff itself was. In front was a neat wee garden, with nicely gravelled walks and edging of box, and all round it a natty railing painted an emerald green. At the back of the cottage were more gravelled walks and more flower garden, with a summer-house and a smooth lawn, from the centre of which rose a tall ship's mast by way of flagstaff, with ratlines and rigging and stays and top complete.

Not far off was a pigeon-house on a pole, and not far from that still another pole surmounted by a weather vane, and two little wooden blue-jackets, that, whenever the wind blew, went whirling round and round, clashing swords and engaging in a kind of fanatic duel, which seemed terribly real and terribly deadly for the time being.

It was a morning in early spring, and up and down the walk behind the cottage

stepped a sturdy weather-beaten old sailor, with hair and beard of iron-grey, and a face as red as the newest brick that ever was fashioned.

He stood for a moment gazing upwards at the strutting fantails.

"Curr-a-coo—curr-a-coo," said the pigeons.

"Curr-a-coo—curr-a-coo," replied the sailor. "I dare say you're very happy, and I'm sure you think the sun was made for you and you only. Ah! my bonny birdies, you don't know what the world is doing. You don't—hullo!"

"Yes, my dear, you may say hullo," said a cheerful little woman, with a bright pleasant face, walking up to him, and placing an arm in his. "Didn't you hear me tapping on the pane for you?"

"Not I, little wife, not I," said Silas Grig. "I've been thinking, lass, thinking—"

"Well, then," interrupted his wife, "don't you think any more; you've made your hair all white with thinking. Just come in and have breakfast. That haddock smells delicious, and I've made some nice toast, and tried the new tea. Come, Silas, come."

Away went the two together, he with his arm around her waist, looking as happy, the pair of them, as though their united

ages didn't make a deal over a hundred.

"Come next month," said Silas, as soon as he had finished his first cup of tea—"come next month, little wife, it will just be two years since I first met the Arrandon. Heigho!"

"You needn't sigh, Silas," his wife remarked. "They may return. Wonders never cease."

"Return?" repeated Silas, with a broken-hearted kind of a laugh. "Nay, nay, nay, we'll meet them no more in this world. Poor Rory! He was my favourite. Dear boy, I think I see him yet, with his fair laughing face, and that rogue of an eye of his."

Rat—tat.

Silas started.

"The postman?" he said; "no, it can't be. That's right, little woman, run to the door and see. What! a telegram for me!"

Silas took the missive, and turned it over and over in his hand half a dozen times at least.

"Why, my dear, who can it be from?" he asked with a puzzled look, "and what can it be about? Can you guess, little wife? Eh? can you?"

"If I were you, Silas," said his wife, quietly, "I'd open it and see."

"Dear me! to be sure," cried Silas. "I didn't think of that. Why, I declare," he continued, as soon as he had read it, "it is from Arrandoon Castle, and the poor widow, Allan's mother, wants to see me at once. I'm off, little woman, at once. Get out my best things. The blue pilots, you know. Quick, little woman; quick! Bear a hand! Hurrah!"

Silas Grig didn't finish that second cup of tea. He was dressed in less than ten minutes, had kissed his wife, and was hurrying away to the station. Indeed, Silas had never in his life felt in such a hurry before.

"It'll be like my luck," he muttered, "if I miss this train."

But he did not miss it, and it was a fast one too, a flying train, that every day went tearing along through Scotland, and was warranted to land him at Inverness six hours after he first stepped on board.

No sooner was Silas seated than he pulled out the telegram again, and read it over and over at least a dozen times. Then he looked at the back of it, as if it were just possible that some further information might be found there. Then he read the address, and as he could not get anything more out of it he folded it up and replaced it in his pocket, merely remarking, "I'll vow something's in the wind."

Silas had bought a newspaper. He had meant to read; he tried to read as hard as ever he had tried to do anything, but it was all in vain. His mind was in too great a ferment, so he threw down the daily and devoted himself to gazing out of the window at the glorious panorama that was passing before him; but if anybody else had been in the same compartment, he or she would have heard this ancient mariner frequently muttering to himself, and the burden of all his remarks was, "Something's in the wind, I'm sure of that!"

A fast train? A flying train? Yes, a deal too much so, many would have thought, but she could not fly a bit too fast for Silas. Yet how she did rattle and rush and roar along the lines, to be sure! The din she made only deepening for a moment as she dived under a bridge or brushed past a wayside station, too insignificant by far to waste a thought upon! Now she passes a country village, with rows of trim-built cottages and tidy gardens, with lines for clothes to dry, and fences where children hang or perch and wave their caps at the flying train. Now she shaves past rows of platelayers, who stand at attention or extend their grimy arms like signal yards, while a blue-coated jack-in-a-box waves a white flag from his window to show that all is safe. Now she ploughs through some larger junction, over a whole field of rails that seem to run in every conceivable direction, but she makes her way in safety in a whirl of dust, and next she shrieks as she plunges into the darkness of a long dreary tunnel. Ah! but she is out again into the glare of the day, and again the telegraph posts go popping past as fast as one could wink. Five miles now on a stretch of level country as straight as a crow could fly, through fields and woods and past thriving farms, with far beyond on the horizon hills, hills, hills.

'Tis spring time, spring changing into summer, summer coming six good weeks before its time. Look, Silas, look! crimson flowers are already peeping red through the greenery of cornfields, drowsy-looking cows are wading knee-deep in grass and buttercups, the braelands are

snowed over with the gowan's bloom. Birds are singing in meadow and copse, the yellow furze is blossoming on heathy moorlands. Great black spruces raise their tall heads skywards, and their every branch is tipped with a tassel of tender green; rowan-trees seem studded with roses of a pearly hue, and the feathery larches are hung round with a fringe-work of darkest crimson. Is it not glorious, Silas? Is it not all beautiful? Did ever you see a sky more blue before, or cloudlets more fleecy and light?

"I'll stake my word," replies Silas, "that something's in the wind."

Wildier scenery now, dark frowning mountains, lonely glens, heathlands, highlands, canons and taras, then a long and fertile flat, every sod of which marks a Scottish warrior's grave.

Inverness at last!

"Boat gone, is it?" cried Silas. "Like my luck. But why didn't she wait for the train? Tell me that, eh?"

"Yes, sir; dare say I could, sir." This from an ostler in answer to another query of friend Silas. "Five-and-twenty mile, sir. I've just the horse that'll suit. Three hours to a tick, sir, rough though the road is, sir. I'll be ready in twenty minutes. Thank'ee, sir, much obliged. Now then, Donald, bustle about, will you? Get out the bay mare. Look sharp, gentleman's only got five minutes to feed."

"It can't be Captain Grig already," said Mrs. McGregor.

"And yet who else can it be?" said Helen Edith.

"I'll run out and see," said Ralph's father, who had been spending some weeks at the castle.

"Ha! welcome, honest Silas Grig," he cried, rushing up and literally receiving Silas with open arms as he jumped from the high-wheeled dogcart. "A thousand welcomes. Well, I do declare, you haven't let the grass grow under your feet. How your horse steams! Take him round, driver, and see to his comfort, then go to the kitchen and see to your own. Old Janet is there. Now, Silas," continued Mr. Leigh, "before you go to talk to the ladies, I'll tell you what we have arranged. We have thought well over all you said when you were here in the autumn, and I've chartered a German Arctic cruiser, and we're going to put you in command. She is lying at Peterhead, everything ready, crew and all, stores and all. Our prayers will follow you, dear Captain Grig, and if you find our poor boys, or even bring us tidings of their fate, we will be ever grateful. Nay, nay, but 'grateful' poorly expresses my meaning. We will—"

"Not another word," cried Silas, "not one single word more, sir, or as sure as my name is Silas Grig I'll clap my fingers in my ears."

He shook Mr. Leigh's hand as he spoke. "I'll find the boys if they be alive," he said. "I knew, sir, when I got the telegram there was something in the wind. I told my little wife I was quite sure of it. Ha! ha! ha!"

Silas was laughing, but it was only to hide the tears with which his eyes were swimming.

"When can you start, my dear Silas?"

"To-night. At once. Give me a fresh horse, and five minutes for a mouthful of refreshment, and off I start; and I'll take command to-morrow before the sun is over the foreyard."

"To-night?" cried Mr. Leigh, smiling. "No, no, no."

"But I say 'yo, yo, yo,'" said Silas, "and 'yo heave, O,' and what Silas says he means. There! Ah, ladies, how are you? Nay, never cry, Miss McGregor. I'm going straight away to the Arctic Sea, and I'm sure to bring your brother back and Rory as well, to say nothing of honest Ralph and Peter the piper. So cheer ye up, my little lass. If Silas Grig doesn't come back in company with the bonnie Arrandoon, may he never chew cheese again."

There was no getting over the impetuosity of this honest old sailor, but there was withal a freshness and happiness about him which made every one he talked with feel as hopeful as he was himself. Before dinner was done both Mrs. McGregor and her lovely daughter were smiling and laughing as they had not smiled or laughed for months before, and when Silas asked for a song, the latter went quite joyfully to the harp.

You see it appeared quite a foregone conclusion with everybody that night that Silas was to find the lost explorers and bring them safely home.

The moon rose in all its majesty as nine tolled forth from the clock-tower of the ancient castle. Then Silas said "good-bye," and, followed by many a blessing and many a prayer, the dog-cart wound away up through the solemn pine forest, and was soon lost to view.

He was just as good as his word. He took command of his new ship—a splendid sea-going yacht—before noon next day. Almost immediately afterwards he summoned both officers and men and mustered them all aft, and somewhat startled them by the following curt speech: "Gentlemen, and men of the Polar Star, we'll sail to-morrow morning. We touch nowhere until we enter harbour here again. Any one that isn't ready to go can step on shore and stop there. All ready, eh? Bravo, men! You'll find your skipper isn't a bad fellow to deal with, but he means to crack on! No ship that ever sailed 'twixt Pekin and London, no clipper that ever left Aberdeen, or yacht from New York city, ever did such cracking on as I mean to do. Go to your duty. Pipe down."

Then Silas Grig inspected the ship. He was pleased with her get-up and her rig-out, only he ordered extra spars and extra sails, and these were all on board ere sun-down.

"The old man means business," said the first mate to the second.

"That he does!" replied the inferior officer.

The Polar Star sailed away from Peterhead on the very day that poor Ted Wilson was laid in his grave beneath the eternal snows of Alba. Could Silas have seen the desperate position of the Arrandoon just then, how little hopes he would have entertained of ever reaching her in time to save the precious lives on board!

The doctor was left alone in the saloon of the great ship.

The silence that reigned both fore and aft was oppressive even to dismalness.

For a moment or two Sandy buried his face in his hands, and tears welled through his fingers. "Oh," he whispered, "it is terrible! The silence of death is all about us! Our men dying forward, our captain doomed, and Allan and Rory. Ay, and poor Ralph will be next; I can see that in

his face. Not one of us can ever reach his native land again! I envy—yes, I envy the dead in their quiet graves, and even wish it were all past—all, all over!”

“Doctor!” a kindly hand was laid on his shoulder. Sandy started to his feet, he cared not who saw his face, wet though it was with tears. “Doctor, don’t you take on so,” said Stevenson.

“Speak, man! speak quick! There is hope in your face!” cried the doctor.

“There is hope in my heart too,” said the mate—“only a glint, only a gleam;

He clutched Sandy by the shoulder.

“We are—under—way?” he gasped.

“Yes, yes,” said the surgeon. “Homeward bound, captain.”

“Homeward—bound,” muttered the captain, pressing his hand on his brow, as if to recall his memory, which for a time had been unseated from her throne.

For a minute or two the surgeon feared for his captain’s life or reason.

“Drink this, dear sir,” he said; “be seated too, you are not over well, and there is much to be done.”

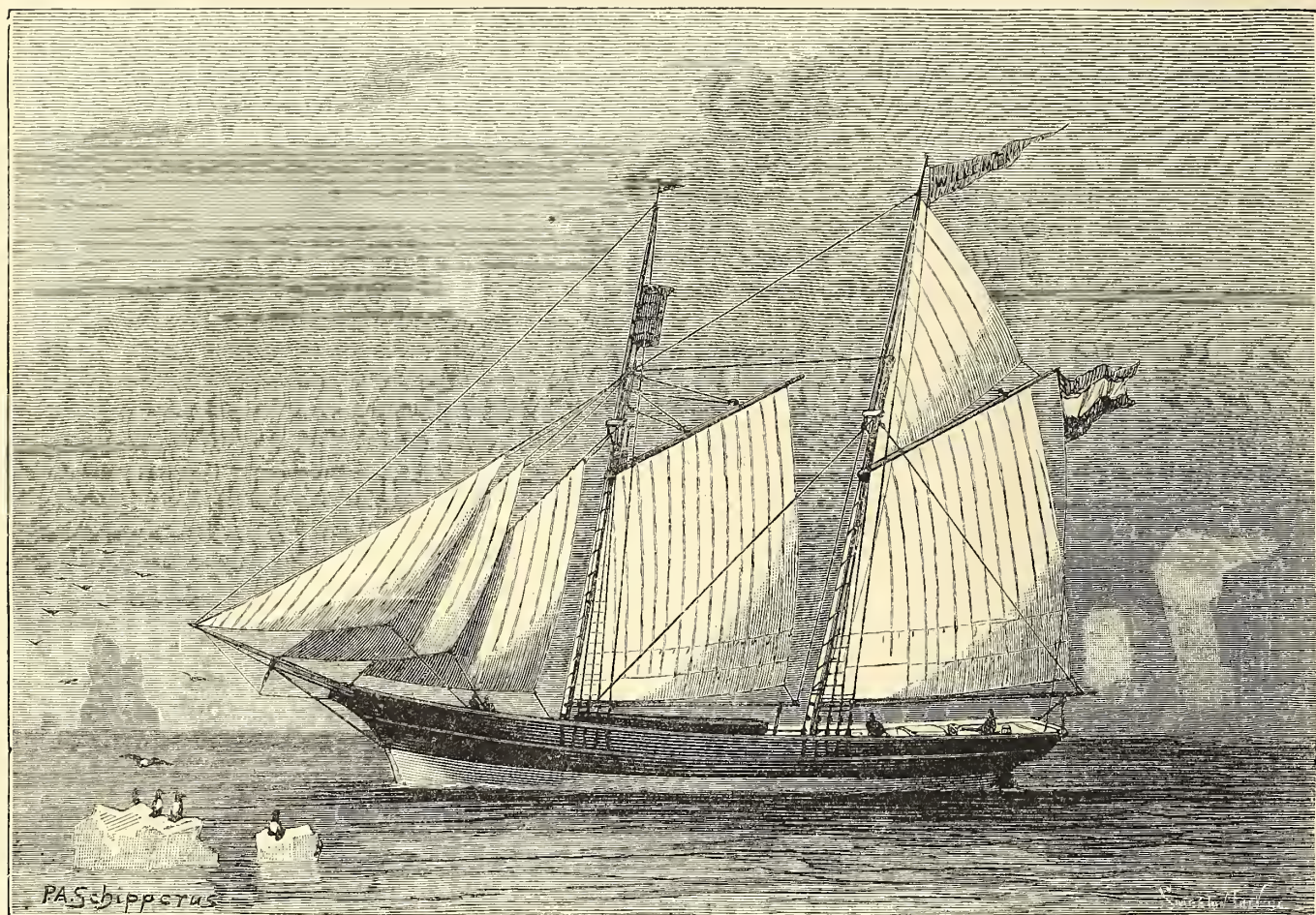
down south a few miles farther, I dare say. It is nice, though, isn’t it, to hear the old screw rattling round again?”

“Why, it is music, it is life!” said Rory. “Sandy, I’m going to be well again soon. I know and feel I am.”

Then Ralph burst into the cabin.

“I say, Sandy,” he said, “run and see dear old Allan; he says he is going to get up, and I know he is far, far too weak.”

Sandy had to pass through the saloon. Freezing Powders was sitting bolt upright in the corner, and Cockie was apparently



The good Yacht Polar Star.

but it is there. The frost is gone; the ice is open again.”

“Then, quick,” cried the surgeon, “get up steam! that alone can save the dying. Energy, energy, and something to do. I can do nothing more to save my patients while this hopeless silence lies pall-like around us. Break it, dear mate, with the roar of steam and the rattle of the engine’s screw!”

“Listen,” said the mate. “There goes the steam. Our chief has not been long.”

Round went the screw once more, and away moved the ship.

Poor McBain came staggering from his cabin. Ghastly pale he looked. He had the appearance of one risen from the grave.

“Much to be done?” cried McBain, as soon as he had quaffed the medicine. “I’m better. Thank you, good doctor; thank you, Sandy. There is much to be done. Those words have saved your captain’s life.”

Sandy gave a big sigh of relief and hastened away to Rory’s cabin.

Rory had been lying like a dead thing for hours, but now a new light seemed to come into his eye. He extended his hand to Sandy and smiled.

“We are positively under steam again, Sandy?” he said.

Sandy, like a wise surgeon, did not tell him the frost was quite gone. Joy kills, and Sandy knew it.

“Yes,” he said, carelessly, “we’ll get

mad with joy. The bird couldn’t speak fast enough, and he seemed bent on choking himself with hemp.

“Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter,” he was saying, “here’s a pretty, pretty, pretty to do. Call the steward, call the steward. Come on, come on, come on.”

“Oh, Cockie,” Freezing Powders said. “I’ve dreffful, dreffful cold, Cockie. ‘Spects I’ve gwine to die, Cockie. ‘Spects I is—Oh! deah, what my ole mudder say den!”

“Come, come,” cried Sandy, “take this, you young sprout, and don’t let me catch you talking about dying. There now, pull yourself together.”

“I’ll try,” said the poor boy, “but I ‘spects I’ve as pale as deaf (death).”

(To be concluded.)

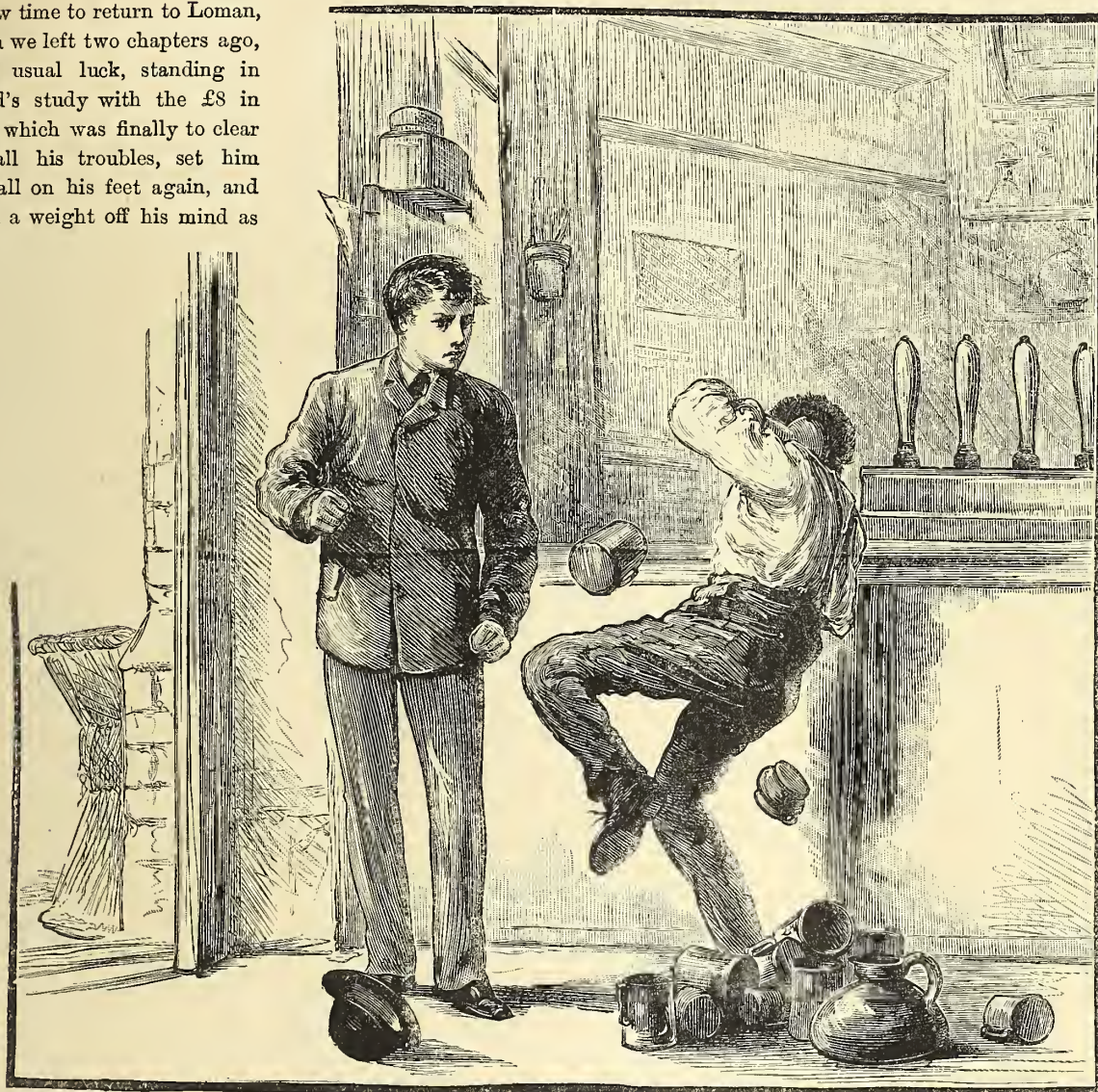
THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A THREE GUINEA WATCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

It is now time to return to Loman, whom we left two chapters ago, with his usual luck, standing in Greenfield's study with the £8 in his hand which was finally to clear him of all his troubles, set him once for all on his feet again, and take such a weight off his mind as



"He caught the impudent boy a box on the ear."

ought to leave him the lightest-hearted boy in all St. Dominic's.

He stood there for a minute or two after Oliver and Wraysford had left the room, too bewildered to collect his thoughts or realise one-half of his good fortune, for he had come to Oliver in his extremity as a desperate chance, fully expecting an angry rebuff—or at best, a chilling snub. But to get through the interview like this, and find the money in his hand within three minutes of his entering the room—why it quite took his breath away.

Oliver Greenfield *was* a queer, unaccountable fellow, and no mistake!

Yet, strange to say, when Loman did come to himself he did not burst out into a rapture of delight and gratitude. On the contrary, he suddenly felt himself growing to such a pitch of misery and low spirits as even in the worst of his troubles he had never experienced. He repented bitterly of ever bringing himself to come and ask such a favour of his worst enemy, and, stranger than all, he felt his dislike for Greenfield increased rather than swept

away by this abrupt, startling piece of generosity. Strange the whims that seize us! Loman would almost have been happier in his old suspense about Cripps than to feel he owed such a debt to such a creditor.

However, the thought of Cripps, his other creditor, flashed suddenly through his mind at that moment, so, closing his hand over the money, he turned moodily and left the room.

At any rate, he would get clear of Cripps now he had the chance.

As soon as ever morning school was over he took his hat and traversed once more the familiar road between St. Dominic's and the Cockchafer. "Is Cripps at home?" he inquired of the potboy.

"Yas," said the boy. "Who wants him?"

"I do, you young blockhead!"

"You do? Oh, all right! I'll tell him, mister. Don't you collar no mugs while I'm gone, mind!"

The very potboys despised and ridiculed him!

Loman waited patiently for a quarter of an hour, when the boy returned.

"Oh!" said he, "the governor can't see you, he says. He's a-smoking his pipe, he says, and he ain't a-goin' to put himself about, he says, for the likes of you. That's what he says! Ti ridde tol rol ro!" and here the youth indulged in a spitefully cheerful carol as he resumed the polishing of the mugs.

"Look here!" said Loman, miserable and half frightened, "tell him I *must* see him; I've got some money for him, tell him."

"No! have you?" said the boy. "Well, wait till I've done this here job—I'm dead on this here job, I am! You can keep, you can."

This was too much even for the disappointed and cowed Loman. He caught the impudent boy a box on the ear, which resounded all over the Cockchafer, and sent him howling and yelling to his master.

Cripps appeared at last in a fury. What, he demanded, with half a dozen oaths, did Loman mean by coming there and assaulting him and his assistants? "What do you mean, you thieving jackanapes you! Get out of my shop, do you hear, or I'll get some one in who will help you out! I'll teach you to come here and make yourself at home, you lying—"

"Now, Cripps," began Loman.

"Hold your noise! do you hear?" said Cripps, savagely.

"I'm very sorry, Cripps," said the wretched boy; "I didn't mean to hurt him, but he—"

"Oh! you won't go, won't you? Very good! we'll see if we can't make you," and Cripps departed from the bar, leaving his young "patron" in anything but a comfortable frame of mind.

For once in a way, however, Loman was roused, and would not go. The boy—miserable specimen as he was—had some courage in him, and when once goaded up to the proper pitch it came out. If he went, he argued to himself, Cripps would certainly come up to St. Dominic's after him. If he waited till the police or some of the roughs came and ejected him he could not be much worse off; and there was a chance that, by remaining, he might still be able to pacify his evil genius.

So he stayed. Another quarter of an hour passed; no one came to turn him out. A few customers came into the bar and were served by the sulky potboy, but there was no sign of Cripps.

"Go and tell your master I'm here still and want to see him particularly," said Loman, presently, to the boy.

The boy looked up and scowled and rubbed his ear, but somehow that timely blow of Loman's had wrought wonders with his spirit, for he quietly went off and did as he was bid.

In a few minutes he came back and delivered the laconic message,

"You're got to wait."

This was satisfactory as far as it went. Loman did wait, simmering inwardly all the time, and not wholly losing his desperation before once again Cripps appeared and beckoned him inside.

"Here's the rest of the money," said Loman, hurriedly. "You can give me back the bill now, Cripps."

Cripps took up the money, counted it and pocketed it, and then turned on his victim with an impudent smile.

"Give me the bill," repeated Loman, suddenly turning pale, with a dreadful misgiving that after all he had not got rid of the blackguard.

"What do you want the bill for?" asked Cripps, laughing.

"Want it for? Why, Cripps—" and here Loman stopped short.

"Fire away," said Cripps.

"I've paid you all I owe," said Loman, trembling.

"What if you have?"

"Then give me back that bill!"

Cripps only laughed, a laugh which drove the boy frantic. The villain was going to play him false after all. He had got the money, every farthing of it, and now he was going to retain the bill which contained Loman's promise to pay the whole amount! Poor Loman, he was no match in cunning for this rogue! Who would believe him that he had paid, when Cripps was still able to produce the promise signed with his own name to do so?

Bitterly did the boy repent the day when first, by a yielding to deceit, he had put himself in the power of such a villain!

He was too confounded and panic-struck to attempt either argument or persuasion. He felt himself ruined, and muttering, in a voice which trembled with misery,

"I must tell father all about it," he turned to go.

Oh, Loman! Why have you left such a resolve till now? Why, like that other prodigal, have you waited till everything else has failed, till your own resources and cunning have been exhausted to the last dregs, before you turn and say this!

The boy uttered the words involuntarily, not intending that they should be heard. Little he thought Cripps or any one would heed them. But Cripps did heed them. His quick ear caught the words, and they had a meaning for him; for he might be able to cheat and browbeat and swindle a boy, but when it came to dealing no longer with the boy, but with the boy's father, Cripps was sharp enough to know that was a very different matter. He had relied on the boy's fears of exposure and his dread of his father's anger to carry his extortions to the utmost limit with confidence. But now he had gone a step too far. When, in his desperation, the boy naturally turned to the very being he had all along most carefully kept ignorant of his proceedings, it was time for Cripps to pull up.

He stopped Loman as he was going away, with a laugh, as he said, in his old tones,

"Steady there, young gentleman, what a hurry you are in! A man can't have a little bit of fun, just to see how you like it, but there you go, and give it all up, and go and get yourself into a regular perspiration! Tell the governor, indeed! You don't suppose I'd let you get yourself into such a mess as all that, do you? No, no. You shall have the bill, my man, never fear."

"Oh, thank you, Cripps, thank you!"

cried Loman, in a sudden revulsion of gratitude and relief.

"'Pon my word, I might take offence, that I might, at your wanting the paper. As if I'd ever take advantage of a young gentleman like you! No, no; honesty's the best policy for us poor folks as well as for you nobbs. No one can say I defrauded any one."

"Oh no, of course not," cried Loman, enthusiastically. "I should like to see any one who did!"

Mr. Cripps, smiling sweetly and modestly, went to his cupboard, and, after a good deal of fumbling and search, produced the little slip of blue paper he was looking for.

"Is that it?" cried the excited Loman.

"Looks like it," said Cripps, unfolding it and reading out, with his back to the boy, "Three months after date I promise to pay George Cripps thirty-five pounds, value received. Signed, E. Loman." That's about it, eh, young gentleman? Well, blessed if I ain't a soft-hearted chap after the doing you've give me over this here business. Look here; here goes."

And so saying, Mr. Cripps first tore the paper up into little bits, and then threw the whole into the fire before the eyes of the delighted Loman.

"Thanks, Cripps, thanks," said the boy. "I am so glad everything's settled now, and I am so sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"Oh well, as long as it's been an obligation to you, I don't so much care," said the virtuous Cripps. "And now you've done with me I suppose you'll cut me dead, eh, young gentleman? Just the way. You stick to us as long as you can get anything out of us, and then we're nobodies."

And here Mr. Cripps looked very dejected.

"Oh no," said Loman, "I don't mean to cut you, Cripps. I shall come down now and then—really I will—when I can manage it. Good-bye now."

And he held out his hand.

Foolish and wicked as Loman was, there was still left in him some of that boyish generosity which makes one ready to forget injuries and quick to acknowledge a good turn. Loman forgot, for a moment, all the hideous past, with its suspense and humiliations and miseries, and remembered only that Cripps had torn up the bill and allowed him to clear off accounts once for all at the hated Cockchafer. Alas! he had forgotten, too, about telling all to his father!

"Good day, young gentleman," said Cripps, with a pensive face which made the boy quite sorry to see.

He shook hands cordially and gratefully, and departed lighter in heart than he had felt for some time.

But as he returned to St. Dominic's the thought of Oliver, and of his debt to him, returned, and turned again all his satisfaction into vexation. He wished he had the money that moment to fling back into the fellow's face!

I don't pretend to explain this whim of Loman's. It may have been his conscience which prompted it. For a mean person always detests an honest one, and the more open and generous the one is, the meaner the other feels in his own heart by contrast.

However, for some days Loman had not the painful reminder of his debt often before his eyes; for as long as the Doctor was absent Oliver remained in the Fifth.

At length, however, the head master returned, restored and well, and immediately the "removes" were put into force, and Oliver and Wrayford found themselves duly installed on the lowest bench of the Sixth—the only other occupant of which was Loman. The two friends, however, held very little intercourse with their new class-fellow, and Oliver never once referred to the eight pounds; and like every one and everything else, Loman grew accustomed to the idea of being his rival's debtor, and, as the days went on, ceased to be greatly troubled by the fact at all.

But an event happened one day, shortly after the Doctor's return, which gave every one something else to think about besides loans and debtors.

It was the morning of the day fixed for the great football match against the County, and every one, even the Sixth and Fifth, chafed somewhat at the two hours appointed on such a day for so mundane an occupation as lessons.

Who could think of lessons when any minute the County men might turn up? Who could be bothered with dactyls and spondee when goal-posts and touch-lines were far more to the point? And who could be expected to fix his mind on hexameter and elegiacs when the height of human perfection lay in a straight drop-kick or a fast double past the enemy's half-backs? However, the Doctor had made up his mind Latin verses should get their share of attention that morning, and the two head forms were compelled to submit as best they could.

Now, on this occasion, the Doctor was specially interested in the subject in hand, and waxed more than usually eloquent over the comparative beauties of Horace

and Virgil and Ovid, and went into the minutest details about their metres. Over one line which contained what seemed to be a false quantity he really became excited.

"It is a most remarkable thing, and I am really pleased we have fallen on the passage," said he, "that this identical mistake, if it is a mistake, occurs in a line of Juvenal; it is in the—dear me, I have forgotten how it begins! Has any one here a Juvenal?"

"I have one in my study, sir," said Loman. (Juvenal had been one of the Latin subjects for the Nightingale.)

"Ah! Would you fetch it, Loman, please? I think I know precisely where the line occurs."

Loman rose and went for the book, which he found upon his bookcase, enjoying a dignified and dusty repose on the top shelf. Carefully brushing off the dust so as to give the volume a rather less unused look, he returned with it to the classroom, and handed it to the Doctor.

"Thank you, Loman. Now, it is in the Fourth, no, the Fifth Satire," said he, turning over the pages. "Let me see, yes, not far from—ah!"

This last exclamation was uttered in a voice which made every boy in the room look suddenly up and fix his eyes on the Doctor. It was evidently something more than an exclamation of recognition on finding the desired passage. There was too much surprise and too much pain in the word for that.

Was the Doctor ill? He closed the book and sat back in his chair in a sort of bewilderment. Then suddenly, and with an evident effort, recovering himself, he let his eyes rest once more on the closed Juvenal.

"Loman," he said, "will you come and find the passage for me? Turn to the Fifth Satire."

Loman obeyed, much wondering, notwithstanding, why the Doctor should ask him, of all people, to come up and turn to the passage.

He advanced to the head master's desk and took up the Juvenal.

"The Fifth Satire," repeated the Doctor, keeping his eyes on the book.

Certainly the Doctor was very queer this morning. One would suppose his life depended on the discovery of that unlucky line, so keenly he watched Loman as he turned over the pages.

Was the book bewitched? Loman, as he held it, suddenly turned deadly white, and closed it quickly, as if between the leaves there lay a scorpion! Then again, seeing the Doctor's eye fixed on him, he opened it, and, with a faltering voice, began to read the line.

"That will do. Hand me the book, Loman."

The Doctor's voice, as he uttered these words, was strangely solemn.

Loman hurriedly took a paper from between the leaves and handed the book to the Doctor.

"Hand me that paper, Loman!"

Loman hesitated.

"Obey me, Loman!"

Loman looked once at the Doctor, and once at the Juvenal; then, with a groan, he flung the paper down on to the desk.

The Doctor took it up.

"This paper," said he, slowly, and in an agitated voice—"this paper is the missing paper of questions for the Nightingale Scholarship last term. Loman, remain here, please. The other boys may go."

(To be continued.)

ALL BY HIMSELF: A STORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE, AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR DOMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning again shone clear and bright, but Oscar, after a bad night's sleep, was in no hurry to get up. Rather felt he inclined to lie in bed all day, as the only way of appeasing that sense of emptiness which he found now amounting to positive pain. The laziest of boys will get up to breakfast, but he—what breakfast had he to get up to?

One thing seemed clear to him as he lay reflecting on his position—that he could not patiently pass such another day as yesterday. That taste of starvation had been enough for him; something must be done. It was easier to say this than to know what to do. He set his wits to work. The garrison was not going to surrender—perish the thought!—but had it no means of bringing in supplies? After all, the Gillespies were not his only neighbours. These poor people who worked on the farm, they could not but live by meat and drink, like the rest of us. There must be some food in their hovels, were it but bannocks and buttermilk, of which they would not refuse to impart to him on promise of payment.

He would go down to the clachan, and see what was to be got there, putting his request in a careless, easy way, as if it

were a matter of mere convenience to him. Nothing could be more natural than that the inhabitants of a fine house like the lodge should run out of simple country luxuries, and there need be no shame in marketing thus for himself. Still he felt it would be an awkward business at the best. And if they guessed the truth, how far advanced on the high road to starvation he was, in that case how could he find courage to appear before them as such a poor petitioner?

When he did force himself to rise, there was no question of rushing out at once into the invigorating air. Instead of going for a swim in the loch, the first thing Oscar did this morning was to ransack the house from top to bottom in hope of coming upon something to eat. Every cupboard, press, and drawer he had opened in vain, when suddenly he remembered and flew to the empty bookcase in the dining-room.

Yes, it was there still! Three or four days ago Mrs. Gillespie had brought him what she called "a few porridge," good thick oatmeal porridge, full of lumpy knots, and served with a sprinkling of raw meal at the top, which she pressed him to try, if he would be a real Scotchman. To

oblige her he had tried it, but did not like it. After a few spoonfuls he gave up the attempt; he found it coarse and tasteless stuff, this, upon which so many "burly chiefs and clever hizzies" are bred in the north, to the scorn of Dr. Johnson and his countrymen. "Oats are food for horses in England, and for men in Scotland," Oscar had contemptuously quoted to himself, as he put the rest of the porridge into a saucer, and hid it for the meantime in the bookcase, meaning but forgetting to throw it away on the first convenient opportunity. This he did because, after Mrs. Gillespie's kindness, he would fain not hurt her feelings by appearing to despise the national dish made by her own hands for his gratification—a suppression of truth on his part which may be excused by the goodness of the intention. As a rule, Oscar's faults ran in another direction; he was much more regardless of truth than of other people's feelings.

Now his unwillingness to pain Mrs. Gillespie turned out to his own profit. The saucer stood there as he had left it. The contents were dry, stale, turning sour, but still eatable. With such hunger for sauce, there was no thought of finding fault; so he eagerly devoured the un-

savoury mess, at which a Scotch plough-boy would have turned up his nose; he only wished there had been more of it.

It was but a few mouthfuls, which seemed rather to stir than to satisfy his cravings. He felt the more need of foraging without delay. A new light had been let in for him upon all stories of privation and fasting.

"Dear me!" he thought; "if I feel so queer after living only one day upon marmalade and limejuice, how could all those Arctic explorers, hermits, lost hunters, castaway sailors, besieged soldiers, and the rest of them, have ever got on when they had nothing at all to eat for I don't know how many days? Surely I ought to be able to stand it better than this! I never thought it could have been so bad."

He was now on his way to the clachan, a little row of whitewashed cottages by the loch, which was the largest collection of human beings for he knew not how far around. The church of that parish was eighteen miles off, across two arms of the sea, and the nearest other place of worship a long morning's walk! As Oscar passed by the farm he was struck by an air of stillness prevailing about it, which, indeed, was not unusual, and would not have struck him, if he had not remembered that everybody would be away at the Portcloy games. He was to have gone there too, kilt and all, and had promised himself much pleasure in criticising the barbarian athletics of the natives. But no one had asked him now—not that he would have gone in Gillespie's boat, if they had begged and prayed him to do so! They wished him to feel himself an outcast among them. Never mind, he would hold up his head all the same. Who cared for these spiteful louts and their clumsy games? But it was not easy to hold up his head when he bethought himself of the begging errand on which he was bound. How was he to put his request? He would knock boldly at the first door he came to, and trust to the impulse of the moment to help him in opening his business.

He knocked accordingly at the least poverty-stricken looking of the hovels, for they were little better, but there was no answer, though he repeated his summons two or three times. Then he went on to the next door, at which stood a pail of potato-parings and such refuse, that, with

the smoke issuing from the chimney and from the door as well, bespoke a state of not utter emptiness in the larder. Here his knock called forth a guttural grunt inside, which, as nobody came to the door, Oscar took for an invitation to enter, and did so.

On setting foot within the little room, he was almost choked and blinded by the reek that filled every corner of it, overpowering various other more or less disagreeable smells. Faugh! how could people spend their lives in such a place? As his eyes grew more accustomed to this murky atmosphere he made out a shrivelled old crone crouching by the peat fire, a mere bag of skin and bones, with a short pipe stuck in her mouth, and her wrinkled features enveloped in a great *mutch*, like the hood of nuns he had seen in Germany, thought Oscar; but, on second thoughts, she reminded him more of a Fifth of

November Guy. She was the only person at home, it would appear.

"I say, you don't happen to have any bannocks or scones or things to spare, have you?"

Thus he began in a jaunty manner, meant to hide from her, and from himself, the unpleasant fact that he was playing the part of a beggar. And for answer the old woman opened her mouth and uttered certain sounds, which were utterly unintelligible to him, inasmuch as she seemed to have some malformation of the tongue, preventing her from speaking plain. This, however, was of the less consequence as he did not understand a word of Gaelic, and she could not speak English. So, after a vain attempt to make something out of sundry pantomimic signs that she performed with a vigour surprising for one of her debilitated appearance, he hastily backed out of the smoke, and betook him-



Caught in the Storm.

self to the next cottage, taking leave in a confused manner worthy of the great Mr. Toots himself.

"Thank you—it's no matter. I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I can call somewhere else."

But at the next door the only effect of his knock was to send a brace of babies within into a tremendous outburst of squealing and howling, at which sound Oscar turned tail and fled, like a detected housebreaker, without looking back. He was so ashamed of his bootless errand that the cries of children were enough to scare him away. Nothing would bring him again to humiliate himself before these ignorant boors.

There was no hope for it; he must walk to Correck. There would be shops there, perhaps inns. He could surely get some food on credit. If the worst came to the worst he might pawn his watch and chain. He might telegraph to his father. Anything would be better than staying in this lonely house, to be starved like a rat in a hole.

Delaying no longer than to sling a game-bag over his shoulders, he set out. As he passed the farm up ran Moy, the fine black-and-tan collie, leaping on him with friendly greeting. Oscar was touched as he stooped to pat the dog's curly back. Moy was the only friend he had in this place, and he felt grateful for its notice.

"Have they left you all alone, poor fellow? Do you want to come with me? You shall, if you like, good dog!"

The collie answered by a bound, and frisked and trotted along beside the boy, taking him for its master, in the absence of any more familiar face. But before long Moy came upon a bone, which absorbed its attention. Oscar whistled, but it paid no heed. This was a pang to our hero's heart; the dog deserted him for the first scrap of food, and he imagined he was scorning it for its greed when he rather envied the ease with which it could forage for itself.

(To be continued.)

NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND:

A TRICYCLE TOUR OF 2,446 MILES IN SIXTY-EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAUTICUS ON HIS HOBBY-HORSE."

41st Day.

Inchnadamph. Kyle Skou. Scourie.

I HAD gone to bed with the depressing consciousness that it was a stormy night, and that the bad weather was just as likely to last a week as not, which would be a serious matter for me while travelling through this lonely and mountainous district. Judge, then, of my satisfaction on being awakened this morning by the light of the glorious sun, which came streaming in through my partially closed windows.

During the forenoon I went to see the subterranean burn (the Traligill) which about a mile and a half up stream disappears under an overhanging rock, runs underground for about 600 yards, and then pops up again as lively as ever. At the top of the glen, about a mile and a half farther, there is a grand view of Ben More Assynt (3,281 feet, the highest mountain in Sutherland) and its stupendous precipices. It

by diversified high land of different coloured cliffs; this with a fringe of natural wood sets it off. Numerous rocky points jutted into the lake; on one of these near at hand stood the picturesque ruins of Ardreich Castle, an historic building, Montrose having been enticed into it and kept a prisoner after his defeat in 1650. The grey sides of Quinag rose sheer from the northern shore and formed the predominant feature of the landscape.

As directed, I took the first turning to the right, and after slaving up a break-back hill I found myself at a farmhouse, where the road ended. On coming back to the lake-side I went on to Skiag Bridge, and commenced the ascent. The first part was very severe, but I managed to ride the last half-mile to the crest of the ridge between Quinag (2,541 feet) and Glasven, which were close to me on each hand.

From this point I first took a bird's-eye view of Loch Assynt, which wants an island or two to enliven it. The view to the northward was savagely rugged and wildly beautiful. From my standpoint the mountain side, covered with colossal masses of debris, sloped down to Kyle Skou, a deep inlet branching off into Glen Dhu (dark glen) and Glen Coul. Away beyond this and all around to the east appeared a chaos of rugged elevations heaped about in endless confusion, as though there had been a general scrimmage. On the other hand the syren Atlantic wore a deceitful smile which seemed to promise eternal tranquillity.

From the ridge the rough track dipped steeply down to a bridge across a stream. Here I stopped, and walked by its side through a gully brilliant with heather, and ornamented by elegant pinacles of rock for a quarter of a mile, when a fine but nameless waterfall (100 feet?) came in sight.

On regaining my tricycle I mounted, but finding the path to be still dangerous I walked a little farther, then by using caution I was able to ride the rest of the way down by Unapool to the ferry. They can give a shake-down to two or three travellers at the primitive inn. As regards the situation, I will give the following quotation from Mr. Young's Guide to Sutherland:—

"For an artist in search of Highland scenery of the wildest and grandest description there could be no better place than the Ferry-house at Loch Kyle Skou." Again, "All round these lochs there is a ring of grand mountains, beginning with Ben Strome and sweeping round to Quinag on the south; the circle being filled up by Ben Leod, The Stack of Glen Coul, Ben Uie and Glasven." While crossing the water (4d.) I questioned the ferryman concerning the little-

known waterfall at the head of Glen Coul. He said that it was 500 feet high, and when full was in his opinion finer than Foyers. This fall must be viewed from a boat (fare five shillings). After landing on the north shore I rode a little, but the loose surface soon compelled me to dismount. After walking for about a mile I passed a well-built house with a garden and orchard; from thence the road began to rise. Presently a heavy shower drove me into a cottage, where I was welcomed by an elderly man and his wife, who gave me a chair by the fire. They were English, and the husband told me that he worked for the owner of the big house, but that it was only possible to cultivate plots of ground here and there, and even those were very unproductive.

Continuing, I walked up a long, steep ascent.



is said that the golden eagle is still to be seen swooping about its crags.

I attended the Gaelic service at the kirk, and listened attentively to what appeared to be a most eloquent and impassioned discourse without understanding a single word of it. A young fellow led the singing, which I tried to follow, but invariably found myself at the lower E when he had jumped to the upper E.

1.30. Left Inchnadamph for Scourie.

Not far from the inn I halted for a look round. The south side of Loch Assynt is lined



From the top, Quinag, which from other points of view had shown either one, two, or three peaks, now bore the appearance of a gigantic *cul-de-sac*. I now realised the truth of the saying, "Sutherland is a county where no man who cannot climb like a goat and jump like a grasshopper should attempt to travel," for the whole way to Badcaul is composed of ranges and knolls of gneiss, with very little vegetation. I really cannot say how many times I mounted and dismounted during those seven or eight miles. The narrow road dodged in and out and

up and down in a most remarkable manner, which I will attempt briefly to describe.

It first of all wriggled round numerous tarns for about three-quarters of a mile, then descended steeply to a loch thick with reeds and water-lilies, with a fringe of birchwood; then it ascended to another plateau and repeated itself. It next ran down to a small bay (Colva) on the coast. Up it rose again to a third plateau, where, after twisting and undulating by any number of lochans, with pretty peeps of the sea, it went precipitously down to Badcaul—a most lovely inlet, decked with twenty-four picturesque islet gems, on which the last rays of the sun were lingering.

While paddling through this lonely region I had fully expected to come upon flocks of wild fowl floating on the bosom of the lake, to surprise the osprey on its nest, or at any rate to see traces of the marten or wild cat. But no; the most tempting cover was tenantless, and the impressive stillness of the calm evening air was unbroken even by the wheels of my tricycle, which travelled noiselessly over the sandy surface.

Near Badcaul there is a large storehouse for preserving the salmon which are taken in great quantities on the coast. The road, which had been narrow and rather heavy, now became wide and firm. After walking up a stiff hill out of the village for nearly a mile, I mounted and rattled along a mile of level and one of slope down to Scourie. This is a scattered township, situated close to the bay, and surrounded on all other sides by rugged ledges of bare rock. There were patches of oats and barley in between the knolls on the plain, but the place, on the whole, wore a bleak and sterile aspect.

I found a snug inn, but as its limited accommodation was already occupied by two fishing parties, I was told off to sleep in a cottage belonging to the hotel-keeper a mile away. I chummed with the Cambridge fishing—I beg their pardon, reading—party, and, as we were mutually interested in our different pastimes, the conversation flowed freely. The “coach” had been to these parts for several years in succession, and was very enthusiastic about the fresh air, fine scenery, and good sport. From his account I imagine that the veriest novice, by simply flogging the water, could quickly fill a basket. He strongly advised me not to leave the neighbourhood without seeing the wonderful cliffs of Handa Island, which range from six hundred to eight hundred feet. Finding, however, that this would entail a day's boating, I did not think “the game worth the candle.”

While remarking on the number of lochans and tarns that I had seen, he said that from the summit of Glasven no less than 240 could be counted.

I was now asked to give my experiences, and presently began to relate the triumph of my Cheylesmore over the Cantab's dog-cart in the race to Quirang, in spite of their conviction that I should be nowhere. On telling their names I saw an exchange of glances between my auditors, but, being wrapped up in the narration of my own exploits, I continued to the end of my story, when one of them exclaimed, “Ha, ha! The youngest F. is one of my greatest friends.” Fortunately I had not put my foot in it.

Hearing that I was bound for Durness, they advised me to hurry on so as to arrive there before the party in the private room, who were going to make an early start for that place, otherwise I might have to sleep in Smoo Cave or some other damp spot. Thinking them for the hint, I determined to cut out the select ones if possible, but almost despaired of doing so, as it was now nearly midnight and I had the drawback of a distant bed.

Luckily, it was fine when I started off for the cottage, conducted by a damsel whose charms I could not distinguish in the darkness of the night. No sooner had she opened the door of my room than she fled from my presence like a streak of lightning, and I—poor I!—was left, like Alexander Selkirk, monarch of all I surveyed.

A joke's a joke, but I did not like being left alone with rats all night, and I soon began to imagine all kinds of horrors. I first conjured up a scene of blood and murder, in which I was to play the part of the victim. Second thoughts told me that they do not go in for this kind of thing in Scotland. Visions of ghosts next passed before me. For these I prepared a warm reception in the shape of a heavy poker.

I had just tucked myself comfortably in, when it flashed across me, “Suppose I am taken suddenly ill?” But before I could settle what was to be done in such an emergency I fell into the arms of “Murphy.”

Inchnadamph to Kyle Skou Ferry = 9 miles.

Kyle Skou to Scourie = 12 „

Total = 21 „

(To be continued.)

LAWN TENNIS.

PART I.

LAWN TENNIS has by this time taken so clear a position among our national sports, that it is only natural that the readers of the *Boy's Own Paper* should expect their “organ” to recognise it as such, and to devote some of its space to a few helpful practical remarks upon the game.

There are plenty of the readers of the *B.O.P.* who can recollect when lawn tennis first came into vogue. It is a year or two older than their paper, and during its early years has (like their paper) become a general favourite. It is said to have been invented by one or more of our countrymen in India (where, as we all know, everybody seems bent on keeping himself warm), and on being introduced into this country became almost immediately popular.

As first played the game was a good deal easier than it is now, and a good deal duller. My readers may remember the big courts slanting out from the net, the frying-pan-shaped rackets, the big coverless ball, the turn-about serving, and the long-winded score up to 15. All these are now things of the past. As the game came to be appreciated, and the play more scientific, the restrictions became more numerous and the encouragements to “duffers” more sparing, until now the game is moderately difficult, or at any rate requires rather more than common skill.

I shall assume in these few remarks that most of my readers interested in the game have a slight general knowledge of the rules and of the various forms of the game. My object is rather to offer a few hints to young players, based on my own experience, than to give a detailed description of the game, which can better be had by consulting a book of rules, or watching a few matches.

And first, a word or two about

THE APPARATUS.

This is always a serious consideration; for the more expensive or complicated the apparatus, the less available the game is for all classes of players. Fortunately what is required for lawn tennis is neither very expensive nor complicated. Half a dozen boys, by clubbing together and subscribing five shillings each, can provide themselves with a tolerably fair tennis set—that is, with four bats, four balls, a net and poles. From this figure (which is about the lowest at which sets are sold) the price may be increased to ten pounds, according to the wood of the rackets, the polish of the poles, the number of the flags, and the gorgeousness of the box in which they are all kept. But fine feathers don't make fine birds, and it by no means follows that the best play is always to be found where the apparatus is the most showy. If a club finds it has more funds in hand than are necessary for an ordinary good set, and if the members consider it their duty to spend all they have, my advice is, put your extra money into your bats.

1. A fellow is bound to study carefully the question of *bats*, if he hopes to make a really good

player. There are some talented individuals who seem to be able to play equally well with any bat that is put into their hand—but they are rare birds. It is far better for every player, if he can manage it, to get a racket of his own, and keep to it. A very little practice will soon tell him what weight and shape of bat suits him best. If he is strong and addicted to hard driving he will want a heavy one of fifteen ounces; if he plays near the net, a light one, weighing only thirteen ounces, may be more useful; if he goes in for “all round” play, there are medium weights just made for him. Go in for use, not ornament. Time enough to get your handle inlaid when you are champion. And don't, unless you know how to use it, be deluded into supposing you will play better with a fantastically-shaped or fantastically-strung racket than with a straightforward one. Indeed it is a pretty safe rule in lawn tennis as well as in almost every sport—the better the player the simpler his weapons.

2. As to the *net*, as long as it is strong, and doesn't let the balls through, and stands the regulation height—four feet at the posts and three feet in the centre—any sort or colour will do. The top cord should always be white, so as to catch the eye. If you want a net to last, never leave it out on the ground—even slack. Much ingenuity is often displayed in looping up the net when in play, either at the sides or centre, so as to allow the balls to pass under; but, like so many other contrivances for saving oneself trouble, this is rarely satisfactory, and as often as not the result is that instead of a free passage for the balls under, you have constructed a neat little bag into which they are sure to drop, and from which it will take you as long to extricate one as it would to have sent half a dozen over the net in the rational way.

3. With regard to the *marking* of the ground, three ways are in vogue. You can either stretch tapes along, pinning them at intervals into the ground with lawn-tennis “hairpins,” or you can trace out your lines with sawdust, or chalk them out with whitening. The last is undoubtedly the best. However carefully you lay out the tapes, they are sure to get loose and trip you, or else get discoloured and hard to see. The sawdust, too, is apt to spread thick, and, in a wind, to be blown away, or else to be scattered with the feet. Chalk has none of these disadvantages, and if once carefully and evenly marked out, either with a marking machine or a paint-brush, it will last a long time.

4. And, finally, as to the *balls*. The rules limit you as to their size (two and a half to two and nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter) and weight (one and two-thirds of an ounce to two ounces). You can get either covered or uncovered balls, from five shillings to twelve shillings a dozen. A club should always have a good stock of both, and players should accustom themselves to dealing with either—as long as both kinds are tolerated. Generally, however, the covered balls will be found in use on a dry ground, and uncovered on a wet. On a wet ground, indeed, covered balls will often not rise at all, and the game consequently becomes monotonous with them.

Thus much with regard to the apparatus. The next matter to consider is

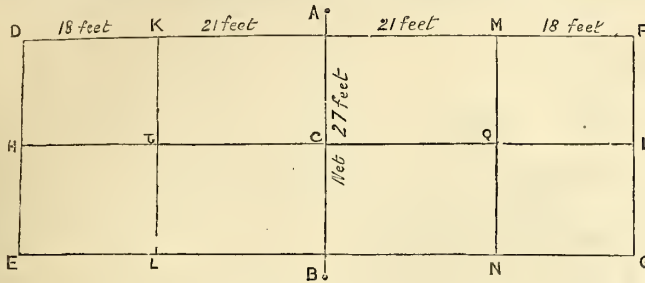
THE GROUND.

We append a diagram of the ground, as marked out for a two-handed match.

From this it will be seen that the total length required is seventy-eight feet, and the breadth twenty-seven feet, for actual play. A considerable margin is of course necessary all round. Nothing is more aggravating than to feel cramped in one's operations at tennis—not to dare to run back for fear of landing into a quick-set hedge, or to one side for fear of demolishing a flower-bed. The game can, of course, be played on undersized courts, just as billiards and bagatelle can be played on small tables; but were betide the player who, accustomed to play on a sixty-eight-foot court, suddenly finds

himself put down to play on one of seventy-eight feet! The rolling, mowing, and watering of a tennis-ground are of the first importance. At public schools this care is taken off the shoulders

or make up their mind to the expense of having it regularly tended. No matter how good a player a fellow may be, if the ground is ploughed up with heel-holes, or patched with tufts of long



of the players as a general rule; but those who play in private or hired grounds will find that, if they are to get good sport, they must either see to the condition of their ground themselves

grass, the veriest duffer may serve as fearful and wonderful twisters and shooters as he any day.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON NEW STAMPS.

(Continued from page 519.)

NEW CALEDONIA.—The 35-centimes French (not perforated) are now received from New Caledonia surcharged, "N. C. E." in blue. 35 centimes, blue surcharge.



NEW GRENADA.—Varieties of the series



shown above, printed on blue paper, and some very dark shades, may be found, which will only interest the enthusiastic collectors.

The 1881 series for New Grenada have the arms in oval, around which is a band, inscribed "Union Postal Universal," "E. U. de Colombia." There is also one with head of Liberty, which is intended for inland postage.

Arms:

- 1 centavo, green
- 2 " scarlet
- 5 " blue
- 10 " mauve
- 20 " black.

Head of Liberty:

5 centavos, black on tinted paper.



NEPAL.—Stamps have been received from the kingdom of Nepal, North of India.



- $\frac{1}{2}$ anna, blue
- 1 " purple
- 2 " green.

ORANGE FREE STATE.—The surcharged 1d. on 5s. was mentioned previously; those that are now received have the 1d. in thicker type.

PARAGUAY.—The 10c. stamp of which we give an illustration has also had to do service as a 1c., 2c., and 4c.; however, new stamps are now current for these values. They are much poorer in design; the artist has not treated the lion kindly, as will be seen by the picture of the one-centavo.

10 centavos, green

Surcharged:

- 1 centavo, on 10c., green
- 2 " on 10c., green
- 4 " on 10c., green

New issue:

- 1 centavo, blue
- 2 " scarlet
- 4 " brown.



PERSIA.—There are four Persian stamps, each printed in two colours:

- 1 shahi, red with green centre
- 2 " green with red ditto
- 5 " blue with orange ditto
- 10 " mauve with blue ditto.

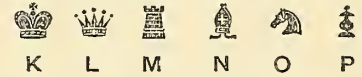


(To be continued.)

CHESS FOR BEGINNERS.

(Continued from p. 471.)

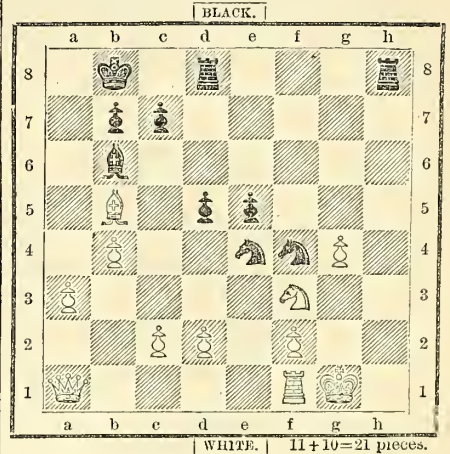
THE UNIVERSAL NOTATION.



The black pieces, when written on a diagram, are distinguished by these six letters with a ring marked round each.

Problem No. 64.

An End-game, by W. R. WILLIAMS.



Black to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

A VARIATION

to the game in our last Chess column.

After White's 21st move, the position was:—

White: K h1; L h3; M a1, h4; N e1; O g5; P a2, b2, e4, f5.
Black: K g8; L d8; M a8, f8; N b6; O f3; P a7, b7, c7, d6, f7, g7, h6.

The continuation might have been:—

- 21. N f2
- 22. M h6: . . . P h6:
- 23. L h6: . . . M e8 (t)
- 24. N d2 (w) . . . M e4:
- 25. O e4: (x) . . . O e4:

and White cannot make any successful attack, because the Black L can move to h4 or f6, and the minor officer with two Ps, which Black has ahead, will win.

NOTES.

(t) The only move for Black to save his game, since there is threatening N - d2 - e3, and M - g1, and also K - g2, followed by M - h1. For instance 23, L e7 or e8. 24, N d2, L e5. 25, N e3, N d4. 26, M g1, N g1: . 27, N d5: . P d5: . 28, L f6: . N e3. 29, L h6, N g5: . 30, L g5: t, K h7. 31, P f6, and mates next move. If 24, - N d4. 25, N e3, P e5. 26, M g1, M f d8. 27, O e6 t, N g1: . 28, L g7 t.

(w) If L h2, N d4. 25, K g2, L e7 (or v). 26, N e3, N e5. 27, L h6, L f8, and Black must win.—(v) K f8 is also a safe defence.—If 24, K g2, M e4: (threatening M h4). 25, N f4 (or w), M f4: . 26, M h1, M h4, and Black wins.—(w) 25, O e4: . O e4: . 26, L f4, L h4 (or if K f3, P d5. 27, N f4, L h4).

(x) If N e3, M h4 t, and Black wins.

To Chess Correspondents.

R. B.—It depends upon the position whether such an end-game is a win or a draw. The L, having the move, generally wins against one or two minor officers, but if pinned by the N, then it can only draw in case the N is defended, or if after taking the N a stalemate results.

"Boy's Own" Lifeboat Fund.

(Sums received to March 25th)

Amount previously acknowledged £ s. d.
 ..1103 16 9

March 21.—D. W. B. (Haggerston), 6d.; *Per* Ernest A. Rees (Heybridge), 17s. 6d.; Well-wisher (Southampton), 3s. 6d.; *Per* Miss Kate Howard (Upper Norwood), £3; *Per* J. A. Neill (Luton), £1; *Per* Lallah Rookh (Baldon), 11s. 0½d.; Ernest E. Martin (Worth), 5s.; *Per* E. P. Arnold, 1s. 3d.; John Wm. Almond (Belthorn), 8d.; M. E. and others (Shaw House), 6s. 5d.; Andover, 2s.; R. B. W., 1s.; H. B. G., 1s.; *Per* Colin J. Harding (Southsea), 5s. 10d.; Robt. W. Watson, 1s. 6 16 8

March 22.—C. M. Clarke (Bodmin), 1s.; Joseph Gunn (Edinburgh), 1s.; *Per* Arthur Gilson (Elphinstone Road), £2; *Per* Sydney Clark (Newmarket), £2 11s. 6d.; *Per* L. H. Moseley (Old Kent Road), £2 6s. 6d.; *Per* Wm. Eglington (Brighton), £1 8s.; Fynonian (Swansea), 6d.; J. G. (Inverurie), 1s.; Edward John Holl (Bow), 2s.; *Per* G. and G. Cummins (Moate, Ireland), 15s. 9d.; *Per* Harryson Hey (Dewsbury), 5s.; *Per* Fred. Hart, 3s.; *Per* Henry King-church, 16s. 10 11 3

March 23.—Albert Dawson (Embsay), 2s. 7d.; *Per* Lewis Latten (Lewisham), 13s. 6d.; *Per* Henry Plews, 1s.; G. F. D. (Clapham), 2s. 6d.; *Per* C. G. Lindo (St. Leonards), £1 10s. 2d.; Harry Davis (Redditch), 3s. 6d.; *Per* J. H. Lee (Hampstead), 10s.; *Per* C. Bretherton (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; T. G. Chariton (Carlisle), 1s. 6d.; William G. King (Elgin), 1s.; *Per* C. Phillips, 16s. 9d.; *Per* J. Jaques (New Southgate), 13s.; *Per* H. B. Bradish (Brighton), 12s. 10d.; M. A. F. and A. R. (Birmingham), 1s.; A. Barrheadian, 1s.; *Per* Mr. T. B. Brown (Timperley), £1 10s.; *Per* R. H. Blizard (Paddington Green), £2 7s. 6d. 9 10 4

March 24.—H. J. Coates (Sudbury), 1s.; G. and A. T. (Gravesend), 2s.; *Per* C. M. Byham (Ealing), 11s.; A. and G. (Burgess Hill), 1s.; *Per* W. M. Crighton (Ashton-on-Mersey), £1; Fredk. Jas. Eastmead (Portishead), 1s.; Jan, 2s. 6d.; R. R. Meadows, 10d.; Jumbo (Penrith), 2s.; *Per* Arthur Frith (Staveley), 15s. 6d.; *Per* Edwin Tallack (Stoke Newington), 9s.; *Per* Manning Foord Keer (Bromley), £1 16s. 6d. 5 2 4

March 25.—Pupils and Friends at Blakesley Vicarage, 10s.; James N. Cheetham, 2s. 6d.; Frank H. Cheetham, 2s. 6d.; Christopher Betts (Kedington), 1s.; *Per* H. D. Shaw (Sandal), 15s. 7d.; *Per* Frank Howstun (Nottingham), 9s. 3d.; *Per* W. Tomes (Aylesbury), 3s. 6d.; J. B. D. (Halifax), 3s.; E. M., 1s.; W. V. and E. Turnbull (Penrith), 1s. 6d.; W. Fye Clark and Friends (Bristol), 8s. 6d.; S. D. and Sister (Barnoldswick), 2s.; Well wisher (Ambleside), 2s.; *Per* Edwin James Palmer (Oxford), £2; Mrs. Charles Wood (Holloway), 1s.; Anonymous, 1s.; *Per* Robert Peddie, 12s. 5 16 4

Carried forward .. £1141 13 8

Correspondence.



1.—THE QUERIST.

JACK.—"I know I saw it in *Answers to Correspondents*, but here have I been looking for it at least five minutes, and can't find it!"

TOM.—"Oh, bother! Drop a line to the Editor, and come out for a spin; he'll look it up for you."

W. and G. H., G. M., etc.—1. Feed young peahens as you would young chickens—on soft food. 2. The close season for sea-birds begins on April 1, and expires on August 1. The fine for killing a sea-bird within those dates is one pound sterling.

EFFID.—We doubt if there be any such dog as a Russian pug. The Russians do not go much in for breeding dogs up to any standard of excellence. In that country dogs are treated like French beans—they are allowed to hang as they grow.

APOLPH BATESON.—You will require to tell us what kind of pigeons yours are before we can advise you. Perhaps you treat them too well at home, and that prevents them from flying a-field. Read our remarks on Tumblers in the pigeon series, last volume.

G. HAMPDEN.—If you have a third-class ticket travel third-class; if you have a second-class ticket, and there are only first and third-class carriages in the train, travel third-class. The knowledge that if you were detected travelling first-class with a second or third-class ticket you would be fined should have been sufficient for you without appealing to us.

F. BIRCH.—The English Horncastle is in Lincolnshire. Magic-lanterns were treated of in the very first numbers of our first volume.

HALF-BACK.—Try the "Football Annual," by C. W. Alcock, Cricket Press, Paternoster Buildings, where you can also get the Calendar. Any bookseller can get you any book—if he pleases.

TRIBOLITE.—Nitric acid will take stains off jewellery. Get the small Jukes's "Manual of Geology," and change your name in accordance with the information therein contained!

R. C. AUGUSTINE.—Apply to Messrs. Searle and Co., boatbuilders, Lambeth and Oxford.

A HAPPY FATHER can get any of the books he mentions from the circulating libraries of Messrs. Mudie and Smith and Sons. There is no library specially for boys' books.

C. A. EMANUEL.—Either way is correct. The Americans affect the "o" more than we do. Spelt as "honor," it shows that the word is taken direct from the Latin; spelt as "honour," we have the old form which found its way into our language through the Norman French.

RIVETS.—For "Frithiof's Saga" apply to Messrs. Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill; for the boiler book apply to Messrs. Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

J. HARPER tells us that there is a pretty little village in Anglesey with the pretty little name of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogychwyndrchwiltisiillogogoch,

and wishes to know if this huge agglomeration of consonants has any meaning. Can any of our readers oblige?

TOBY.—The addresses are as given—Mr. Jamrach, St. George's Road East; and Mr. W. Cross, naturalist, Liverpool.

A. LIMERICK.—1. No. 2. Faggot, now. 3. It is not really known who first preached the Gospel in Britain. St. Alban is said to have been the first martyr, in 304. When Christianity became the established church of the Roman Empire, Britain, like the rest of the empire, grew nominally Christian—the legions, in fact, were missionary centres. In Roman times there were three archbishoprics here—London, York, and Caerleon—and these lasted till the English conquest. When the pagan Saxons came the Christian Romano-Britons were driven to the fastnesses of the west, and the country was pagan again for one hundred and fifty years. When Augustine arrived, however, he found Ethelbert's Christian queen worshipping at St. Martin's, Canterbury, under Bishop Luidhard. Augustine was not the great Augustine, and he did not convert the Britons.

REVILO, A. J., and Others.—The drawing is right, but the joints must be quite air-tight. The fountain is of course not "inexhaustible" in the strict sense of the word, but it plays for a long time. It is really a feeble force-pump. It is not the solution of perpetual motion, nor is anything else that has appeared or will appear in the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

HEAD MASTER.—The subject has been mooted before, but we still do not see our way to it.

G. W.—It all depends on the kind of debts, and the circumstances under which they were contracted; but no honest man, or, indeed, any one worthy of the name of a man, would attempt to shuffle out of his engagements on such a plea. Law is not always synonymous with justice.

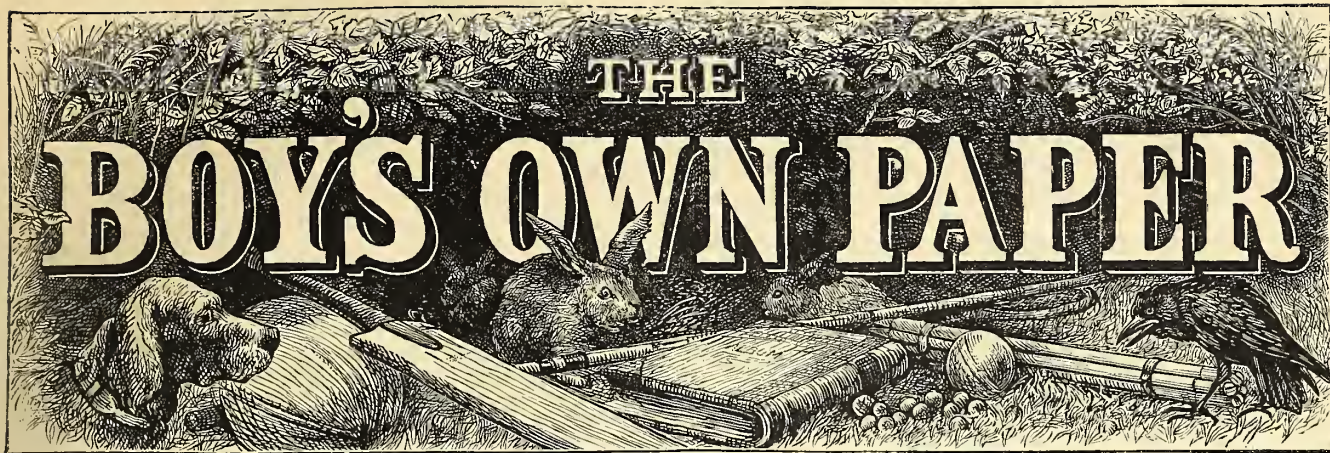
C. A. P.—No use to us, thanks. Our engagements in that quarter are already made.

SAM.—Not quite; but Alabama is so called from its river; Arkansas is the Algonquin name for the Quappas Indians; Carolina was so called after Charles II.; Columbia after Christopher Columbus; Connecticut is Mohican for "long stream;" Delaware is after Lord De la Warr, who died in the bay; Florida was discovered by the Spaniards on Pascua Florida, or Easter Sunday; Georgia was so called after George II.; Illinois comes from the Illinois Indians; Indiana from the Indians; Iowa from its river; Kentucky is Algonquin for "long river;" Maine is from Maine in France, the inheritance of Charles I.'s queen, Henrietta Maria, who gave her name to Maryland; Massachusetts comes from the Massachusetts Indians; Michigan is Ojibbeway for "great lake;" Minnesota is Dakota for "troubled water;" Mississippi is the "father of waters;" Missouri is Indian for "a boat;" New Hampshire is from Captain John Mason's county, Hampshire in England; New Jersey from Sir George Carteret, of the Channel Island Jersey, who held it on loan; New York is named after the Duke of York and Albany (James II.), who received it as a little present in 1664; Ohio is Iroquois for "beautiful stream;" Oregon is called after its river; Pennsylvania after its founder, William Penn; Rhode Island is so called from its supposed resemblance to the island in the Levant; Texas from its old Indian Confederacy, whose title meant "friends in common;" Vermont is the Green Mountains (in French, Verts Monts); Virginia was the name given to Wingantidoha, in honour of England's virgin queen; and Wisconsin is so called from its river.

DICK SANDS.—The Chouans were the peasants of Bretagne and La Vendée, who under Cottareau, fought against the Republicans during the French Revolution, and who derived their name from their secret signal of "Chou! chou!" which imitates the cry of the night-owl. They were 100,000 strong. The Toulonnais are the inhabitants of Toulon.



2.—YE EDITOR.



No. 176.—Vol. IV.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON,

Author of "Some of Our Fellows," "A Holiday Tramp," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"COME, Box," Mr. Wren said, presently, "let us have no more of this. Tell me whether you think I had better take these two young fellows on board or not."

"Yes, sir," said Box, decidedly. "We are in want of boys, *for'ard*, as I said afore."



"They were approaching the ship's side."

"Get into the boat, then," the midshipman said, resuming his authoritative manner.

"Get in," said Jack, with great delight, pushing Jem forward.

But Jem held back. He had not made up his mind about it. He could not get over the remembrance of what he had seen at the dockyard gate.

"Don't be a fool," Jack whispered.

But Jem turned round and began to walk away.

"Not so fast, my lad," cried Box, laying his hand upon him. "You have got to go on board now you are here."

"But I don't want to," Jem blubbered.

"More's the pity," said the other; "cause a volunteer is worth two pressed men; but we are short of hands, and must take what we can get; so into the boat you go."

By this time the boat's crew were straggling towards the quay, some of them with too much liquor aboard. Jem was handed down between two of them, whether he would or no. He kicked and struggled, being now as anxious to escape as he had been an hour or two earlier to embark; but finding himself pushed unceremoniously into the bow, he ceased to resist, and lay there in a heap, moaning and sobbing, while Jack felt as merry as a gig.

"Shove off; give way," cried the midshipman, standing upright that he might give the word of command with more effect.

The boat sprang forward with the first stroke of the oar, and the midshipman, at the same instant, fell backwards, and measured his length (not above four feet) in the sternsheets. He picked himself up with as much dignity as he could, and was half inclined to be angry with the men for having caused the catastrophe, but he caught the coxswain's eye fixed on him with a droll expression, as much as to say, "You had better grin and bear it," and discreetly kept silence. Box knew his place, and, as an old and steady seaman, felt himself not less responsible for the behaviour both of the boat and crew than the young midshipman, who was now, almost for the first time in his life, ostensibly in charge of them.

"I wouldn't do nothing about reporting of 'em," he said, in a hoarse whisper, as they drew near the ship; "it's their last day ashore."

Mr. Wren was too much engaged at that moment with his boat to do more than nod to the coxswain in token of assent. They were approaching the ship's side, and it was a matter of the most tremendous importance in the estimation of all concerned that they should come alongside in proper style. Mr. Wren was steering, and it was his place to give the word for the men to cease pulling. If they should give a stroke too much the boat would shoot past the gangway, or perhaps come into collision with the ship; if, on the other hand, he should cry "Oars" too soon, she would not have "way enough on" to bring her to the proper position, and would have to be hauled up ignominiously with a boathook, in sight of all who might be watching them from the deck.

The coxswain good-naturedly gave him a wink at the right moment, which the mid took this time as "between man and man," and acting upon it, brought his boat alongside in good style, to the satisfaction of the crew and to his own delight.

"Come on board, sir," he said, reporting

himself to the officer of the watch, and saluting the quarter-deck.

"What boys are those?"

"Shore boys, sir," said the midshipman. "Want berths."

"Let them come aft."

By this time Jem had resolved to make the best of his position, and stood a little way behind Jack, waiting to be questioned. He felt a little ashamed of his behaviour, and was anxious, now that he was "in for it," to start with a good character.

The officer of the watch asked them a few questions, and reported them to the captain, who came from his cabin under the poop to look at them. They were then sent forward for inspection by the doctor, and then aft again to the purser's clerk to have their names entered on the books.

"What's your name, boy?"

"John Smith."

"And yours?"

"James Smith."

"Brothers?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"No relation."

The ship's corporal and others who were looking on took notice of the resemblance between the two boys, and could scarcely be persuaded that they were not of the same family; but the first lieutenant, Mr. Bree, or "Breeze" as he was generally called by the men, denied that there was any likeness at all, or if so it was only on the outside. It was not everybody who could look to the inside as he could.

"Name Smith is no use, though," said the ship's corporal; "we have a dozen Smiths on board already. What are we to call you?"

"Anything you like," said Jack.

"He's a cheery little chap," said the lieutenant, "call him Chirp." And Chirp was his name from that time forward. Jem also found a name to suit him, as will be seen by-and-by.

It was a wonderful sight, that line-of-battle ship, and Jack kept his eyes open and observed everything with amazement and delight. The quarter-deck, a great open space with white and spotless boards like a ball-room floor, seemed almost too fair to be trodden upon. None but the officers were allowed there, except on duty, and even the officers kept chiefly to the port side, walking up and down incessantly, never either loitering or standing still.

There were on each side short guns or carronades, but these being run out occupied but little space. Even in the captain's cabin under the poop there were guns, but they, with their carriages, were so polished up that one might have supposed they were placed there for ornament rather than for use. Under the poop also was the wheel, of polished oak and burnished brass, with the binnacle in front of it, and a marine standing sentry at the cabin door. On each side, on the bulwarks, were the men's hammocks, white as snow, stowed closely together in the wooden troughs or casings, called "hammock nettings." In the waist, that is between the fore and main masts, the principal boats were stowed—the launch, the barge, and the pinnace, with other smaller boats inside them. The cutter and gigs were yet afloat, but all that were not wanted for use had been got on board in readiness for departure.

Looking down the fore hatchway, Jack saw a series of ladders leading to the main

deck and the lower and orlop-decks, the lowest of which was lost in darkness. On each side of the main deck, to which he presently descended, he beheld a complete range of guns, most of them being 18-pounders; and on the lower deck a double range of much heavier calibre. There were no such guns in those days as are manufactured now, nor would the "liners" have been able to carry them. Our largest ships now are but huge gun-carriages, floating platforms rising but a few feet above the sea, and carrying only two or three pairs of guns of enormous size. The old "74's" were like castles, rising thirty feet or more from the water's edge, with two tiers of guns one above the other. Modern ships are driven by steam, and modern guns worked, loaded, and pointed by machinery, and protected by enormous shields of iron; but in those days steam was unknown in the navy, and guns were worked by manual labour with handspikes and tackle, and neither guns nor men had any protection from shot or shell or bullets.

On board the Hailstorm there were twenty-one men to each pair of guns, the pair being the two opposite each other to port and starboard; and their labour was so divided, that when both sides were being fought at the same time, a part of the crew crossed over from side to side after each discharge.

To each gun there was also a powder-boy, whose duty it was to carry charges of powder in leathern buckets with close-fitting covers from the magazine to his gun. In these days a gun-cartridge is lifted by steam-power to the muzzle of the gun, into which it slides as from a tramway.

Jack looked with especial interest to the guns on the main deck, for there he had been told his station was to be; and before another day had passed he was established as powder-monkey to gun No. 30 on that deck.

On the lower deck, between the guns, were the mess-tables, suspended by iron rods from the beams of the deck above. These were lowered down when required for use, and at other times were fastened overhead so as to be entirely out of the way. Here also the hammocks for the men and boys were slung, suspended from hooks in the beams, so close together as almost to touch each other.

Jack had often lain in a hammock at home, having made one for himself in an outhouse, where he used to lie, fancying himself at sea, and longing for the time to come when he should be really between decks, instead of in a hay-loft. The time was come now. A hammock was provided for him, and the place where he was to sling it pointed out; but though the 'tween decks was scarcely high enough for a tall man to walk upright there, Jack could not reach to the hooks; and when the ship's corporal had slung it for him, it was with difficulty that he could raise himself so as to slip into it. Of course he had two or three falls before he accomplished it; and Jem, who was close beside him, also measured his length upon the deck, going clean over his hammock—in at one side and out at the other.

Jack laughed and made merry over these mishaps; but Jem rubbed his shins and bemoaned himself, and wished he had never come to sea—it was not at all like what he had expected. The other boys, amused at his grumbling, played him all sorts of tricks, until a marine, who was

stationed at the foot of one of the ladders with a tallow candle in a horn lantern, the only light allowed in that part of the ship, told them to "give over skylarkin'"; though, as he said to Jem, "it sarved him right for being such a growl."

The boys soon became accustomed to their new mode of life; and as the ship lay at anchor at Spithead for a week or more before sailing, they had time to learn something of their duties before going into blue water. The Hailstorm was already filled up with provisions, and had the greater part of her ammunition on board. Boats came alongside every day bringing further supplies; but the crew was not complete. Her complement should have been at least 800, but so many ships were being put into commission that it was difficult to collect a sufficient number of hands. Every evening the cutters went ashore and brought off a few additional men, some landsmen, some seamen, who had spent their pay on shore and were ready to go to sea again, many of them in a state of intoxication; brave, good men on board ship, never flinching from their duty, fearing neither storm nor battle, ready to go "through fire and water" for their country and their king; but, when ashore, like overgrown children, without self-control, without knowledge or reason; brought up in ignorance of everything except their daily work on the gun-deck or aloft. No sooner had "Jack" or "Bill" arrived in port and received his pay than he fell into the hands of Jews and harpies, who took advantage of his simple, generous nature, pandered to his intemperate desires, plied him with drink, and plundered him.

The crew of the Hailstorm was still short of her proper complement, when one morning the signal was given to weigh anchor and make sail. The semaphore had been busy on shore, throwing its long arms about ever since daylight; and Captain Jervis, who had been on shore, came off in his gig, which was immediately run up to the davits. The capstan on the main deck was manned, and the ship's band played a lively tune to keep the men in step as they ran round it.

Before night the ship was under full sail, running before the wind down Channel, bound no one knew whither, except the captain and perhaps the commander. Rumour was that not even Captain Jervis himself knew on what service they were bound, but that he had sealed orders from the Admiralty, which were not to be opened till he had reached a certain latitude; but, of course, none of the men for'ard could tell anything about that.

The new hands—and, indeed, many of the old ones—were silent and out of sorts the day the Hailstorm sailed down Channel, for the breeze freshened and chopped round. At first Jack had greatly admired the vast spread of canvas on the fore and main topmasts, which kept the ship steady as long as the sails were well filled, though the sea was rough. He had thought it impossible that a vessel of such stupendous size, which seemed almost as firm while they were at anchor as if she had been part of the main land, could rise or fall much with the motion of the waves; but when she heeled over, with the wind upon her beam, it seemed as if some giant power were pressing her down, and everything was going to be turned topsy-turvy. He could not keep his footing, but crept along, holding on by the guns, till the gunner, Mr. Yapp, a broad, big-headed man, with a face which

looked as if it had been carved out of a bit of mahogany, and who was always down upon any one who took liberties with his guns, gave him a clout on the head and bade him "keep his paws off." Mr. Yapp was always in a state of "growl" about his guns, which might have been made of gingerbread from the care he took of them. Jack took the gunner's hint so good-humouredly that Mr. Yapp, who did not look upon it as a laughing matter, was still more incensed, and told him not to be "sarcy," but afterwards relented, and said he had "got a deal to larn, but would soon know all about it," and took him into favour from that moment.

Jem, who was soon afterwards found sitting on the slide of a carronade, was knocked off it, with the indignant inquiry whether that was what he thought "the guns was made for," and as Jem muttered something in reply, with an angry scowl, he received a kick in addition, and was told he would "never do no good aboard ship as long as he lived," a conviction which, unfortunately for Jem, Mr. Yapp cherished in his soul thenceforth, and never got rid of.

Sea-sickness is torment enough anywhere, but on board a man-of-war it is, while it lasts, particularly inconvenient, for there is no resting-place for the unhappy sufferer. There are no seats under the bulwarks; the hammock nettings are so high and broad that one cannot lean or even look over them at the sea; no one on deck ever sits down or even lounges, and unless a man or boy is on the doctor's list, he must keep his watch and do his work without flinching. Of course, if he is very bad, some allowance is made for him, and the discipline is best for him in the end. He gets his sea-legs and sea-stomach much sooner so than if he had a sofa to lie upon and a steward to wait upon him and to "hasten—with a basin." Jack's indisposition was very quickly over; he never missed his muster or his watch, and was ready to answer to his name, and to go aloft or anywhere else, while Jem was yet a limp, helpless, despairing bit of humanity, lying hidden in any corner to which he could skulk.

Mr. Yapp found him in that state two days after they had sailed from Spithead, and stirred him up. "Get out of this," he said, "and go on deck. It's temper, that's what it is. Look at boy Chirp, he has a spirit, he has. But you'll never make a sailor as long as the sea is salt!"

Jem crept from one hiding-place to another, but was compelled to stir himself on pain of being well belaboured with a rope's-end, and when he had eaten some biscuit, and had felt the salt spray upon his face, he revived, and was presently able to go about his work, though he did so with an air of misery and reluctance. It was this dismal, discontented manner that gained for him the name by which he came to be generally known on board. "Boy Smith" was called one day, and did not answer. "Which Smith is wanted?" the marine asked who passed the word below. "Do you mean boy Chirp?" "Boy Chirp? No, I should think not! Boy Growl, more likely!" was the reply.

Jem was found and told to answer to that name in future, and was known by no other as long as he remained on board the Hailstorm.

In spite of the rough weather, the crew, a large number of whom were landsmen, or "hornery seamen," as they called themselves, were exercised at quarters

every day. Each man had to learn his station in the ship and the work required of him, both in the usual routine and in every case of emergency that could be imagined or foreseen, and the commander had no light task in appointing each to the duty for which he appeared most fitted.

Jack and Jem were to discharge the office of powder-boys in time of action, and had to keep watch, to carry messages, to wait upon the officers, to go aloft, and perform many other duties as their regular and daily work.

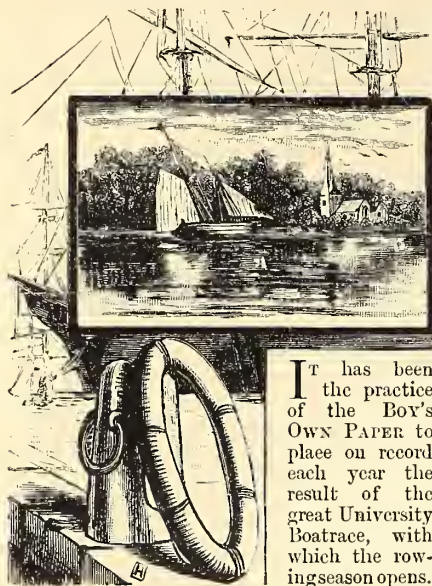
As a practical method of making the crew acquainted with their duties, an alarm was given from time to time of fire, or some other imminent danger. Each man had his post at such times, and every one tried to be before another in reaching it. The pumps were manned, the hatches closed, and every act performed which would have been necessary if the ship had actually been in flames. So, when an enemy was supposed to be in sight, the guns were manned, the powder-boys seized their buckets, each with a tight-fitting lid to protect the contents from accidental explosion, the ports were opened, the guns trailed and elevated, the process of sponging and ramming gone through, and the guns fired without having been charged, after a careful aim had been taken at nothing. Mr. Yapp was very energetic on these occasions, now on the main, now on the lower deck, giving instructions, hurrying the boys, shouting with a stentorian voice, "Fire—a—starboard! Fire—a—port!" and conducting himself with as much earnestness as if he had been raking a Frenchman instead of letting off pennyworths of priming from the touch-holes of empty guns. Woe, then, to any unlucky youngster who neglected to cover his bucket down closely, or who failed to run along as quickly as his legs could carry him to the gun to which he belonged. Mr. Yapp had a stout cane, which he would bring down with painful reality upon the back or legs of the offender, especially if he chanced, like Jem, to be a "growl," or one for whom Mr. Yapp had conceived an aversion. Poor Jem, hurried from one end of the deck to the other and back again before he had yet learnt to stand upright while the ship was in motion, gave vent as usual to his ill-temper, calling out to Jack whenever there was a lull, that it was "all no good," nothing but child's play, and Mr. Yapp, overhearing him, let him understand that if quarters were a sham the punishment which he administered for slackness or neglect was very real indeed, especially when Boy Growl was the offender. Boy Chirp, on the other hand, though in his haste he might lose his footing and roll over, under the feet of the gunners, was only lifted up again by the ubiquitous gunner, and told to be more careful, without even a cut from the cane to quicken him.

It was a great shame, Jem said, and Jack himself thought that it was not fair play. But a willing, active boy is sure to make friends on board ship, as well as everywhere else, while the slothful and sullen multiply to themselves both labour and sorrow. There, too, the proverb is especially true, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." The name Growl clung to Jem as if he had been born to it, and gained him many a cuff and stripe, which he would probably have escaped if his name had happened to be Chirp.

(To be continued.)

BOATING EVENTS IN 1882.

THE UNIVERSITY BOATRACE AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING MATCH.



It has been the practice of the Boy's Own Paper to place on record each year the result of the great University Boatrace, with which the rowing season opens. Our readers

know by this time that, as the paper is always made up several weeks in advance, it is not possible to give the report of the race till the event is a comparatively old one. Most boys who have an interest in the contest knew all about the race a few hours after it was rowed; but for all that it would hardly do for their paper to have nothing at all about it; so, on the principle that it's "better late than never," we shall give a brief account of it here, as well as of the championship sculling match which followed two days later.

The University Boatrace of 1882 will be

especially for the disappointed ones, for, of course, rowed on April 1st, the race could hardly help turning out a "sell." And a "sell" it certainly did turn out, for neither of the crews were up to the mark, and one of the two was so far below the mark that it took them twenty seconds after the others to get up to the winning-post.

Those of us who had witnessed the defeat of the Light Blues last year had great hopes that this year they would do something to retrieve their honours, and with this hope prominent in our hearts, and visible in our neckties, a party of us once more risked our precious persons and ventured upon the bosom of Father Thames from London to Putney to see the sport. It was a good deal more cheery work than last year, when we had to turn out at cockcrow and perform a raw chilly journey up stream. This time the sun was shining brightly, and instead of cutting into our night's rest, we were able to idle about a bit in town before we started.

There, in the streets and shops, we could not help noticing that not nearly as much interest seems to be taken in the race as formerly. Why, when we were boys, every one sported colours on boatrace day! Shops used to be ablaze with blue—one half light the other half dark—blue ties, blue ribbons, blue caps, blue gloves, blue bootlaces. Alas! in these degenerate days it is quite rare to find such signs of enthusiasm, and one fears it does not pay. However, we were determined to keep up the old traditions, and let every one who cared know whom we backed.

Of course the great question, as our steamer plodded its way up to the course, was—Who was going to win? We could easily answer the question—Who did we hope would win? But it was not easy to say whether our favourites were going to be the favourites of fortune. The fact was, we were all along rather doubtful of

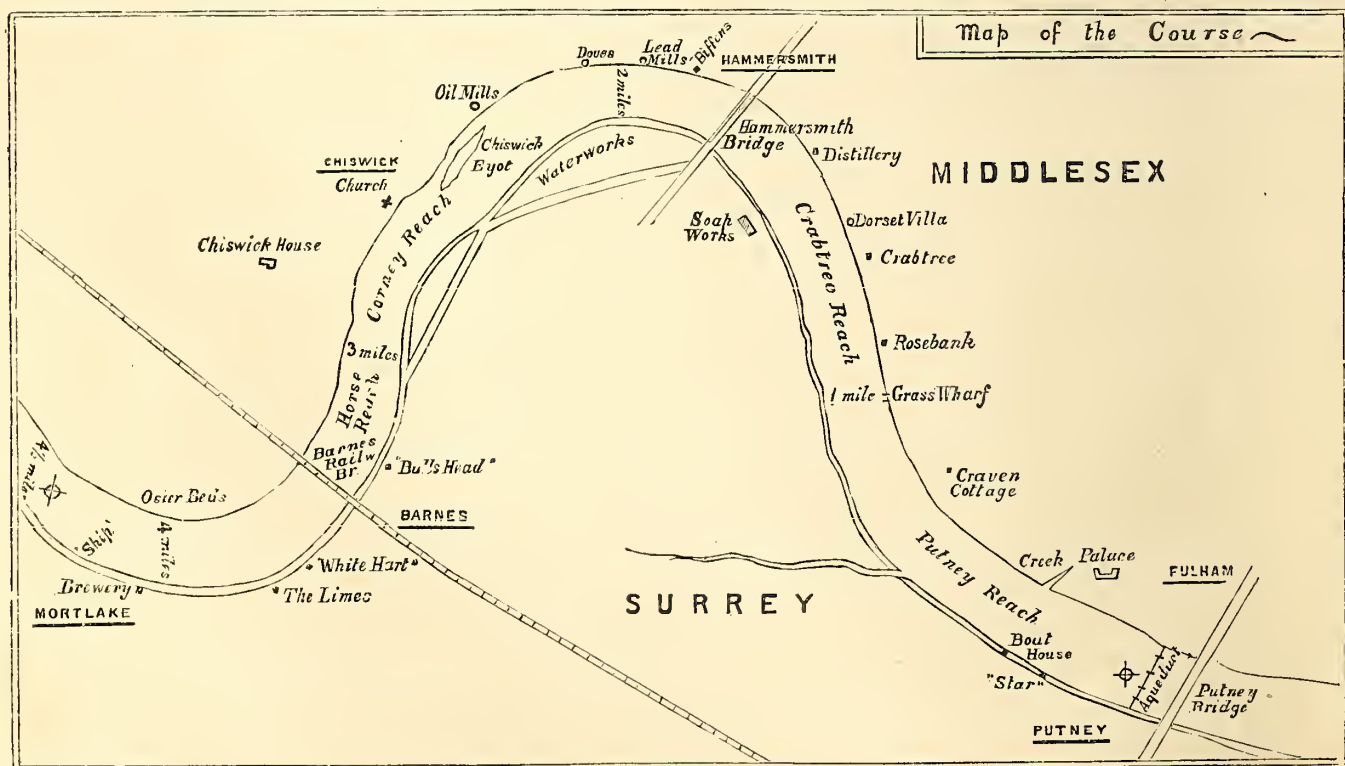
all. Unless a crew has "form," weight and strength go for comparatively little.

What is "form"? some one asks. Well, in a crew, it may be almost called the art of working together. A crew whose "form" is good will row like one man. Each of the eight oars will strike the water at the same moment, and "grip" the water the instant it does so. Every stroke will be pulled well and honestly through. Not a moment will be lost between the end of one stroke and the swing forward for the next. The swing will be all "in the boat," and on no account a roll sideways, and above all no one will be guilty of the sad fault of feathering his oar in the water. These are some of the essentials of good form which all amateur rowers, boys especially, would do well to remember. Nothing looks prettier than a boat pulled in good form; and nothing, added to good condition and strength, is more certain to lead on to victory.

Alas! our friends the Light Blues, with all their muscle and all their weight, never during all the time of practice managed to get into good form. Once or twice during their training they did good bits of work, which elated the hearts of their admirers. But they were not to be relied on, and the longer they tried to acquire form the worse they seemed to get.

So, though we wore light blue colours, we did not feel very sure of our men.

But Oxford too—and this was a little consolation—lacked form also. It certainly had it far better than its rivals, but all along there had been some mischief at work in its crew which seemed to defy cure. The stroke was not clean, and frequently anything but regular, and the boat, fast as it travelled, often had taken tottering about in an unhealthy manner; and besides all this, Oxford had in Higgins a stroke oarsman lighter than any who had ever rowed in that seat in a University race. It was generally



memorable in several respects. Not the least of these is that it was rowed on All Fools' Day. This was a very comfortable arrangement,

the Light Blues. If weight and strength were all that was required to win a race, we should have been pretty confident; but they are not

regarded as next to madness to put a man who only weighed nine stone six pounds in such a responsible post, and many and lugubrious were

the prophecies as to the consequences of such a step to the prospects of the Dark Blue. However, the event proved otherwise.

By the time we had fairly reckoned up the respective merits and faults of either crew, our snorting little steamer had floundered through old Putney Bridge, and it wanted no master of the ceremonies to inform us we were already on the course.

However much the London shopkeepers may fall away in their enthusiasm, there seemed no lack of interest on the river banks. A fine Saturday noon is sure to bring plenty of sightseers down, and this year the swarm seemed as great as ever. At the boat-houses the riverside seemed to be perfectly alive with people. The chance of beholding a real live University oarsman, of seeing him walk on his two feet like any other mortal, of hearing him speak or even seeing him laugh, really seems to be irresistible to some people. One would think the sixteen modest youths who annually take part in this race were beings of another sphere altogether, to judge by the way they are always gaped at at Putney before the race.

While the crowd is performing this duty we have to look after our places on one of the boats which follow the race, and after a good deal of bother we find ourselves comfortably quartered and ready for the start.

The talk all round us is not at all encouraging for our side. Everybody is taking for granted that Cambridge will be beaten. The other day, when both boats rowed over the whole course in practice, Oxford did the distance twenty seconds quicker than Cambridge—a tremendous difference—and if they did it then, why should not they do it now?

"Besides," says some one, "how can Cambridge row in a boat so much too small for them?"

Just then there is a shout at the boathouse, and Cambridge, as the challengers (having been beaten last year), put off amid the plaudits of friends and foes, and pull towards where we are. As they do so, the truth of this last remark becomes evident. They are far too big for their boat. It reminds one of a fellow trying to put on one of his old jackets—it's a fearfully tight fit—and the men look dreadfully cramped and crowded. Very different from the Dark Blues who follow them in a minute or two, swinging easily, and looking as if they knew already how the race was going to end.

The following are the names and weights of the rival crews:—

OXFORD.	ST. LB.
1. G. C. Bourne, New	10 13
2. R. S. de Havilland, Corpus ..	11 1½
3. G. S. Fort, Hertford	12 3½
4. A. R. Paterson, Trinity	12 12
5. A. S. Kindersley, Exeter	13 4½
6. E. Buck, Hertford	12 0
7. D. E. Brown, Hertford	12 6
A. H. Higgins, Magdalen (stroke) ..	9 6½
E. H. Lyon, Hertford (coxswain) ..	7 12

CAMBRIDGE.	ST. LB.
1. L. R. Jones, Jesus	11 1
2. A. M. Hutchinson, Jesus	12 1½
3. J. C. Fellowes, First Trinity ..	12 7
4. P. H. Atkin, Jesus	12 0½
5. E. Lambert, Pembroke	11 12
6. S. Fairbairn, Jesus	13 0
7. C. W. Moore, Christ's	11 7
S. P. Smith, First Trinity (stroke) ..	11 1
P. L. Hunt, Cavendish (coxswain) ..	7 5

While the boats are getting ready to start, another long shout from the banks and river announces that something unusual is happening somewhere, and we soon discover what it is. The umpire's boat is coming along to take up its position, with the Royal Standard flying at its mast-head. We have got royalty down to see the race, and of course we join as loudly as any one in cheering the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, whose love of English sport has done as much as anything to make them such favourites with all classes of the peo-

ple. We only wish they were likely to see a better race.

There is Mr. Searle (an old familiar friend to all who have watched the race start for many years past) ready to give the signal. He will count three and then lower his handkerchief. The two crews reach forward, the blades of their oars resting lightly on the water, and their feet ready to kick their stretchers the moment the signal is given. They haven't long to wait. "One, two, three—Go!" and at the word, to a beautiful start, both boats dart forward, and the race for 1882 is begun.

The only opportunity we had of seeing Cambridge ahead was in the first minute of the race. They started away at a stroke of 40 to the minute against 38 of Oxford, and for a few yards succeeded in showing a slight lead. But it meant nothing. In fact their quick stroke came to be very much like a scramble, and when, after a few seconds, both boats settled down to a quieter stroke, Cambridge was rolling and already showing signs of its bad form. By the time the Creek was reached, 1 min. 10 sec. after the start, any advantage they ever held was at an end, and the dark blue flag on the nose of the Oxford boat was ahead—never to recede till the winning-post was reached. A hard piece of racing ensued up along the Concrete Wall; Cambridge trying all it knew to keep level, and Oxford equally bent on rowing down its adversary. Just here, of the two, Cambridge were showing slightly better style; but Oxford quickly pulled up, and in proportion as they improved the Light Blues got wild and demoralised. Their stroke dropped down to 36, and even that was raggedly done, and we could see the oars splash in and out of the water with anything but machine-like precision. All this time Oxford was gradually improving its lead, and settling down to a long steady drag which did great credit to their light-weight stroke, of whom every one expected that he would hurry the stroke on the big longer-armed men behind him.

Before the race was a quarter over it was evident to most people that, provided there were no accident, Oxford had the thing in their own hands. At first the Dark Blues did not make a very sudden leap to the front, and once or twice it seemed as if Cambridge, whatever its final fate, was going to hang on to its rival and be troublesome; but all thought of this was soon dispelled, and at the end of the first mile there was a clear gap of daylight between the two boats.

For the rest of the way the question was, what would the leaders win by? And the general opinion seemed to be that they might win by anything they pleased. Cambridge had already fallen to pieces, and did not seem to have such a thing as a spurt left in them. Without doubt their plight was to a large extent, if not mainly, due to the smallness of their boat; but at any rate they were beaten long before Hammersmith was reached, and as a race, the contest ceased to be interesting. Oxford rowed well, improving as they went on, and with a hard tide under them, and a wind at their backs, their boat travelled at a great rate. Hammersmith Bridge was shot in 7 min. 40 sec. from the start by the leaders, Cambridge being 9 seconds behind.

Things went still worse with the Light Blues after this, for turning into Coney Reach they encountered a cross wind, which seemed to add to their troubles as they rolled on. Once, indeed, it looked very much as if a big crab was being caught on one side of the boat, and the little craft seemed rather like capsizing, and so ending the race in a very decided way. However, they righted themselves, but only to find the Dark Blues still farther and more hopelessly ahead.

Scarcely was this little adventure over when a loud shout from our skipper announced some new excitement, and looking ahead we saw a boatful of small boys right in our course. It was an anxious moment, for it seemed impossible to avoid running them down. But Providence, they say, takes special care of certain persons, and small boys in an open boat on the

University racecourse seem to be some of them. By dint of hard steering, and running ourselves up against a barge, we just shaved clear of the small intruders, who, apparently taking the whole adventure very calmly, went on their way rejoicing, leaving us to make up for lost time and give chase to the two boats.

We did not miss much. Oxford was still drawing away ahead, and Cambridge still toiling astern; now and then breaking out into a glimmer of a spurt, which, however, never altered the cruel gap between the boats, and always soon dropped down to the ordinary pace.

Oxford went under Barnes Bridge in 16 min. 49 sec. from the start, Cambridge following some seven or eight lengths behind, at a sadly laboured pace. As usual, the losers made one final effort between here and the winning-post. Of course no good could come of it, but British pluck always looks for a spurt between Barnes Bridge and Mortlake, and Smith made it now. It did not alter the position of the boats at all. Oxford, rowing well within itself, passed the winning-post twenty good seconds ahead, and so won one of the most hollow races that recent years have seen.

Thus ended the thirty-ninth race rowed between the rival Universities. The following is a list of the results from the beginning, from which it will be seen that Oxford's score now stands at twenty-one, and Cambridge's at seventeen, while the dead heat of 1877 makes up the list.

The time of the winning crew—20 min. 12 sec.—has only twice been beaten in a University race, once in 1869, when Oxford covered the course in 20 min. 5 sec., and once in 1873, when, using sliding-seats for the first time, the Light Blues accomplished the distance in the wonderfully short time of 19 min. 35 sec. This year both wind and tide were as favourable as they could be to a quick passage, and this enabled Oxford, with only an indifferent crew, to secure a triumph against time which many a better crew, less favoured by the elements, have failed in achieving.

Yr.	Date.	Wr.	Course.	Time. M. S.	Won by
1829	June 10 ..	Oxf.	Henley ..	14 30	easily
1836	June 17 ..	Cm. Wst. to Put.		36 0	1 min.
1839	April 3 ..	Cm. W. to P.		31 0	1 min. 45 sec.
1840	April 15 ..	Cm. W. to P.		29 30	½ of a length
1841	April 14 ..	Cm. W. to P.		32 30	1 min. 4 sec.
1842	June 11 ..	Oxf. W. to P.		30 45	13 sec.
1845	March 15 ..	Cm. P. to M.		23 30	30 sec.
1846	April 3 ..	Cm. M. to P.		21 5	two lengths
1849	March 29 ..	Cm. P. to M.		22 0	easily
1849	Dec. 15 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		21 36	foul
1852	April 3 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		21 36	27 sec.
1854	April 8 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		25 29	11 strokes
1856	March 15 ..	Cm. M. to P.		25 50	half a length
1857	April 4 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		22 35	35 sec.
1858	March 27 ..	Cm. P. to M.		21 23	22 sec.
1859	April 15 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		24 40	Camb. sank
1860	March 31 ..	Cm. P. to M.		26 5	one length
1861	March 23 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		23 30	48 sec.
1862	April 12 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		24 41	30 sec.
1863	March 28 ..	Oxf. M. to P.		23 6	43 sec.
1864	March 19 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		21 40	26 sec.
1865	April 8 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		21 24	four lengths
1866	March 24 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		25 35	15 sec.
1867	April 13 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		22 40	half a length
1868	April 4 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		20 56	six lengths
1869	March 17 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		20 5	three lengths
1870	April 6 ..	Cm. P. to M.		22 4	1½ lengths
1871	April 1 ..	Cm. P. to M.		23 5	one length
1872	March 23 ..	Cm. P. to M.		21 15	two lengths
1873	March 29 ..	Cm. P. to M.		19 35	3½ lengths
1874	March 28 ..	Cm. P. to M.		22 35	3 lengths
1875	March 20 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		22 2	10 lengths
1876	April 8 ..	Cm. P. to M.		20 20	easily
1877	March 24 ..	Cm. P. to M.		24 8	dead heat
1878	April 13 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		22 13	ten lengths
1879	April 5 ..	Cm. P. to M.		21 18	3½ lengths
1880	March 22 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		21 23	3½ lengths
1881	April 8 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		21 51	three lengths
1882	April 1 ..	Oxf. P. to M.		20 12	ten lengths

* The first University race rowed in outriggers.

† The first race in which either University rowed in the present style of eights without keel; also the first time either rowed with round oars. Both used the same kind of cars and boats.

‡ From the High Bridge to Putney Pier.

§ Both crews used sliding seats for the first time.

|| The Oxford bow man damaged his oar.

While we are recording the aquatic performances of the year, it would never do to leave unmentioned the famous race for

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP,

which was rowed on April 3rd, on the Tyne, between Edward Hanlan, the Canadian, and Robert Boyd, the best of our English scullers. The match had been for a long time in contemplation. On one side, the north countrymen on the banks of the Tyne were anxious if possible to recover for their river its old fame of being the nursery of the best scullers in the world, while our Canadian cousin, not unnaturally, did not feel comfortable till he had added to his other victories that of beating our best man.

The event was quite as exciting in its way as the University Boatrace on the Thames; and the dingy northern river must have been astonished at the crowds which turned out on April 3rd to witness the contest between perhaps the two finest scullers in the world.

Hanlan had been the favourite all along, and his performance now justified the expectations of his admirers. Boyd, however, was not without partisans who seemed to be confident of his success up till the moment of the start, which took place amid the greatest excitement at the appointed hour.

Both men got away on equal terms, and for a few seconds Boyd, who had evidently been impressed with the importance of leading at the start, had the advantage. But beautifully as he sculled (and there was no mistake about his fine form), Hanlan sculled still more prettily and effectively. After 200 yards he came to the front with apparently no effort, and pulling well within himself, had the race to himself all the rest of the way. In vain Boyd came on with a fine strong swing, which would have run any other opponent hard. The Canadian quietly held his own, and even restrained his energy, so that instead of winning by some hundreds of yards, as he might easily have done, he only

reached the winning-post four lengths ahead of his rival. Indeed, if the race proved anything, it proved that we shall have to bring out a far finer sculler than has ever yet rowed on English waters if we are to hope to win back the sculling championship to our shores.

Meanwhile no one can possibly grudge Hanlan his well-deserved honours. Those who know him say he is one of the most modest and unassuming of men; a temperance man too, from his earliest youth; and every one now knows he is the grandest sculler going. Of course we shall be glad, for the honour of the old country, if some day an Englishman can be found to beat him, but it does not look like it just now. Boyd is pretty certainly the best man we could have put up against him, and, as we have seen, Boyd was nowhere, and a champion sculler is not to be found and trained in a day; so it may be some time before the BOY'S OWN PAPER has any fresh news to give its readers on the subject of the sculling championship.

THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. DOMINIC'S:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A THREE GUINEA WATCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE MATCH AGAINST THE COUNTY.

THE boys, astounded and bewildered by this unexpected revelation, slowly rose to obey the Doctor's order, leaving Loman alone with the head master.

The boy was ashy pale as Dr. Senior turned to him and said, solemnly,

"How do you account for this, Loman?"

Loman lowered his eyes and made no reply.

"Answer me, please, Loman. Can you account for this?"

"No."

"Did you ever see this paper before?"

"No."

"Do you know how it came into your Juvenal?"

"No."

"Did you know anything at all about the lost paper?"

"No."

The Doctor looked long and searchingly at him as he said once more,

"Loman, are you sure you are telling me the truth? You know nothing whatever about the paper—never saw it before this moment?"

"No."

"You knew the paper had been missed off my desk?"

"Yes."

"Had you the least reason for believing any boy took it?"

Loman hesitated.

"I would rather not say," he said at last.

"You must please answer me frankly, Loman. Had you any reason, I ask, for believing any boy took the paper?"

"Must I say?" asked Loman.

"Yes—you must."

"Well, then, I did fancy some one had taken it?"

"Who?"

"Greenfield senior," said Loman, flushing quickly as he said the name.

"And what made you suspect Greenfield senior?"

"All the boys suspected him."

"That is not an answer, Loman. Why?"

"Because, for one thing," said Loman, sullenly, "he was seen coming out of your study that evening."

"And why else?"

"Because he came out so high in the exam."

"And for these reasons you suspected Greenfield of taking the paper? Why did you not mention the matter to me?"

Loman did his best to look virtuous.

"I did not wish to get any one into trouble."

"And you preferred to let an affair like this go on without taking any steps to have it cleared up? Did Greenfield deny the charge?"

"No."

"Did he admit it?"

"Very nearly. He wouldn't speak to any one for months."

"And you really believe that Greenfield took the paper?"

Loman looked up at the Doctor for a moment and answered,

"Yes."

"Did you lend him your Juvenal at any time?"

"Not that I remember."

"Do you suppose he put the paper in the book?"

"I couldn't say; but I don't see who else could."

"That will do, Loman; you can go. Kindly leave the paper and the Juvenal with me."

Loman turned to go, but the Doctor stopped him with one more question.

"You know, I suppose, that the questions which you actually had set for the Nightingale Examination were quite different from those on the paper?"

"Yes," said Loman. "I mean—that is," he added, stammering, and taking up the paper in question, "I see by this paper they were quite different."

"Yes; you can go now, Loman."

There was something so solemn and hard in the head master's voice as he dismissed the boy, that made Loman feel very uncomfortable as he slowly departed to his own study.

He, at any rate, was in no humour for enjoying the big football match which was just beginning.

And it must be confessed the event of the morning had had the effect of disconcerting a good many more than himself. Stansfield had quite hard work going round among his troops and rousing them once more to the proper pitch of enthusiasm.

"What—whatever does it matter," he said, "if the fellow did take it? *You* didn't take it, Winter, or you, Wren; and what on earth's the use of getting down in the mouth, and perhaps losing the match, because of it? We're always having our football spoiled by some jolly row or other," he added, with a groan. "I tell you what it is, let's only lick these fellows this afternoon, and then I'll howl and groan, and do anything you like, for a week."

There was no resisting such a generous offer. The fellows made up their minds to forget everything else that afternoon but the "County," and so to play that the County should have some difficulty in soon forgetting them.

"Fire away, you fellows, and peel!" cried Stansfield, as Oliver and Wrayford sauntered past.

They fired away. But while dressing they exchanged a few words on the forbidden subject.

"Did you ever expect it would be brought home to Loman like this, Noll?" asked Wray.

"No, I didn't. And yet in a way—"

"Eh? What do you say?"

"Why, Wray, you remember me saying that that evening, after I left the study, the only fellow I met in the passage besides Simon was Loman?"

"Yes; so you did."

"He was going towards the Doctor's study," said Oliver.

"Hum! I remember now you said so."

"And yet," continued Oliver, plunging into his jersey—"and yet I can't see how, if he did take the paper, he didn't do better in the exam. He came out so very low."

"Yes, that's queer, unless he took a fit of repentance all of a sudden, and didn't look at it."

"Then it's queer he didn't destroy it, instead of sticking it in his Juvenal."

"Well, I suppose the Doctor will clear it up, now he's on the scent."

"I suppose so," said Oliver; "but, I say, old man," he added, "of course there's no need for us to say anything about it to anybody. The poor beggar doesn't want our help to get him into trouble."

"No, indeed. I'd be as glad, quite, if it were found to be another wrong scent, after all," said Wraysford. "The fellow's in a bad enough way as it is."

"Are you nearly ready, you two?" thundered Stansfield at the door.

"Just ready!" they exclaimed; and in another minute they too had dismissed from their minds everything but "St. Dominic's v. County," as they trotted off to join the rest of their comrades on the field of battle.

And, indeed, for the next two hours there was no opportunity, even had they desired it, for any one to think of anything but this momentous struggle.

For three years running the County had beaten the schoolboys, each time worse than before, until at last the latter had got to be afraid the others would begin to think them foemen not worthy of their steel. This year they hardly dared hope a better fate than before, for the enemy were down in force. Yet the boys had determined to die hard, and at least give their adversaries all the trouble they could before their goal should fall; and of this they were all the more sanguine, because their team was the very best the school could muster, and not a man among them but knew his business, and could be depended on to do it too.

Bad luck! Of course, just when it's not wanted there's a breeze got up, blowing right down the field, and in the very teeth of the schoolboys, who have lost the toss, and have to play from the oak-tree end for the first half of the game!

"It's always the way!" growls Ricketts. "They'll simply eat us up while they've got the chance, you see!"

"No they won't," says Stansfield, bound to take a cheerful view of things. "We're strong in backs. It's not like last match, when Greenfield wasn't playing, and Loman was there to make such a mess of it."

"Well, it's a comfort, that, anyhow."

"Of course it is," says the captain. "What you fellows have got to do is to keep the ball in close and nurse it along all the while, or else run—but you'd better let the quarter-backs do that."

This sage advice is not thrown away on the worthies who lead the van for St. Dominic's, and an opportunity for putting it into practice occurs the moment the game begins. For the School has to kick off, and to kick off against that wind is a hopeless business. Stansfield does not attempt anything like a big kick, but just drives the ball hard and low on to the legs of the County forwards, sending his own men close after it, so that a scrimmage is

formed almost at the very spot where the ball grounds.

"Now, School, sit on it! Do you hear?" calls out the captain, and certainly it looks as if that unhappy ball were never destined to see the light again. The enemy's forwards cannot get it out from among the feet of the School forwards, try all they will, until, by sheer weight, they simply force it through. And then, when it does go through, there is young Forrester of the Fourth ready for it, and next moment it is back in its old place in the middle of the "mush." In due time, out it comes again—this time on Wren's side—and once again, after a short run, there it is again, on almost the identical spot of earth where it has undergone its last two poundings.

"Played up, Dominics!" cries out Stansfield, cheerily. "Stick to it now!"

Stick to it they do, with the wind fresh on their faces, and the County fellows charging and plunging and shoving like fury upon them.

Ah! there goes the ball, out at the County end for a wonder. The spectators cheer loudly for the schoolboys. Little they know! It had much better have stayed there among their feet than roll out into the open. The County quarter-back has it in his hands in a twinkling, and in another twinkling he has lifted it with a drop-kick high into the air, all among the wind, which carries it, amid cheers and shouts, right up to the boundary of the School goal.

So much for cutting through the scrimmage!

Wraysford, the Dominican "back," is ready for it when it drops, and, without touching-down, runs out with it. He is a cautious fellow is Wraysford, and does not often try this game. But the ball has far outstripped the enemy's forwards, and so he has a pretty open field. But not for long. In a few seconds the County is upon him, and he and the ball are no longer visible. Then follow a lot more scrimmages, with similar results. It is awfully slow for the spectators, but Stansfield rejoices over it, and the County men chafe.

"Can't you let it out there? Play looser, and let it through!" says their captain.

Loose it is.

"That's better!" says the County captain, as presently the ball comes out with a bound full into the quarter-back's hands, who holds it, and, to the horror of the boys, makes his mark before he can be collared.

The scrimmage has been near up to the Dominican goal—within a kick—and now, as the schoolboys look round first at the goal and then at the County man with the ball, the distance looks painfully small. And even if it were greater, this wind would do the business.

The County man takes plenty of room back from his mark, up to which the School forwards stand ready for one desperate rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Alas, it is no go! They have a knowing hand and a quick foot to deal with. Before they can cover the few yards which divide them the ball is dropped beautifully, and flies, straight as an arrow, over the goal-post, amid the tremendous cheers of the County men and their friends.

"Never mind!" says Stansfield, as his men walk out once more to the fray, "they shan't get another before half-time!"

Won't they? Such is the perversity of that creature people call luck, and such is the hatred it has for anything like a

boast, that two minutes—only two minutes—after the words are out of the captain's mouth, another Dominican goal has fallen.

For Stansfield in kicking off gets his foot too much under the ball, which consequently rises against the wind and presents an easy catch to any one who comes out to take it. A County forward sees his chance. Rushing up, he catches the ball, and instantaneously, so it seems, drop-kicks it, a tremendous kick clean over the School goal, before even the players have all taken up their places after the last catastrophe.

This is dreadful! worse than ever! Never in their worst days had such a thing happened. For once in a way Stansfield's hopefulness deserts him, and he feels the School is in for an out-and-out hiding.

The captain would like extremely to blow some one up if he only knew whom. It is so aggravating sometimes to have no one to blow up. Nothing relieves the feelings so, does it?

However, Stansfield has to bottle up his feelings, and behold! once more he and his men are in battle array.

This time it's steady all again, and the ball is kept well out of sight. It can't even slip out behind now, as before; for the School quarter-backs are up to that dodge, and ready to pounce upon it before it can be lifted or sent flying. Indeed, the only chance the wretched ball has of seeing daylight is—

Hullo! half-time!

The announcement falls on joyful ears among the Dominicans. They have worked hard and patiently against heavy odds; and they feel they really deserve this respite.

Now at last, if the wind wouldn't change for them, they have changed over to the wind, which blows no longer in their faces, but gratefully on to their backs.

The kick-off is a positive luxury under such circumstances; Stansfield needn't be afraid of skying the ball now, and he isn't. It shoots up with a prodigious swoop and soars right away to touch-line, so that the County's "back" is the first of their men to go into action. He brings the ball back deftly and prettily, slipping in and out among his own men who get beside him as a sort of body-guard, ready at any moment to carry on the ball. It is ludicrous to see Ricketts and Winter and Callonby flounder about after him. The fellow is like an eel. One moment you have him, the next he's away; now you're sure of him, now he's out of all reach. Ah! Stansfield's got him at last! No he hasn't; but Winter has—No, Winter has lost him; and—just look—he's past all the School forwards, no one can say how.

Young Forrester tackles him gamely—but young Forrester is no hand at eel-catching; in fact the eel catches Forrester and leaves him gracefully on his back. Past the quarter-backs! The man has a charmed life!

Ah! Thank goodness, Greenfield has got him at last. Yes, Mr. Eel, you may wriggle as hard as you like, but you'd hardly find your way out of that grip without leave!

Altogether this is a fine run, and makes the School see that even with the wind they are not going to have it all their own way. However, they warm up wonderfully after this.

Steady is still the word (what grand play we should get if it were always the word at football, you schoolboys! You may kick and run and scrimmage splendidly, but if

you are not steady—but this is digression). Steady is still the word, and every minute St. Dominic's pulls better together. The forwards work like one man, and, lighter weight though they are, command the scrimmages by reason of their good "packing."

Wren and young Forrester, the quarter-backs, are "dead on" the ball the moment it peeps out from the scrimmage; and behind them at half-back Oliver and Bul-linger are not missing a chance. If they did, Wraysford is behind them, a prince of "backs."

Oh for a chance to put this fine machinery into motion! Time is flying, and the umpire is already fidgeting with his watch. Oh, for one chance! And while we speak

ful task of marking him pass one half-back and floor another before he is arrested.

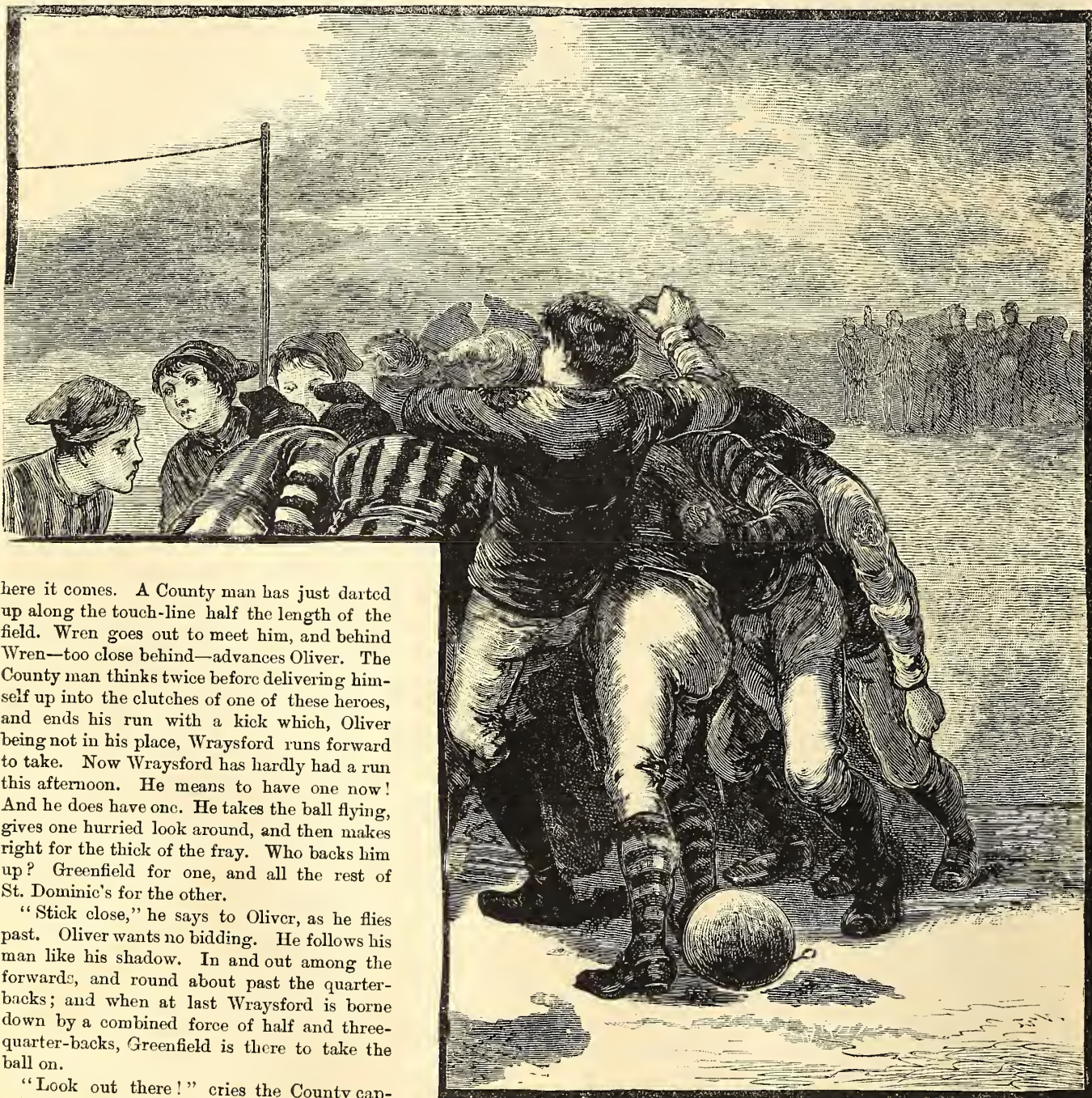
"I'm here!" cries Wraysford's voice at that moment; and next instant the ball is again hurrying on towards the County goal in Wraysford's arms, Greenfield once more being in close attendance.

And now the County backs come into action, and the first of them collars Wraysford. But it is Oliver who collars the ball, and amid the shouts, and howls, and cheers of players and spectators rushes it still onward. The second "back" is the County's only remaining hope, nor surely will he fail. He rushes at Oliver. Oliver rushes at him. Wraysford, once more on his feet, rushes on them both.

"Look out for the ball there," is the panic cry of the County. Aye, look indeed! Oliver is down, but Wraysford has it, and walks with it merrily over the County's goal-line, and deposits it on the ground in the exact centre of the posts.

"There never was such a rush up, or such a pretty piece of double play," say the knowing ones among the onlookers, and when a minute later the ball is brought out, and Stansfield kicks it beautifully over the goal, every one says that it is one of the best-earned goals that old meadow has ever seen kicked, and that St. Dominic's, though beaten, has nothing in that day's performance to be ashamed of.

(To be continued.)



The Scrimmage.

here it comes. A County man has just darted up along the touch-line half the length of the field. Wren goes out to meet him, and behind Wren—too close behind—advances Oliver. The County man thinks twice before delivering himself up into the clutches of one of these heroes, and ends his run with a kick which, Oliver being not in his place, Wraysford runs forward to take. Now Wraysford has hardly had a run this afternoon. He means to have one now! And he does have one. He takes the ball flying, gives one hurried look around, and then makes right for the thick of the fray. Who backs him up? Greenfield for one, and all the rest of St. Dominic's for the other.

"Stick close," he says to Oliver, as he flies past. Oliver wants no bidding. He follows his man like his shadow. In and out among the forwards, and round about past the quarter-backs; and when at last Wraysford is borne down by a combined force of half and three-quarter-backs, Greenfield is there to take the ball on.

"Look out there!" cries the County captain, "mark that man." The County does mark that man, and they have the pain-

WILD ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE ARRANDOON.

(A SEQUEL TO "THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD.")

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE RESCUE—HOMEWARD BOUND—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I NEVER have been able to learn with a sufficient degree of exactitude whether it was the Polar Star that first sighted the Arrandoon, or whether the Arrandoon was the first to catch a glimpse of the Polar Star. And with such conflicting evidence before me, I do not see very well how I could.

What evidence have I before me, do you ask? Why the logs of the two ships, written by their two captains respectively. I give below a portion of two extracts, both relating to the joyful event. Ex-

ago, when every man Jack of his crew was alive and well.

It had been a very narrow escape for them, for, although not far from the open water where the Polar Star lay with foreyard aback, they were unable to reach it, being once more frozen in, and had not good Silas appeared at the time he did, probably in a few weeks at most there would not have been a single human being living on board the lordly Arrandoon.

No sooner had Silas satisfied himself

with his own eyes that it was the Arrandoon that lay icebound to the north of him, than he called away the boats and gave orders to load them with the best of everything, and to follow his whaler.

His whaler took the ice just as eight bells were struck on the Polar Star, and next moment, guided by the fan in the crow's-nest of the yacht, he was hastening over the rough ice towards the Arrandoon.

McBain and his boys, and the doctor as well, were all on deck, when who should



tract first, from the log of the good yacht Polar Star:—"May 21st, 18—. At seven bells in the forenoon watch—ice heavy and wind about a s.s.w.—caught sight of the Arrandoon's topmasts bearing about a N. and by E. Praise God for all His goodness." Extract second, from the log of the Arrandoon:—"May 21st, 18—. Seven bells in the forenoon watch—a hail from the crow's-nest, 'A schooner among the ice to the south'ard and west of us, can just raise her topmasts, think she is bearing this way.' Heaven be praised, we are saved."

Yes, dear reader, the Arrandoon was saved. The news that a vessel was in sight spread through the ship like wildfire; those that were hale and well rushed on deck, the sick tottered up, and all was bustle and excitement, and the cheer that arose from stem to stern reminded McBain of the good old times, a year

"Arrandoon, ahoy! Hurrah!"

neave round the corner of an iceberg but Captain Silas Grig himself, looking as rosy and ten times more happy than they had last seen him.

He was still about fifty yards away, and for a moment or two he stood undecided; it seemed, indeed, that he wished not to walk but to jump or fly the remaining fifty intervening yards. Then he took off his cap, and—Scotch fashion—tossed it as high into the air as he possibly could.

"Arrandoon, ahoy!" he shouted. "Arrandoon, ahoy! Hurrah!"

There was not a soul on board that did not run aft to meet Silas as he sprang up the side. Even Freezing Powders, with Cockie on his shoulder, came wondering up, and Peter must needs get out his bagpipes and strike into "The Campbells are coming."

And when Silas found himself once more among his boys, and shaking hands with them all round; when he noticed the pale faces of Allan and Rory, and the pinched visage of the once strong and powerful McBain, and read in their weak and tottering gait the tale of all their sufferings, then it must be confessed that the bluff old mariner had to turn hastily about and address himself to others in order to hide a tear.

"Indeed, gentlemen all," said Silas, many, many months after this, "when I saw you all looking so peaky and pale, as I first jumped down on to your quarter-deck, I never felt so near making an old ass o' myself in all my born days!"

For three weeks longer the Arrandoon lay among the ice before she got fairly clear, and, consorted by the Polar Star, bore up for home. Three weeks—but they were not badly spent—three weeks, and all that time was needed to restore our invalids to robust health. And that only shows how near to death's door they must have been, because to make them well they had the best medicine this world can supply, and Silas Grig was the physician.

"Silas Grig! Silas Grig!" cried Rory, one morning at breakfast, about a fortnight after the reunion, "sure you're the best doctor that ever stepped in shoe-leather! No wonder we are all getting fat and rosy again! First you gave us a dose of hope—we got that before you jumped on board; then you gave us joy—a shake of your own honest hand, the sound of your own honest voice, and letters from home. What care I that my tenantry—the foineest pisintry in the world—haven't paid up? I've had letters from Arrandoon. What, Ray, boy! more salmon and another egg? Just look at the effects of your physie, Dr. Silas Grig!"

Silas laughed. "But," he said, "there is one thing you haven't mentioned."

"Tell us," said Rory; "troth, it's a treat to hear ye talking!"

"The drop o' green ginger," said Silas.

Nor were these three weeks spent in idleness, for during that time the whole ship, from stem to stern, was redecored, and when at last she was once more clear of the ice, once more out in the blue, she looked as brand new and as span new as on the day when she steamed down the wide romantic Clyde.

I do not know any greater pleasure in life than that of being homeward bound after a long, long cruise at sea.

"Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea."

So runs the song. Good news from home is certainly one of the rover's joys, but how much more joyous it is to be "rolling home, rolling home" to get that good news, eye to eye and lip to lip!

Once fairly under way, the weather seemed to get warmer every day. They reached Jan Mayen in a week; they found the rude village deserted, and Captain Cobb they would never be likely to meet again. So they left the island, and on the wings of a favouring breeze bore away for Iceland. Here Sandy McFlail, doctor of medicine of the University of Aberdeen, and surgeon of the good ship Arrandoon, begged to be left. Ah! poor Sandy was sadly in love with that blue-eyed, fair-haired Danish maiden. He fairly confessed to Rory, who had previously promised not to laugh at him, that he had never seen a Scotch lassie to equal her, and that if she weren't a "doctor's leddy" before six months were over it would not be his, Sandy McFlail's, fault.

"You are quite right, Sandy," said Rory in reply—"quite right; and do you know what it will be, Sandy?"

"What?" asked Sandy.

"A vera judeicious arrangement," cried Rory, running off before Sandy had a chance of catching him by the ear and making him "whistle."

But right fervent were the wishes for the doctor's welfare when he bade his friends adieu. And,

"You'll be sure to send us a piece o' the bride-cake," said Ralph.

"I'm no vera sure," said Sandy, "if it will ever come the length o' bride-cake. But," he added, bravely, "a body can only just try."

"Bravo!" cried Allan; "whatever a true man honestly dares he can do."

"And it's sure to come right in the end," said Rory.

So away went Sandy's boat, and away went the Arrandoon, firing farewell guns, and as gaily bedecked in flags as if it had been Sandy's wedding morning.

The Arrandoon sailed nearly all the way home, for a favouring breeze was blowing, and with stunsails set 'low and aloft, she looked like some gigantic sca-bird, and bravely too the little Polar Star kept her in sight. As for Silas, he did not live on board his own ship, the yacht, at all, but on board the Arrandoon. There was so much to be said and to say that they could not spare him.

The inhabitants of Glentruim turned out *en masse* to welcome the wanderers home. It was a day long to be remembered in that part of the Highlands of Scotland. The young chief, Allan McGregor, was not allowed to walk across one inch of his own grounds towards his castle of Arrandoon—no, nor to ride nor to drive; he must even be carried shoulder high, while slogans rent the air, and blue bonnets darkened it, and claymores were drawn and waved aloft, and the dogs all went daft, and danced about, barking at everybody, plainly showing that they had taken leave of their senses for one day, and weren't a bit ashamed of having done so.

Behind the procession marched Freezing Powders, with Cockie on his shoulder. The poor bird did not know what to make of all this Highland din, all this wild rejoicing. But he evidently enjoyed it.

"Keep it up, keep it up, keep it up!" he cried; "here's a pretty, pretty, pretty to-do! Go on, go on! Come on, come on—ah! ha! ha! ha! Lal de dal de dal lel al!"

And off went Cockie into the maddest dance that ever legs of bird performed. And Freezing Powders got frightened at last, and tried to lecture the bird into a quieter state of mind.

"I 'ssure you, Cockie," said Freezing Powders, "you is overdo'in' it. Try to 'llay your feelin's, Cockie—try to 'llay your feelin's. As sure as nuffin' at all, Cockie, you'll have a drefful headache in the mornin'."

But Cockie only bowed and becked and danced and laughed the more, till at last Freezing Powders, looking upon the case as one of desperation, extracted from his pocket a red cotton handkerchief—the same he carried Cockie in when Captain McBain first met him on the Broomielaw—and in this he rolled Cockie as in the days of yore; but even then all the way to the castle Cockie was constantly finding corners to pop his head through, and let every one within hearing know that, though captured, he was as far from being subdued as ever.

Poor old Janet was beside herself with joy. She had been preparing pastry and getting ready puddings for days and days. She was fain to wipe her eyes with very joy when she shook hands once more with Ralph and Allan, and her old favourite, Rory. She was a little subdued when she looked at old Seth; she was just a trifle afraid of him, I believe. But she soon became herself again, and finished off by catching up Freezing Powders, Cockie and all, and bearing them off in triumph to the cosiest corner of the kitchen.

That same night fires were lit on every hill around Glentruim, and the reflection of them was seen southwards over all the wilds of Badenoch, and northward to the borders of Ross.

A few weeks after the return home Rory paid his promised visit to Silas at his little cottage by the sea, his cottage on the cliff-top. Silas's flag fluttered right gaily in the wind that day, the summer flowers were all in bloom in the garden, and the green paling looked brighter, probably, than ever it had done, for the sun shone as it seldom shines—shone as if it had been paid to shine for the occasion, and the clouds lay low on the horizon, as if they had been paid to keep out of the way for once. The flag fluttered gaily, and the two little blue-jackets on the top of the pole ever and anon made such terrible onslaughts upon each other, that the only wonder was there was a bit of them left, that they did not demolish each other entirely, like the traditional cats of Kilkenny.

Silas had gone to the station to meet Rory. Silas was dressed, as he thought, like a landsman. Silas really thought that nobody could tell he was a sailor, because he wore a blue frock-coat and a tall beaver hat.

And Silas's little wife was all bustle and nervousness, but Rory had not been in the house half an hour ere all this was gone, and she was quietly happy, with a kind of feeling at her heart that she had known Rory all his life, and had even nursed him when he was quite a little mite.

Day and dinner and all passed off right cheerily, and of course with dessert Silas nodded to his little wife, and his little wife opened a bottle of fresh green ginger, and produced the bun—the wonderful bun—which was a pudding one day and a cake the next.

Silas kept smirking and nodding so long at Rory over his first drop of green ginger,

that Rory knew he was going to say something, and so, by way of encouragement, "Out with it, Silas," says Rory.

"Only this," says Silas: "Success to the wooing."

Well, who else in all the wide world could Rory have taken advice from except from Silas, in one little matter that deeply concerned his future welfare?

"Go in and win," had been Silas's advice. "Go in and win, like the man you are. Faint heart never gained fair lady."

It is pleasant for me to be able to state that Rory took his old friend's advice to the letter. Now we know that the course of true love never did run smooth, and the course of Rory's wooing proved no exception to the proverb, but everything came right in the end, as Rory himself was fond of observing, and all is well that ends well. Just one year after this visit to Silas, Rory led Helen Edith McGregor to the altar. What a beautiful bride she made—more modest and bonnie than the rose just newly blown, or gowans tipped with dew!

Rory and Allan were not greater friends after the wedding than they had been before—that were impossible; but they were now brothers, and Allan made a vow that Rory should make his home in Glentruim.

There is a mansion there now as well as a castle, and in it dwell Rory and his wife.

Years have passed since the days of which I have been writing; they have not made very much change in our Irish hero. He is still the painter, still the poet, only

there is not one only, but two little listeners now, that gaze up round-eyed and wonderingly at their father, whenever he takes up his magical instrument, the violin! Old Ap teaches these little ones to cut boats out of scraps of wood, and to rig small yachts in the summer evenings. The glen and castle both are wonderfully improved. There is some good after all in ambition, if it is an honest one, and some truth, too, in the motto of the Camerons, "Whatever a man dares he can do."

Every year Ralph, brave English Ralph, comes to the castle on the twelfth, and always spends a month, and every year Allan and Rory go southwards to Leigh Hall to return the visit. And they never go without taking Silas and McBain with them, so you may be sure these are very happy, very pleasant seasons.

What about Seth? Oh, merely this. Ralph offered to take him back to his own country, and to reinstall him as an Arctic Crusoe in his far northern home.

"Gentlemen," said Seth, "I'm right sensible of all your kindness, but I guess I'm getting old, and if my young friend here wouldn't mind, I'd prefer leaving my bones in the glen here. Civilisation has kind o' spoiled the old trapper, and he'd feel sort o' lonely now in his old farm. There ain't many b'ars in the glen, I reckon; but never mind, old Seth can still draw a bead on a rabbit."

"And so you shall," said Allan. "I'll make you my warren-master, and head of all my keepers."

So Seth has settled down to end his days

in peace. He dwells in one of the prettiest little Highland cottages that ever you saw. It gets snowed over in winter sometimes, it is true, and that might be looked upon as a drawback; but oh, to see it in summer, when the feathery birches nod green around it, and the heather is all in bloom!

Peter played a little trick on poor old Seth, which I cannot help recording.

"It will never do, you know," Peter told him, "for a Highland keeper on the estate of Glentruim not to wear the kilt."

"Guess you're a kind o' right," said Seth, "but, bless you, Peter, my legs ain't o' no consequence, they ain't a bit thicker than old Bran the deerhound's, and I reckon they're just about the same shape."

"Well," replied Peter, "I grant you that is a kind of an objection, but then custom is everything, you know."

So, lo and behold! one fine summer morning, who should stalk into the castle yard but old trapper Seth arrayed in full Highland costume. No wonder the dogs barked and ran away! no wonder Allan and Rory laughed till their sides ached and they could hardly hold their guns! no wonder old Janet shouted and screamed with merriment, and Cockie whistled shrill, and Freezing Powders nearly went into a fit! No, Seth's legs were but little thicker than Bran's. Seth arrayed in skins from head to heel was passable, but Seth in a kilt!!!

Poor Seth! it was somewhat unkind of Peter. However, the trapper never wore a kilt again.

THE END.

ALL BY HIMSELF: A STORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR DOMINIE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVING Moy to make the best of this windfall, the superior animal trudged along, here and there picking and chewing a leaf of sorrel to stay his stomach, for want of better; this was the only edible plant which he recognised by the wayside. The road, he understood, winding along the glen, would take him a long way round; he must strike up by a path over the hills which would save several miles. Presently he came to such a path, which he took after a little hesitation.

It was a mere cart-rut leading on to the moors, and presently frittering itself away into two or three sheep-tracks, hardly to be distinguished among the heather, which, after a little, were lost like the Rhine in its delta. Oscar tried first one, then another, and finally resolved to hold straight ahead, setting his face sturdily against the steep hillside. On he went, but found it very weary work. He felt faint and tired already; his involuntary fast had told upon his strength. This morning it was hotter than ever, oppressively close and sultry; but he struggled on, panting and perspiring, and by-and-by came to the top of the ridge, where he was fain to throw himself on the ground for a few minutes to recover his breath.

He must be getting on, though, if he meant to reach Correck while his legs could still carry him. Keeping always

well to the right of the high Ben which commanded the head of Glenerig, he trudged forward knee-deep in the heather, over a wide flat stretch of moor, unbroken by a single object, so far as he could see. He looked everywhere for a path, beginning to fear he might be altogether out of the right direction, of which he was not quite sure. Then, after a time, to his relief, he caught sight of an old man cutting peat some way off, and went towards him to make inquiries.

"Can you tell me, please, if I am going straight for Correck?" he asked.

The old man was perhaps not ill-pleased to change a few words with a fellow-creature in this solitary scene. He did not stop to scratch his head, nor ask another question first in return, nor stare at the stranger in clownish fashion, but answered at once with Highland courtesy.

"To Correck? Oh, to be sure, you will go over the moor there till you come to a dyke, and you will keep up py the dyke till you see a planting, and when you have gone round the planting there is an iron gate, and that takes you out on the road to Correck. I'm thinking we are fery soon to have a change in the weather."

"Yes, I suppose. Much obliged," quoth Oscar, in no mood to stop talking to a garrulous old peasant, and was moving off.

"Mind and keep straight py the dyke, and you'll not turn anywhere whatever till it prings you up py the planting!" the man called after him.

"Thanks! thanks! These intelligent natives always are so long-winded in giving one information," added the boy to himself, hurrying on, while the old man took a long stare after him, wondering who this stranger might be.

The fact in these directions which had mainly impressed Oscar was that he must look out for a dyke. Now his last year's holidays had been spent in the north of Ireland, where a dyke means a ditch; so it was a ditch and not a wall which he supposed to be in question. Presently he came to a low turf wall, which he crossed, and struck onwards across the moor, always expecting to come upon this ditch. But he went half a mile, a mile, farther perhaps, without seeing anything more like a ditch than the parallel lines of drainage seaming a hillside ever so far off, and, as well as he could judge, quite in the wrong direction. He began to think that the old man must have been making a fool of him. And the old man, for his part, when he saw Oscar turning his back on the wall, thought that he must have been making a fool of him, in asking the way when he did not take the trouble to follow such plain instructions.

It was most fatiguing work to our youth, dragging through the heather, over which his English legs had not yet learned to lift themselves with the true mountaineer's spring. Then, for a change, he found himself in a tract of bog, floundering about among holes full of stagnant water, and warning tufts of rushes, and patches of sickly squashy turf, that treacherously gave way beneath his weight, as he leaped from one spot to another, failing to get firm footing for a moment. That kilt costume of his seemed a mere mockery; he felt that the long boots which German boys wear would be more in place, not aware that the real Highland brogues are made with holes in them—to let the water out! In a sad pickle he would fain have retraced his uncertain steps, but it took him some time to pick his way out, trying first one side and then another, as any apparently safe clod or tuft tempted him here and there to his discomfiture, and when he did at last succeed in reaching dry ground, he had quite lost his bearings and was fairly bewildered.

To make things worse, on taking a survey of the horizon he saw the old man to have been right about a change of weather. A black cloud had stolen up over the mountains, and was fast overspreading half the sky with a leaden canopy; the scorching sun was paled in a rainy film, foreboding a heavy fall of rain. It grew nearer and nearer him. He turned to look for shelter, but not a stick or a stone could be seen within a mile. As he hurried on, a peal of thunder warned him to quicken his steps, but to no purpose. Down came one heavy drop, then another; there was a gleam of lightning; faster and thicker pattered the rain all about him; louder and longer roared the thunder, reverberating among the craggy hills. All he could do was to turn up the collar of his jacket and brave the fury of the storm on the open moorland. In two or three minutes the full force of the shower-bath was upon him; in a few more he was drenched to the skin.

Here is a chance for an ambitious writer to describe a thunderstorm in the Highlands, but I am not going to trouble the reader with a thing that has been so often and so well done elsewhere. My hero had no very keen eye as yet for the beauties of nature, and he took very little notice of the magnificent uproar that was going on around him, thinking only of it as a nuisance to be caught in such torrents of rain. In better spirits, such a misadventure might have gratified him, congenial as it was to the taste of healthy boyhood for a little, just a little, hardship; but with all so empty within, he found no pleasure in being so wet outside. He was not in the least afraid, for he did not know that there was any danger; he was only impatient for the storm to pass over and let him get on. But now that the rain had come at last it came with a vengeance, and seemed in no haste to stop. Ha! what was this? A rattling volley of hailstones for a change, which made the boy's face and hands smart finely. It was quite like being a soldier under the enemy's fire, he thought, and could not help asking himself how he should ever be able to stand such a pelting of real bullets.

And now, as he crouched down among some high ferns, the best shelter he could find, listening to the echoes of the thunder, faintly mimicked by the baatings of a flock of frightened sheep huddling together close by him, on the bare hillside, Oscar insen-

sibly slid into a train of serious reflection, a thing almost as uncommon in his experience as a thunderstorm.

"I like fine weather for my holidays, of course, but I suppose we must have rain sometimes, and after all there are some millions of people to be thought of besides me. If we had no rain the crops wouldn't grow, and the farmers and their work-people would have nothing to eat—ugh, I know what that means! Then they would have no money to pay lawyers and doctors and such like, and what would become of my father, and what would become of me? So it is all right that there should be wet weather, and Mr. Gillespie was not far wrong if he thought me a selfish idiot for grumbling about it.

"Now let me see—every drop of this rain is helping one of his potatoes to grow, and that potato will perhaps go up to London, and the man who sells it will eat too much on the strength of the profit he makes, then he will send for my father and pay him a fee for being dosed, and my father will give me a sovereign of the money on my birthday, and I can spend that at Correck, if I like, on fishing-rods and hooks and things, and so the price of the potato may find its way back to Inverrig, after helping to keep up railways and coaches, and post-offices and policemen, and what-not on the road, besides doing a bit of good for cooks and porters and makers of pots and sacks, and all sorts of poor people; just as each drop of water, so long as it stayed in the loch, was of no particular use except for me to bathe and fish in, but the sun drew it up to the clouds, and the clouds are tumbling it down on some mountain, and it is trickling into a bog, and the bog will send a little stream dribbling out, and the streams will meet with other streams and make a burn, and the burn will run into a bigger one, and that will bring my drop of water back to the loch again after running through ever so many people's fields, and offering itself to fill all the old wives' kettles, or give a drink to the men at their work, or wash the baby—though I doubt if babies are much washed in the Highlands. Well, this is a queer world, which is always going round at such a rate, and I don't see how we are to do without the rough as well as the smooth parts of its machinery!"

Oscar, we see, was a well-instructed youth, and when once he could be set a-thinking, did not want for sense, nor for humour, which is a very useful kind of sense. Boys are not much in the way of thinking what a complicated thing civilised life is; in the quiet shelter of well-to-do homes they see little of the constant toil and trouble that go to keep it sound and sweet for any one of us. A short spell of starvation may do something towards opening their eyes; but for most of such dull learners by experience as we are, old and young, it takes more than a touch of adversity to make us constantly bear in mind how wonderfully all our lives are bound up with each other, to stand or fall together, how little we can do for our naked selves when brought face to face with the hard facts of nature—how much more than an empty form of words is the prayer often babbled so thoughtlessly, "*Give us this day our daily bread*," which we have in truth but from day to day, though habit deafen us to the whirr of the countless wheels that are ceaselessly at work to provide it, for the careless and secure as well as for the anxious and laborious.

There never was a story worth telling that had not some moral expressed or implied, which we may as well have here and be done with it. So I will say to all boys who have gained sense enough for understanding that they must look out of the narrow walls of self to get a clear view of things in every direction: Leave it to foolish children to pout and fret when some storm threatens to spoil the pleasure of an hour, when the weather of tears and laughter happens not to their will; but do you learn betimes to keep a good face through shower and sunshine, and wisely to take life as it comes, since so it must come, in spite of all our sulks or sighings. The lucky man who can meet fate thus boldly and cheerfully, takes from it half its power to hurt him, and such a one is not likely to be supercilious to an old farmer who wants rain while he wants sun, nor thereby to quarrel with his bread-and-butter.

(To be continued.)

THE ILL-USED BOY;

OR, LAWRENCE HARTLEY'S GRIEVANCES.

By MRS. EILOART,

Author of "*Jack and John*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.



It had so happened that the preceding day Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, who were on their way from Switzerland, had met with Mrs. Hartley, who was on her way to Brussels, having decided on spending the winter at that city with her daughters. They had all become acquainted with each other two or three years back at Mr.

Hartley's house at Clapton, and meeting now in a foreign land was enough to make them feel like friends at once. The ladies had spent the morning together shopping, then they had all lunched with Mr. Pratt, and after lunch had come out again with the intention of looking at the old houses and the cathedral.

When they came to the market-place, in which were several of the oldest and most picturesque houses in the city, their attention had been attracted by the crowd gathered round the General, and the girls had persuaded their elders to let them go nearer and see what there was to be seen. And Mr. Pratt had elbowed his way amongst the crowd, and they had followed him, so that now they were quite near the platform on which Lawrence was showing his skill as bear-tamer.

They had heard nothing of Mr. Hartley's disaster, or of the journey the three boys had taken. Both Mrs. Hartley and Ted's parents had been moving about, so that no letters could follow them, and they were all in the happy belief that their sons were safe at Mr. Hartley's residence, and diligently pursuing their studies at the Great Middlesex; so that when Lawrence made

his appearance with the General, as I have described, even his own mother and sisters, though they were astonished at the resemblance the youth on the platform bore to their own beloved youth at home, could not believe that it was indeed he whom they saw.

"Very like! very like indeed!" said Mr. Pratt, good-temperedly surveying the proceedings on the platform. He was close to it—only two boys between. One of these boys, as he spoke, turned sharply round, gave one glance at the comfortable, well-dressed English gentleman behind, and then said to the other, in a whisper, "Bob, it's my father!"

"What a piece of luck!" said Robert. "Now we're all right!"

But Ted was not so sure that it *was* lucky. Perhaps his father would not approve of his deserting school and leaving Clapton, even for the sake of running, like a knight-errant, after his friend. The loss of the money had made them stay away so much longer than at first Ted had ever thought they would do, and then they



were, to say the least, in a very peculiar position.

Ted felt uncomfortable, and gave another look round, and then, in a horrified whisper to his friend, said, "And there's Lawrence's mater! Oh, if he only knew!"

And just then Lawrence did know, for he turned and caught sight of his mother and his sisters, and then of Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, and the sight, altogether, was too much for his self-command. What would they think? what would his mother say? and how should he ever look Mr. and Mrs. Pratt in the face after they had seen him in this ridiculous position—teaching a bear how to fence?

He faltered, he hesitated, he took his eyes off the animal; and it was only by keeping them on him, and by the exercise of great self-possession and coolness, that he had obtained the mastery over him. And now he lost it. The bear saw it—saw that his teacher was afraid of something, and flattered himself that it was he who had caused his trepidation. He drew back, flung down the stick with which he had been making an attempt at fencing, and, just as he had done before at Antwerp, sprang off the platform and dashed amongst

the crowd. Then he looked round him in grim self-complacency, master of all he surveyed.

There was shrieking and scuffling and rushing away, and the two slight English girls might have suffered in the *mêlée* had not Robert gone to one and Ted to the other, and told them not to mind the brute, who would soon be brought to his senses.

As to Lawrence, his first thought—and he would have acted on it some weeks back—was to hide in the van; his next was more manly, and that was to try and repair the mischief he had done. He sprang from the platform, gave the General a smart blow across the nose, and seized him by the ornamented cord that hung from his collar. There was a shout of admiration at this from the assembled crowd, but Lawrence only heard Mr. Pratt say,

"Pretty tricks—pretty tricks! We want some of our police here; letting a wild animal like that frighten people to death!"

Hans came up now, and Lawrence gave the cord into his hands, and the General, now quite subdued, returned meekly to the platform, where Hans, who saw that something was amiss with Lawrence, made him go through his performance. Then Lawrence would have gone and hid himself amongst the crowd, but a cry, in Mrs. Pratt's voice, made him pause.

"Mrs. Hartley has fainted!" she said, and then Lawrence felt he must stop and look after his mother.

The fright had scared the poor lady, and then, when she saw a lad so like her own boy spring down from the platform, and seize the animal who had so scared them all, the shock and the bewilderment were altogether too much, and she lost consciousness.

"Here's a cab, or *fiacre*, or whatever they call it," cried Mr. Pratt, who, with four ladies on his hands, one of them in a fainting fit, felt as if he had more than he could manage. "Get her in, get her in," and Mrs. Pratt and Lawrence between them lifted his mother into the carriage, and the three went off to the *Hôtel du Nord*, where the Pratts were staying, Mr. Pratt remaining behind to see to the girls, as he told his wife before she was driven away.

"Now, my dears, I've another cab for you," he said to Lawrence's sisters, as another carriage had made its appearance on the scene. "Come in, come in, and if these young fellows who've kept you from being trampled down by the crowd won't mind going outside as far as the *Hôtel du Nord*, I shall be very pleased to thank them when we're all there."

The "young fellows'" jackets were very shabby by this time, and one of them at least had managed that Mr. Pratt should not see much of his face. Ted's father had used the word "fellows," as he did not know whether to say "gentlemen" or not. But, in all the hurry and confusion, he had seen that they had been of great service to the two girls in the crowd, and he felt that, in one way or another, he should like to give them something more than thanks in recompense.

"Jump up on the box," said Ted to Robert, as Mr. Pratt got inside the carriage. "We've got to go to be thanked, and I hope thanks will be *all* we shall get. Oh, I say, who would ever have thought of our coming across my folks like this!"

(To be continued.)

THE BOYS' OWN AVIARY OF BRITISH BIRDS.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

PART I.

Boys have changed very much indeed since my early days, if they do not consider the splendid plate which forms the frontispiece to this month's part one of the richest treats our Editor has ever placed before us.

I look away back into other years, and I see as in a dream—What do you think? Why, a tiny mite of a boy, who, in the gloaming of a winter's evening, has thrown himself in front of the fire to examine with eager eyes a book, a treasure which his father has just brought him from the distant city. Do you think he can wait until the lamp is lighted? No; for has he not dreamed of this book for weeks every night, and thought about it all day, and now it is in his hand—"Buffon's Natural History of Birds and Beasts, one hundred illustrations, scarlet cloth and gilt letters, eighteenpence."

So ran the advertisement. Alas! the scarlet cloth is a dingy red, all the letters in the book aren't gold, as the little boy had expected, but only those on the cover, and there are only eighty odd illustrations—odd in more senses than one, for the pictures are mere caricatures of what they were meant to represent. That tiny boy is now an old boy, and is addressing you. But what he would have thought had such a plate as "Our British Birds" fallen into his hands instead of that eighteenpenny delusion, I cannot at this date even conjecture.

Now, what would you think if a fairy were to fire a gun, and all those birds, three hundred and more, were to fly out of the picture, and if the fairy were then to turn round to you and, touching you with her golden wand, grant you the power to follow them to their homes and their haunts. What a grand tour that would be, would it not? and what a world of wonders you would see before you came back! A good fairy has given me that power; her name is "Memory," and she lends me her wings, and if you choose to put on your wings—namely, the wings of imagination—you can come with me; together we can view a few of the homes of the wild birds, and, happy thought! bring some of the birds back with us to make pets of and form an aviary.

Yonder is the great golden eagle, the chief of the class *Falconidae*, a bird that, although found in the wildest parts of Ireland, and probably Wales, prefers building his eerie in some inaccessible cliff overhanging the sea, or mountain precipice in the Highlands of Scotland. The nest is an immense pile of sticks and heather lined with grass and wool principally, the eggs two; the young are fierce, even in the nest. This eagle may be tamed and kept domesticated, but he makes a most dangerous pet. I know this from experience. The eagle feeds on flesh, carrying away to his eerie hares, rabbits, and the young of deer and sheep, to say nothing of smaller game. I climbed to the summit of a lofty Highland mountain one day without a guide. While there a cloud came over us—that is, me and the mountain. I do not know how the mountain felt, but I know I did not feel comfortable. We had *Jupiter Tonans* first, then *Jupiter Pluvius*, then the bird of Jove itself came circling around, and I thought of the gentleman who was attacked and nearly killed by a golden eagle on the top of Ben Rinnas.

I know at this present moment where an eagle's nest is. I could give any of my boy-readers the address, but whoever decides on going there had better say good-bye to his friends before he starts.

I am thinking of Skye while I write, where there are a great many eagles and other rapacious birds. Skye, where there are hardly any trees, and where you positively find the nests of thrushes, and other "songsters of the grove," on the ledges of rocks not far from the sea. There is no saying where a bird will not build sooner than not build at all. Mischievous brat of a boy that I was, I used to send my little City cousins, when on a visit to us, miles away to

look for hawks' nests in furze-bushes, and peewits' nests in tree-tops, but in the early part of this century, when war to the knife was declared by farmers against rooks, the poor persecuted birds often laid their eggs on the bare earth, and built their nests in bushes of furze.

Near the golden-eagle in the centre of the picture are many well-executed sketches of our British hawks and falcons, several of which are common in England, and if taken from the nests before they are fully fledged they make good pets, and become tame enough. Those among them with which I have personal acquaintance build in woods, in the topmost branches of high trees. In Scotland they prefer the fir, and the pleasure of finding a nest is one that few save country boys ever know. You are wandering through a pine forest, and you come to a part of it where the trees are taller than they are anywhere else, and where the mossy sward is greenest. It is quiet and still, too; no song of merle or thrush falls on the ear, only from a spruce thicket not far off, the mournful croodling of the wild pigeons is heard. Suddenly you see a nest far far up skywards in a lordly fir-tree, an immense conglomeration of sticks and heather. You beat the tree or kick it and a bird flies out. If no bird had flown out you would have walked on, but now up you swarm, for you can just get your arms round the trunk. At twenty feet from the ground you come to branches. Excelsior! up you go, higher yet and higher. No boy has been here before you, for there is not a footmark on the branches, not a morsel of bark has been stirred. Excelsior! You are fifty feet from the ground, and the nest is still beyond you. You think it is a hawk's, but the bird flew away so quickly you could hardly see her. It may be only a magpie's after all, or a carrion crow's. Excelsior! The wind catches the tree up here, and you sway to and fro, and if you pause for a moment and gaze around you, you can look away beyond the grocery of tree-tops and over all the beautiful country. The tree-stem is hardly now as thick as your neck, and the bark is smooth and brown, but excelsior! And now you have reached the nest and get your arm over. You can feel five warm eggs in a grass-lined nest; you can feel that they are walnut-shaped, not pointed, therefore they are neither crows' nor magpie's. You manage with much difficulty to raise one till it catches your eye. A glorious glint of crimson! Hurrah! A kestrel's nest! A fortnight after you come back again for just two—no more—fledglings. The mother will miss them, but love the others all the more, and you will love the two you have taken.

Town boys cannot easily get young hawks, but they can write to country cousins, and their cousins can get them from the keepers.

Of course you will want to know how to feed them and treat them. All kinds of hawks, then, are fed on butcher's scraps, and the odds and ends you can procure from the poulterer. The merlin, the hobby, the kestrel, the peregrine-falcon, and sparrow-hawk, are the kinds usually kept. They soon learn to know one, and become very tame and docile. Keep the smaller kinds in a roomy cage, and you may chain the bigger sort by the leg to a stand, like a cockatoo's. Feed three or four times a day, give gravel and water, and keep clean. Do not leave offal lying about. Dead birds and mice are considered a treat by these birds, and I beg of you to give them all the freedom you can. Teach them to leave the cage and perch on your arm, while you walk about. I never knew them abuse their liberty.

Owls may be fed and kept in the same way. They are not special pets of mine, though I have had them. It will not do to keep two of different sizes together, or a fight may ensue, and the weaker go to the wall. My friend Mortimer Collins, the poet, used to keep owls, so I have no doubt they are very wise, but they seem to keep their wisdom all to themselves. They are like a great many human beings, they do a deal of thinking, but the world in general is not much the better for it. I will tell you a little story about an owl, and I will put it in

such simple language, that even your smallest brother or sister can read it.

Once upon a time there was a small boy who went to take a walk in a wood, on a lovely summer's day. By-and-by he came to a big dark tree, and there he saw a big brown owl, for all the world like a cat with a claw at its nose. And the small boy said, "O!" he said; "owls do not see at noon; I will catch this big brown owl." Then he crept beneath the tree, then he put out his hand; then the big brown owl also put out his hand; then the boy's hand and the big brown owl's hand met, and as long as he lives the small boy will not forget the day he tried to catch that big brown owl.

Passing the owl family on the left of the plate, and getting higher up the tree, we come upon a couple of so-called goat-suckers. Although these birds fly by night, and have strangely-shaped bills and mouths, it is absurd to say they can suck a goat, or the teat of any animal whatever. Their food consists of moths and beetles, but if kept in confinement—as they seldom are—the food may be insects, beetles, ants' eggs (the dried larvae of the ant, generally imported from Germany), German paste, scraped meat, and mealworms.

Above the goat-suckers—*alias* night-jars—are a few wild pigeons. Such of those as are kept in confinement are fed on grains of various kinds, the smaller among them having, of course, the smallest seeds.

The hoopoe, with its strange crest and long bill, has been kept as a pet, but seldom. Food: egg and meat and mealworms, probably paste. I have no personal acquaintance with their ways and habits; at the same time, I think the stranger and more rare a pet-bird is the better. It is nice to have a creature that no one else has the like of, and to study its ways and manners. There is a kind of starling, or ouzel, called the "Pastor roseus," well delineated in the plate, which I believe would make a delightful pet. It is more a bird of the East, however, than a British bird, and its food would be the same as our own starling.

The starling is too well known to need description, although it makes a splendid cage or aviary bird. It must not be put with birds, however, that it is likely to disagree with. The starling is strong, and makes plenty of use of his powerful beak. The bird has its nest in chimneys or in the hollows of old trees. The song is not worth listening to, but they are very easily taught to speak, and also to pipe tunes. Give starlings a large, roomy cage, plenty of gravel, and a little hay in the bottom of the cage; feed on bread-and-milk, peas-pudding, a little scraped meat, worms, snails, fruit, etc. Let them come out of the cage every day to have a bath and catch flies. They are the most amusing birds I know.

The jay belongs to the *Corvidæ*, or crow family, and is a very pretty and highly amusing and accomplished bird. In the wild state its nest is found in trees or tall bushes, and is certainly considered no friend by those who have good fruit-gardens; he is so fond of ripe cherries and green peas, and is as partial to plums as little Jack Horner. It wants a large, roomy cage, and is usually fed in the same way as the magpie.

The magpie is by many superstitious people considered a bird of ill-omen, and is said to bring grief to any person who happens to meet one while going on a journey. I do not believe this now, though I used to. The bird makes a very nice pet, at all events, and a highly-amusing one, for he can learn to speak, and when he does so he has such a wise, old-world look about him that one cannot help laughing to listen to him. The magpie is generally kept in a cage. This is a pity, as although somewhat mischievous, and, strictly speaking, not altogether honest, he dearly loves his liberty, and does not abuse it. If confined in a cage, see that it is a large, roomy one, and kept nice and clean. Hang the bird much out of doors, but not in wet weather, and not in dranghts. Food in cage: a paste of boiled peas-meal or oatmeal, bread-and-milk, any kind of table scraps, fish, flesh, or fowl, bones to pick,

snails, garden worms, mice, etc., etc. In fact, the bird is very far indeed from dainty. He should have plenty of clean water.

The *Rook*.—This bird makes a very good pet. I have had more than one, and consider them wonderfully wise. Rooks are treated in the same way as magpies.

The *Raven*.—Treat as recommended for the magpie, but it must have plenty of liberty, only remember it is exceedingly mischievous, and might injure the eyes of a favourite cat or dog at any moment.

The *Jackdaw*.—This bird makes a delightful pet. He ought to be allowed the run of the house or garden, where he will find a deal of his own food. Otherwise, he should be kept in a very large cage, and treated and fed as the magpie is.

The *Chough* is a prettier pet than either, and is treated in the same way.

Gulls of many kinds—I was going to say all kinds—can be kept as pets. They will eat anything, but should never be caged. They become very tame, and it is pretty to see them running about the garden.

The *Heron tribe*.—It is not generally known that these birds can be easily tamed. They had better only be kept in the country, however, and near a stream, where they may find a portion of their own food.

(To be continued.)

LIST OF OUR BRITISH BIRDS.

(See Coloured Plate.)

1. Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaetus*).
2. Spotted Eagle (*Aquila nevia*).
3. White-tailed Eagle (*Haliaetus albicilla*).
4. Osprey (*Pandion haliaetus*).
5. Gyr Falcon (*Falco gyrfalco*).
6. Peregrine Falcon (*Falco peregrinus*).
7. Hobby (*Falco subbuteo*).
8. Hobby (orange-legged).
9. Merlin (*Falco assalon*).
10. Kestrel (*Tinnunculus alaudarius*).
11. Goshawk (*Astur palumbarius*).
12. Sparrowhawk (*Accipiter nisus*).
13. Kite (*Milvus vulgaris*).
14. Buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*).
15. Buzzard, Rough-legged (*Buteo lagopus*).
16. Buzzard, Honey (*Pernis apivorus*).
17. Marsh Harrier (*Circus aeruginosus*).
18. Hen Harrier (*Circus cyaneus*).
19. Montagu's Harrier (*Circus cineraceus*).
20. Eagle Owl (*Bubo maximus*).
21. Scops Eared Owl (*Scops aldrovandi*).
22. Long-eared Owl (*Otus vulgaris*).
23. Short-eared Owl (*Otus brachyotus*).
24. White Owl (*Strix flammea*).
25. Tawny Owl (*Syrnium aluco*).
26. Snowy Owl (*Nyctalia nyctea*).
27. Little Owl (*Athene noctua*).
28. Tengmalm's Owl (*Nyctale funerea*).
29. Great Grey Shrike (*Lanius excubitor*).
30. Rose-breasted Shrike (*Lanius minor*).
31. Red-backed Shrike (*Lanius collurio*).
32. Woodchat Shrike (*Lanius auriculatus*).
33. Spotted Flycatcher (*Muscicapa grisola*).
34. Pied Flycatcher (*Muscicapa atricapilla*).
35. Dipper (*Hydrobata cinclus*).
36. Mistle Thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*).
37. White's Thrush (*Turdus whitei*).
38. Black-throated Thrush (*Turdus atrigularis*).
39. Fieldfare (*Turdus pilaris*).
40. Song Thrush (*Turdus musicus*).
41. Redwing (*Turdus iliacus*).
42. Blackbird (*Turdus merula*).
43. Ring Ouzel (*Turdus torquatus*).
44. Golden Oriole (*Oriolus galbula*).
45. Rock Thrush (*Petrocincla saxatilis*).
46. Alpine Accentor (*Accentor alpinus*).
47. Hedge Sparrow (*Accentor modularis*).
48. Redbreast (*Erythraca rubecula*).
49. Blue-throated Warbler (*Cyanecula suecica*).
50. Redstart (*Ruticilla phoenicea*).
51. Black Redstart (*Ruticilla titys*).
52. Stonechat (*Pratincola rubicola*).
53. Whinchat (*Pratincola rubetra*).
54. Wheatear (*Saxicola cinanthe*).
55. Grasshopper Warbler (*Avicula locustella*).
56. Great Sedge Warbler (*Salicaria arundinacea*).
57. Sedge Warbler (*Salicaria phragmites*).
58. Savin Warbler (*Salicaria luscinoides*).
59. Reed Warbler (*Salicaria strepera*).
60. Marsh Warbler (*Salicaria palustris*).
61. Aquatic Warbler (*Salicaria aquatica*).
62. Rufous Warbler (*Edon galactodes*).
63. Nightingale (*Philomela luscinia*).
64. Blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*).
65. Garden Warbler (*Sylvia hortensis*).
66. Whitethroat (*Sylvia cinerea*).
67. Lesser Whitethroat (*Sylvia curruca*).
68. Orpheus Warbler (*Sylvia arphra*).
69. Wood Warbler (*Sylvia sibilatrix*).
70. Willow Warbler (*Sylvia trochilus*).

71. Melodious Willow Warbler (*Sylvia hypoleis*).
 72. Chiffchaff (*Sylvia rufa*).
 73. Dartford Warbler (*Melizophilus provincialis*).
 74. Golden-crested Regulus (*Regulus cristatus*).
 75. Fire-crested Regulus (*Regulus ignicapillus*).
 76. Greater Tit (*Parus major*).
 77. Blue Tit (*Parus caeruleus*).
 78. Crested Tit (*Parus cristatus*).
 79. Cole Tit (*Parus ater*).
 80. Marsh Tit (*Parus palustris*).
 81. Long-tailed Tit (*Parus caudatus*).
 82. Bearded Tit (*Parus biarmicus*).
 83. Bohemian Waxwing (*Bombus garrula*).
 84. Pied Wagtail (*Motacilla alba*).
 85. White Wagtail (*Motacilla alba*).
 86. Grey Wagtail (*Motacilla sulphurea*).
 87. Grey-headed Wagtail (*Motacilla alba*).
 88. Ray's Wagtail (*Motacilla campestris*).
 89. Tree Pipit (*Anthus pratensis*).
 90. Meadow Pipit (*Anthus pratensis*).
 91. Red-throated Pipit (*Anthus cervinus*).
 92. Rock Pipit (*Anthus obscurus*).
 93. Richard's Pipit (*Anthus richardi*).
 94. Shore Lark (*Alauda alpestris*).
 95. Sky Lark (*Alauda arvensis*).
 96. Crested Lark (*Alauda cristata*).
 97. Wood Lark (*Alauda arborea*).
 98. Calandra Lark (*Alauda calandra*).
 99. Lapland Bunting (*Plectrophenax lapponica*).
 100. Snow Bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*).
 101. Bunting (*Emberiza miliaria*).
 102. Black-headed Bunting (*Emberiza schenckii*).
 103. Yellow Bunting (*Emberiza citrinella*).
 104. Little Bunting (*Emberiza pusilla*).
 105. Rustic Bunting (*Emberiza rustica*).
 106. Cirl Bunting (*Emberiza ciris*).
 107. Ortolan Bunting (*Emberiza hortulana*).
 108. Chaffinch (*Fringilla coelebs*).
 109. Mountain Finch (*Fringilla montifringilla*).
 110. Serin Finch (*Fringilla serinus*).
 111. Tree Sparrow (*Passer montanus*).
 112. House Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*).
 113. Greenfinch (*Coccothraustes chloris*).
 114. Hawfinch (*Coccothraustes vulgaris*).
 115. Goldfinch (*Carduelis elegans*).
 116. Siskin (*Carduelis spinus*).
 117. Linnet (*Linota cannabina*).
 118. Mealy Redpoll (*Linota canescens*).
 119. Lesser Redpoll (*Linota linaria*).
 120. Mountain Linnet (*Linota flavirostris*).
 121. Scarlet Bullfinch (*Carpodacus erythrinus*).
 122. Bullfinch (*Loxia pyrrhula*).
 123. Pine Grosbeak (*Loxia cucullata*).
 124. Crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*).
 125. Parrot Crossbill (*Loxia pityopsittacus*).
 126. European White-winged Crossbill (*Loxia bifasciata*).
 127. Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*).
 128. Rose-coloured Pastor (*Pastor roseus*).
 129. Chough (*Fregilus graculus*).
 130. Raven (*Corvus corax*).
 131. Carrion Crow (*Corvus corone*).
 132. Hooded Crow (*Corvus cornix*).
 133. Rook (*Corvus frugilegus*).
 134. Jackdaw (*Corvus monedula*).
 135. Magpie (*Pica caudata*).
 136. Jay (*Garrulus glandarius*).
 137. Nutcracker (*Nucifraga caryocatactes*).
 138. Green Woodpecker (*Picus viridis*).
 139. Great Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus major*).
 140. Lesser Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus minor*).
 141. Wren (*Troglodytes europaeus*).
 142. Creeper (*Certhia familiaris*).
 143. Wren (*Troglodytes europaeus*).
 144. Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*).
 145. Nuthatch (*Sitta caesia*).
 146. Cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*).
 147. Great Spotted Cuckoo (*Cuculus glandarius*).
 148. Roller (*Coracias garrula*).
 149. Bee-eater (*Microps apaster*).
 150. Kingfisher (*Alcedo ispida*).
 151. Swallow (*Hirundo rustica*).
 152. Martin (*Hirundo urtica*).
 153. Rufous Swallow (*Hirundo rufula*).
 154. Sand Martin (*Hirundo riparia*).
 155. Swift (*Cypselus apus*).
 156. Alpine Swift (*Cypselus melba*).
 157. Goatsucker (*Caprimulgus europaeus*).
 158. Red-necked Goatsucker (*Caprimulgus ruficollis*).
 159. Ring Dove (*Columba palumbus*).
 160. Stock Dove (*Columba oenas*).
 161. Rock Dove (*Columba livia*).
 162. Turtle Dove (*Columba turtur*).
 163. Pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*).
 164. Capercaillie (*Tetrao urogallus*).
 165. Black Grouse (*Tetrao tetrix*).
 166. Red Grouse (*Tetrao lagopus*).
 167. Ptarmigan (*Tetrao albus*).
 168. Pallas Sand Grouse (*Syrhaptes paradoxus*).
 169. Partridge (*Perdix cinerea*).
 170. Red-legged Partridge (*Perdix rufa*).
 171. Quail (*Coturnix communis*).
 172. Great Bustard (*Otis tarda*).
 173. Little Bustard (*Otis tetrax*).
 174. Cream-coloured Courser (*Cursorius gallicus*).
 175. Great Plover (*Edicnemus crepitans*).
 176. Collared Pratincole (*Glaucopis pratincola*).
 177. Golden Plover (*Charadrius pinnatus*).
 178. Dotterel (*Charadrius morinellus*).
 179. Ringed Plover (*Charadrius hiaticula*).
 180. Kentish Plover (*Charadrius cantianus*).
 181. Sanderling (*Calidris arenaria*).
 182. Grey Plover (*Squatarola helvetica*).
 183. Peewit (*Vanellus cristatus*).
 184. Turnstone (*Strepilas interpres*).
 185. Oystercatcher (*Haematopus ostralegus*).
 186. Crane (*Grus cinerea*).
 187. Heron (*Ardea cinerea*).
 188. Purple Heron (*Ardea purpurea*).

189. Great White Heron (*Ardea alba*).
 190. Little Egret (*Ardea garzetta*).
 191. Buff-backed Heron (*Ardea bubulcus*).
 192. Squacco Heron (*Ardea comata*).
 193. Little Bittern (*Botanus minutus*).
 194. Bittern (*Botanus stellaris*).
 195. Night Heron (*Nycticorax griseus*).
 196. White Stork (*Ciconia alba*).
 197. Black Stork (*Ciconia nigra*).
 198. Spoonbill (*Plegadis falcinellus*).
 199. Glossy Ibis (*Ibis falcinellus*).
 200. Curlew (*Numenius arquata*).
 201. Whimbrel (*Numenius phaeopus*).
 202. Spotted Redshank (*Totanus fuscus*).
 203. Redshank (*Totanus fuscus*).
 204. Green Sandpiper (*Totanus ochropus*).
 205. Wood Sandpiper (*Totanus glareola*).
 206. Common Sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucos*).
 207. Spotted Sandpiper (*Totanus macularius*).
 208. Greenshank (*Totanus glottis*).
 209. Avocet (*Recurvirostra avocetta*).
 210. Black-winged Stilt (*Himantopus melanopterus*).
 211. Black-tailed Godwit (*Limosa urophegala*).
 212. Bar-tailed Godwit (*Limosa rufa*).
 213. Ruff (*Macetes pugnax*).
 214. Woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*).
 215. Sabine's Snipe (*Scolopax sabini*).
 216. Great Snipe (*Scolopax major*).
 217. Common Snipe (*Scolopax gallinago*).
 218. Jack Snipe (*Scolopax gallinula*).
 219. Curlew Sandpiper (*Tringa subarquata*).
 220. Knot (*Tringa canutus*).
 221. Broad-billed Sandpiper (*Tringa pygmaea*).
 222. Little Stint (*Tringa minuta*).
 223. Temminck's Stint (*Tringa temminckii*).
 224. Dunlin (*Tringa variabilis*).
 225. Purple Sandpiper (*Tringa maritima*).
 226. Grey Phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*).
 227. Red-necked Phalarope (*Phalaropus hyperboreus*).
 228. Landrail (*Oxyechus pratensis*).
 229. Spotted Crane (*Oxyechus pratensis*).
 230. Olivaceous Crane (*Oxyechus pratensis*).
 231. Baillon's Crane (*Oxyechus pratensis*).
 232. Water Rail (*Rallus aquaticus*).
 233. Moorhen (*Gallinula chloropus*).
 234. Coot (*Fulica atra*).
 235. Greylag Goose (*Anser ferus*).
 236. Bean Goose (*Anser segetum*).
 237. Pink-footed Goose (*Anser brachyrynchus*).
 238. White-fronted Goose (*Anser albifrons*).
 239. Bernicle Goose (*Anser leucopsis*).
 240. Brent Goose (*Anser brenna*).
 241. Red-breasted Goose (*Anser ruficollis*).
 242. Egyptian Goose (*Anser aegyptiacus*).
 243. Whooper (*Cygnus ferus*).
 244. Bewick's Swan (*Cygnus minor*).
 245. Mute Swan (*Cygnus olor*).
 246. Ruddy Sheldrake (*Tadorna rutula*).
 247. Sheldrake (*Tadorna vulpanser*).
 248. Shoveller (*Anas clypeata*).
 249. Gadwall (*Anas strepera*).
 250. Pintail Duck (*Anas acuta*).
 251. Wild Duck (*Anas boschas*).
 252. Garganey (*Anas circia*).
 253. Teal (*Anas crecca*).
 254. Widgeon (*Anas penelope*).
 255. Eider Duck (*Somateria mollissima*).
 256. Steller's Western Duck (*Somateria stelleri*).
 257. King Duck (*Somateria spectabilis*).
 258. Velvet Duck (*Edemia fusca*).
 259. Scoter (*Edemia nigra*).
 260. Pochard (*Fuligula ferina*).
 261. Ferruginous Duck (*Fuligula nyroca*).
 262. Scaup Duck (*Fuligula marila*).
 263. Tufted Duck (*Fuligula cristata*).
 264. Western Pochard (*Fuligula dispar*).
 265. Long-tailed Duck (*Fuligula glacialis*).
 266. Harlequin Duck (*Fuligula histriouica*).
 267. Golden-eye (*Fuligula clangula*).
 268. Smew (*Mergus albellus*).
 269. Red-breasted Merganser (*Mergus serrator*).
 270. Goosander (*Mergus castor*).
 271. Great Crested Grebe (*Podiceps cristatus*).
 272. Red-necked Grebe (*Podiceps rubricollis*).
 273. Slavonian Grebe (*Podiceps auritus*).
 274. Eared Grebe (*Podiceps nigricollis*).
 275. Little Grebe (*Podiceps minor*).
 276. Great Northern Diver (*Colymbus glacialis*).
 277. Black-throated Diver (*Colymbus arcticus*).
 278. Red-throated Diver (*Colymbus septentrionalis*).
 279. Guillemot (*Uria troile*).
 280. Ringed Guillemot (*Uria lachrymans*).
 281. Black Guillemot (*Uria grylle*).
 282. Little Auk (*Vergulus alle*).
 283. Puffin (*Fratercula arctica*).
 284. Razorbill (*Alca torda*).
 285. Great Auk (*Alca penninis*).
 286. Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*).
 287. Shag (*Phalacrocorax graculus*).
 288. Gannet (*Sula alba*).
 289. Caspian Tern (*Sterna caspia*).
 290. Sandwich Tern (*Sterna cantiana*).
 291. Roseate Tern (*Sterna paradisea*).
 292. Common Tern (*Sterna hirundo*).
 293. Arctic Tern (*Sterna macroura*).
 294. Black-billed Tern (*Sterna anglica*).
 295. Lesser Tern (*Sterna minuta*).
 296. Black Tern (*Sterna nigra*).
 297. White-winged Black Tern (*Sterna leucoptera*).
 298. Peewit Gull (*Larus ridibundus*).
 299. Laughing Gull (*Larus atricilla*).
 300. Little Gull (*Larus minutus*).
 301. Black-headed Gull (*Larus ridibundus*).
 302. Great Black-headed Gull (*Larus ichthyæctus*).
 303. Kittiwake (*Larus tridactylus*).
 304. Ivory Gull (*Larus eburneus*).
 305. Common Gull (*Larus canus*).
 306. Iceland Gull (*Larus islandicus*).

308. Lesser Black-backed Gull (*Larus fuscus*).
 309. Herring Gull (*Larus argentatus*).
 310. Great Black-backed Gull (*Larus marinus*).
 311. Glaucous Gull (*Larus glaucus*).
 312. Common Skua (*Lestrnis cataractes*).
 313. Pomarine Skua (*Lestrnis pomarinus*).
 314. Richardson's Skua (*Lestrnis richardsonii*).
 315. Arctic Skua (*Lestrnis parasiticus*).
 316. Fulmar Petrel (*Procellaria glacialis*).
 317. Greater Shearwater (*Puffinus major*).
 318. Manx Shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*).
 319. Bulwer's Petrel (*Thalassidroma bulwerii*).
 320. Wilson's Petrel (*Thalassidroma oceanica*).
 321. Fork-tailed Petrel (*Thalassidroma leachii*).
 322. Storm Petrel (*Thalassidroma pelagica*).

* * * The nomenclature according to Yarrell and Newman.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(FOURTH SERIES.)

Carving and Fretwork Competition.

SENIOR DIVISION—(Ages 16 to 21).

IN connection with this Competition (see Vol. III., page 628) it will be remembered we offered Two Prizes, of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, for the best and second best picture-frame, either in carving or fretwork, or the two in combination. It will be seen from our Award that in this, as in many previous competitions, we have very considerably augmented the total value of the prizes, which are also increased in number, a course rendered desirable by the excellence of much of the work sent in.

Our Award is as follows:—

Prize.—One Guinea.

J. H. ELLIOTT (aged 20 years), Newland, Sherborne, Dorset.

Prizes.—Ten Shillings and Sixpence each.

CHARLES E. GILL (aged 18 years), 21, Richardson Street, High Wycombe.

RICHARD A. STEEL (aged 17 years), Gold Tops, Newport, Mon.

FRANCIS W. RANDALL (aged 17 years), St. Peter's, Thurlow Hill, s.e.

Prizes.—7s. 6d. each.

JAMES REID WHELDON (aged 20 years), 4, Challoner Terrace, South Shields.

FREDERICK SMILY (aged 17 years), 5, Sun Street, Finsbury Square, E.C.

FREDK. CECIL POWELL (aged 16 years), St. James's Vicarage, Hereford.

EDWIN PAGE (aged 17 years), 4, Shillinghill, Alloa.

Prizes.—5s. each.

GEORGE HERBERT SHAW (aged 16 years), Arnold House, Anlaby Road, Hull.

MARTIN S. WHEATLEY (aged 19 years), 28, Tyrell Road, East Dulwich, s.e.

S. T. HAMPTON (aged 17), Hoddesdon, Herts.

Certificates.

JOHN THOMAS BROWN, Hoddesdon, Herts.

J. E. CARTER, Rectory, Cookstown, co. Tyrone.

THOMAS A. CARLON, 26, West Shrubbery, Redland, Bristol.

WILLIAM ELTON, Heathfield Lodge, near Taunton.

HARRY EARNSHAW, 64, Downs Park Road, Hackney Downs.

JOHN W. J. SHILTON, Elington, near Pershore, Worcestershire.

HENRY HUTCHINGS, Granada Road, Southsea.

ALFRED HYDE MARTINEAU, Solihull, near Birmingham.

W. J. HAYNES, Bath Street, Ilkeston.

PERCY A. FAWCETT, Eversfield House, East Cliff, Dover.

CHARLES D. CRESSWELL, 13, Osborne Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.

H. THORPE, 41, Blenheim Grove, Peckham Rye, s.e.

JUNIOR DIVISION—(All ages up to 16).

Prizes.—Fifteen Shillings each.

S. E. UNITE, 15, Maida Hill West, Paddington.

J. H. P. ATKINS, 7, Hardy Street, Liverpool.

Certificates.

ERNEST AUKLAND, 321, Amherst Road, West Hackney.

LUCIEN SAVOUREN, 160, Buckingham Palace Road, s.w.

WILLIAM EGLINGTON, Southbro', Surbiton.

HARRY PERCY JACKSON, 5, Albion Street, Brighouse, Yorks.

HARRY PAINE, High Street, Uckfield, Sussex.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL, 2, Pyrland Road, Mildmay Park, N.

ARTHUR SKEFFINGTON, Stone House, Blaston, Uppingham.

W. H. COOPER, 4, Haymarket, Leicester.



Correspondence.

POOR OLD JOE.—Ridiculous! The sanitary authorities would soon interfere if a creditor attempted to detain a corpse until the dead man's debts were paid.

S. G. K.—"Magnus Bolt or Magnus Green?" We sent your query to Dr. Gordon Stables, and he replied as follows: "The old man's name is Green, not Bolt. I suppose this is the reason why the name Bolt was running in my head—to wit, when last in Greenland I chose as my ice-boy an honest soul of a Shetlander, of the name of Magnus Bolt—if he reads these lines I hope he'll forgive me—simply and solely because, though as active as a kitten, he weighed about eighteen stone, while I scaled eleven stone; and so, when I made him walk before me, I knew I could cross with safety a patch of bay-ice that he had gone over. Selfish, wasn't it? But, 'de-ah me!' as the cockatoo used to say, how good I feel now that I have told the truth!"

GEORGE LOCK.—We have well considered your letter, and come to the conclusion that the peculiar illness which carries your rabbits off is due to the inhalation of impure air. It is all very well to say the area itself is open to the sky, an area at the best is but a well; gases, such as carbonic acid, which is heavier than atmospheric air, will lie as close as water in the hutchies at the bottom of such a place, and there may be obnoxious effluvia from other sources. At all events, such a place cannot be overstocked with sunlight. Try your rabbits on the surface of the ground. Let them have a run in which to exercise. Feed on dryish, wholesome food; don't give too many tea-leaves nor green food wet. Write again when you have tried our advice, and we believe you will write with better heart.

W. WARD.—1. The names of the pigeons you mention are quite provincial, evidently, and foreign to our ears. 2. The best pigeons to begin with are pouters, fantails, or tumblers, especially the latter, but it is all fancy. 3. Size depends upon space at command—say 15in. by 15in., and 12in. high. Line the nest-pans thickly with pine sawdust. 4. India-rubber stamps you had better advertise for in such a paper as "Exchange and Mart," but you generally see them advertised. We do not give addresses. It is against rules.

CLAUDE DUVAL.—1. Sir Charles Lyell's "Elements of Geology" is now one of John Murray's Students' Manuals. Its price is nine shillings, and there was an edition last year. 2. Buy a map. We cannot afford the space to give bicycle roads. 3. Judson's dyes. 4. Almost any toy-shop in London.

POLISHER.—The secret of successful polishing is little liquid and much labour. No more polish should be used than can be helped, and it should be well rubbed in, and finished off gently and carefully with naphtha or spirit, whichever is used in the polish. There are many French polishes; here is a good one:—

"Take an ounce of gum lac,
An ounce of shell lac,
And a quart of spirits-of-wine,
Then add half an ounce
Of gum sandarac,
And warm till the resins combine!"

A. R. STOCKEN.—Your meaning is not very clear. If you mean you have got a tail, you can curl it whichever way you please. If it is your dog who has the curly tail, he has similar freedom of choice in the matter.

POLLY MARSH.—The sound-waves are affected by all the conditions of the atmosphere.

MEADOW BANK and Others.—The statement is not incorrect. Ancient Scone has ceased to exist. See any guide-book. The appearance of a name on a map is no proof of the present existence of an ancient town. Nothing is left of old Scone but a ruined abbey aisle and the market cross in Lord Mansfield's garden. The present Scone Palace is a modern country house. The great Lord Mansfield was born at Scone in 1704, and it was also the birthplace of Douglas, the botanist.

LATHE.—There is nothing will keep your catgut from stretching until it has stretched as far as it will go; and you might easily contrive some means of doing this.

DISH.—"Masterman Ready" was written by Captain F. Marryat, and it is published by Routledge and others. You can get a sixpenny edition. The "Boy Captain" began in No. 38, and ended in No. 80. Consult a gazetteer or railway-guide.

R. T. H.—The Mouse Tower on the Rhine was built by Bishop Siegfried as a toll-house—maus or mauth means toll—and the toll on corn being very unpopular (for in every age the people abominate "protection"—so long as they do not earn their living by the trade protected), the legend of the mouse tragedy was invented, and the catastrophe rather clumsily fixed on Otho the Great's Bishop Hatto, who lived a couple of centuries before the tower was built.

J. J. WEBSTER (Aberdeen).—The butterfly, a drawing of which you send, is the Small Tortoiseshell (*Vanessa urticae*), and not the Red Admiral (*Vanessa atalanta*) as you thought. It is abundant in all parts of the country. We would advise you, when drawing butterflies in future, to get the wings a little more forward. This will give them a much more natural appearance.

S. G. G. (Weymouth).—We cannot identify the moth from your sketch and description, which do not furnish sufficient particulars. Show it to some entomological friend, or compare it with the specimens in some standard collection, such as the private one at the British Museum.

J. P. C.—Mr. John Murray has a series of handbooks to our English cathedrals.



A SUDDEN SHOWER

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

A diagram of a human head in profile, facing left. The head is divided into five numbered sections by lines: 1 (forehead), 2 (top back), 3 (side back), 4 (top front), and 5 (side front). The text 'WIG MAKING' is written across the lower part of the head.

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\$3 PER DOZEN.

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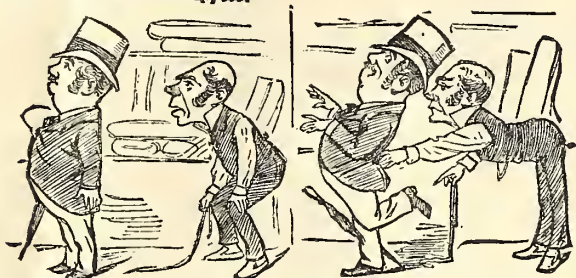


374½ Yonge St., - Toro



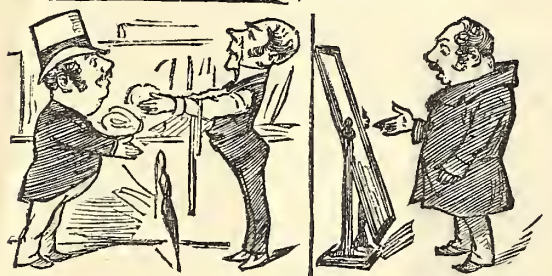
Brown wanted a new frock-coat, so he went to Jumps, who is what they call a practical tailor. "Yes," said the latter, "but for a frock-coat your figure is hardly—er— Can't wait to reduce it a bit. I suppose?"

"Ah, well—no matter. Now tell me, do you always stand as you are now, or more uprightly—thus?"



"Strikes me your left shoulder is the hundredth part of an inch lower than your right. Can't be too correct."

"Must find exact position of the waist. Tickle you, do I? Very sorry, but must find the exact position—must be correct."



"And arms too. Arms seldom the same length. Just place them so, please. One really can't be too correct."

"And that's exactly what Brown thought when the coat came home."

Brown says the next suit he wants he will get at FOLLETT'S. His friends Adams, Jones and Robinson get their clothes of him, and always get well suited at reasonable prices.

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Difference in favor of C. L. A.....		\$34.15	\$62.00

Ten-Payment Life Plan.		Cash	Bonus
C. L. A. Policy No. 7, \$5,000 Profits for 1880.			
TENTH Year.....		\$111.45	\$260.00
Results under 2½ per cent. Bonus Plan.....		52.05	125.00
Difference in favor of C. L. A.....		\$59.40	\$135.00

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1879.....	6,052,766	1879.....	560,767
1880.....	6,924,274	1880.....	676,566
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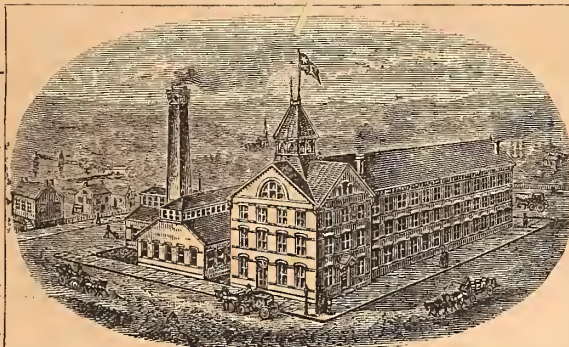
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Oil

Cream.

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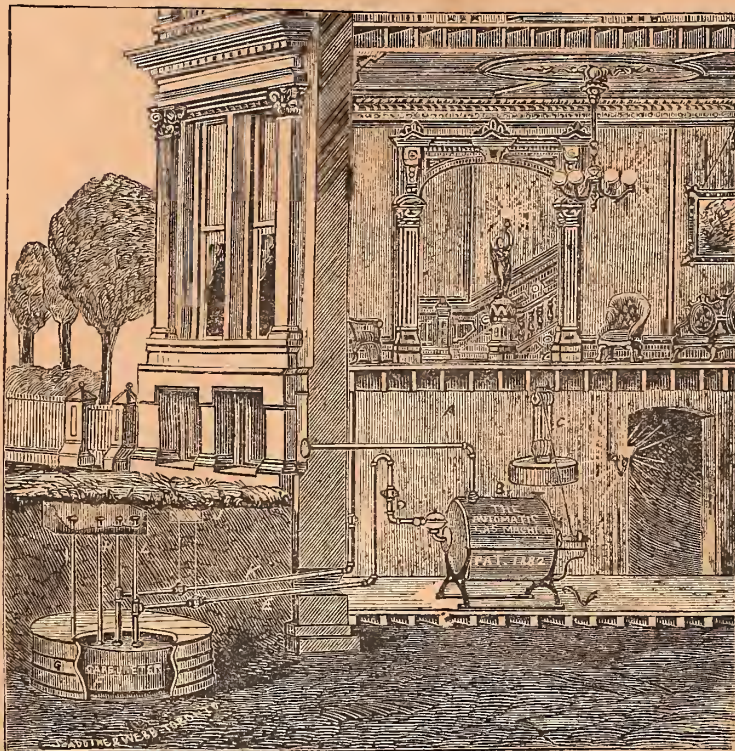
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J. H. Byrne, Toronto.**

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